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ADDRESSES AND **L**ECTURES

OF

D. L. MOODY,

WITH A

NARRATIVE OF THE AWAKENING

IN

LIVERPOOL AND LONDON.

(SUPPLEMENTARY ISSUE.)

ADDRESSES AND LECTURES IN THIS VOLUME.

GOD'S HUMAN INSTRUMENTS.

CHRIST SEEKING THE LOST.

SAVED OR LOST.

MAN SEEKING FOR GOD.

THE CALL TO SELF-EXAMINATION.

THE NEW BIRTH.

A SERMON ON ONE WORD.

THE MASTER'S PARTING COMMISSION.

POPULAR PRESENT-DAY EXCUSES.

A SERMON ABOUT HEAVEN.

THE BLOOD.



NEW YORK:

ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH & COMPANY,
770 BROADWAY.

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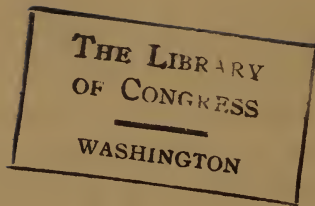


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NOTE.

THE present Publishers issued in March last, a NARRATIVE OF MESSRS. MOODY & SANKEY'S Labors in Scotland and Ireland, and also in Manchester, Sheffield, and Birmingham, England.

This supplementary issue, besides containing in full the article of the Rev. Mr. DALE, originally printed in the *Congregational Quarterly*, and which is altogether the best analysis and review of the character and labors of the Evangelists which has yet appeared, also sketches the work in Liverpool, and its progress in London, until the close of the first month. As the work in London has been conducted substantially in the same manner as elsewhere, it was thought that in the place of a continued narration, the American reader would prefer to possess in a permanent form a full report of some of the Addresses and Lectures of Mr. MOODY. Those included in this volume were delivered in London during the first two weeks of March, and are the verbatim reports of the (London) *Christian World*.

An edition of the two issues, bound together, is now ready, forming a volume of 200 pages 8vo. It is believed that no other published account of the great Awakening is more complete, while no other presents verbatim reports of Addresses.

A moderate price has been fixed for the volume, to ensure its wide distribution.

MAY, 1875.

THE WORK IN ENGLAND.

LIVERPOOL.

THE labors of Messrs. Moody and Sankey at Liverpool began on Sunday, Feb. 7th, and closed on the 7th of March. For their accommodation, Victoria Hall, a wooden structure of enormous strength, had been erected. The internal dimensions of the building are 174 feet long by 124 feet wide, with a seating capacity for 8,000 persons. The wide passages rendered the capacity of the building ample for 11,000 hearers. Inquirers rooms adjoined the platform. The building was constructed within forty days, and cost £3,500.

The Friday preceding the arrival was observed as a day of preparation on the part of many of the churches, and the first meeting of the Evangelists was on Sunday morning, at eight o'clock, for Christian workers. This was followed by the afternoon and evening meetings, when the work was begun, and subsequently carried on in the same manner as elsewhere. It is not necessary, therefore, to detail it here. The following letters will sufficiently indicate its progress and the state of public feeling in regard to it.

I.

As of the apostles of our Lord it was said, "These men, who have turned the world upside down, are come hither also," so of our brethren, Moody and Sankey. It is joyful to see that the success which attended their self-denying labors elsewhere, promises to be equaled, if not surpassed, in Liverpool.

All Liverpool is moved by them; but as yet, not all with the most desirable feelings. Some seem actuated by a spirit of embittered hostility, and do not hesitate to write and speak of these servants of Christ, what has not the shadow of truth. This very opposition is, however, doing good. God makes "the wrath of men to praise Him." I have known of some who entered Victoria Hall bitter enemies, and left it attached friends to the movement. Many flock to the meetings, apparently from idle curiosity, and thousands under spiritual anxiety, whilst God's people rally round the

evangelists with an enthusiasm and hearty good-will which is cheering to observe. Mr. Moody seems to have lost none of his popularity in address. His style is plain, peculiar, and strikingly forcible. No sameness of figure or phraseology, but new thoughts, new subjects, and new illustrations, producing deeper impressions, and drawing greater crowds than the one preceding it. There is no other satisfactory reason which can be assigned for his unprecedented popularity, but that the mighty power of God is with him.

The good work in his and his brother Sankey's hand seems like the noble river pouring its waters down the mountain, reaching the valley, deepened, widened, and expanding itself by the numerous tributaries which join it, it flows on with irresistible majesty, bearing before it every barrier of man, and yet not a ripple on its placid surface.

Perhaps, of the marvelous work of God's grace going on in our midst, the "after-meetings," or "inquiry-room," is the most interesting and remarkable. Here are found representatives of all ages, from the very young, of only ten years, to the aged. All classes of character are discovered there, from the virtuous and moral, to the regardless and abandoned.

"Can such a wretch as I be saved?" was the question asked me by a seaman whom I knew twelve years since, the son of a humble, but truly pious man. Oft had he wept over his thoughtless son, but faith never failed him. He still said James will be all right yet. What was my joy may be conceived, but cannot be expressed, when the above question, "Can such a wretch as I be saved?" was asked, and a strong seaman caught my hand.

"Yes, James, you can, and God is this night answering the prayers of your dear good father."

"But, sir, I am such a sinner."

"No matter, if every sin you have committed was as aggravated as all the sins of your life combined, and that you committed ten thousand sins, for every one of which you are guilty, the Blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, can cleanse from all sin."

"Oh, but I am so ashamed, I cannot look up." Such was the feeling of the poor prodigal; but the loving Father was not ashamed to take His sinful son to His heart and home.

"Will you give yourself to Christ?"

"I will," was his reply; "and I go to sea to-morrow, sailing for America as I never did before."

THE SCOFFING INFIDEL BROUGHT TO GOD
BY A HYMN.

Such I have known to be the case. At last Monday evening's meeting, an intelligent young man informed me he came into that hall to scoff at all he heard. "I believed only in God and the devil; the latter I served well, and as sitting laughing at the fools (as I then thought) about me, that beautiful hymn, 'Safe in the arms of Jesus,' was sung. A sudden thrill passed through my whole frame, and then like a dart ran through my very heart. My feelings were awful, but I listened to the next verse, and felt there is a Saviour. Who is He? Where is He? Instantly I realized the truth, Jesus is the Saviour. I threw myself into His loving arms, and here I am now, rejoicing in Him."

"Blessed be God," I said, "for such news. Now, brother, go home and tell your friends what great things God hath done for your soul."

"Will you pray?" he said.

We went together to the throne, and then he said, "God bless you. I will now live and work for Jesus."

The devil lays his plans, and no doubt thinks they are well arranged, but whilst he proposes certain events, God disposes of them in a very different way than Satan expected. He works by his servants, as God works by *sanctified souls*.

THE DECEIVER DISAPPOINTED.

Of this I have had an instance.

"I am under a dreadful temptation," said a young man to me.

"What is it?" I asked.

"I was given drink by a man professing to be a Christian, and whom I have heard preaching the truth to me and others, but who is opposed to Moody and Sankey, and I was sent here by him to give annoyance. Now I am brought to Christ, in place of dishonoring Christ in this meeting, what am I to do to this man?"

"Pray for him," I said, "and God will

give him to you as a star for your crown. Tell him plainly his state, and bring him here with you next night."

"I knew a lady who went to a religious meeting an avowed infidel, sent there by two sisters-in-law for a similar purpose to that which brought you this night here. She was brought to Christ, and sent back to them full of Jesus, and was the means of their saving conversion; and now all three are rejoicing in the great salvation effected by Jesus, the Son of God, for every penitent, believing child of Adam."

Truly the Lord is doing great things for us, "whereof we are glad." But faith induces us to expect still greater blessings, feeling that we have only yet got the first drops of the showers. We look for the latter rain, praying that Liverpool may be made in every home the habitation of righteousness, that the Word of God may be in every hand, and its precious truths written on every heart, and holiness to God may characterize all its inhabitants."

II.

It may emphatically be said of them, "They came, they spoke, they conquered." For twenty years I have been more or less mixed up with the evangelistic work of the town, but never have I met with more opposition and scorn to any movement than the present.

The erection of the vast hall to hold 10,000 persons, was looked on as monstrous folly. As it was being built, the talk was, To what purpose is this waste? But now what was called Moody's folly, is seen to be God's wisdom.

Men who wrote, spoke against, and laughed at it, now speak with bated breath, come and hear, and go with changed thoughts. "Nothing succeeds like success," is an old world's adage, and in this is proved to be true:—6,000 at a midday prayer-meeting; 6,000 at the afternoon Bible-lecture; 10,000 at the evening meeting, with the inquiry-rooms full, are something that even the Exchange has to admit. But beyond this, there is the mighty working power of God's Spirit working and acting, which no tables can register or numbers record. "'Tis not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit," was the key-note of the preparatory meetings, which has been steadily kept before all the workers.

Looked at in a plain matter-of-fact light, we ask, What brings the people together?

Preaching, teaching, singing, can be heard, more artistic and eloquent, almost anywhere, we are forced to admit. It is the power of the Spirit in making plain words burn and simple singing touch.

The part allotted to me in the great work has enabled me to see and test much that is going on. And this I can say—there is wheat; there is chaff. The wheat is sound, and will be a glorious, bountiful harvest. The chaff will be blown away. Wheat and chaff always grow together. Never have we been privileged to see so much real, genuine work—anxious faces, tearful eyes, aching hearts. The general feeling is that souls are being born again, even though they have not courage to stand up or walk into the inquiry-rooms.

Last Thursday night, Mr. Moody, after a telling address, went into the inquiry-room, and his place was occupied by a layman, who wielded the sword of the Spirit with amazing power right and left. His words, powerful and well-chosen, fell with force, and told on the vast audience that seemed spellbound. Many seemed to be convicted of sin, and hurried into the inquiry-room.

Liverpool needs the prayers of the Christians of Great Britain at this crisis. Every arrangement that man can make has been made for the well carrying on of the work. But what we fear are unwise helpers and the Sanballats who would come in and mar the work.

III.

"LET Thy work appear unto Thy servants, and Thy glory unto their children. Establish Thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish Thou it."

Such has been the prayer of our beloved friends, Messrs. Moody and Sankey, and those who have supported them in their work here for the last ten days, and the Lord has heard and answered them of a truth. In some places which our brethren have visited, the fruits have begun to appear almost as soon as the seed was sown. In others, and notably Dublin, the apparent results were some time delayed, though the blessing of many conversions to God was afterwards abundantly given. In Liverpool, already, the issue of the meetings has been most encouraging.

In the opening services, Mr. Moody re-

marked that many people thought the Victoria Hall was a bad investment, but that, if souls were born there, perhaps some of them would like to have a little stock in it.

On the evening of Monday week, the first opportunity was given for anxious inquirers to be spoken with. Mr. Moody had just delivered a most heart-searching address, in which he had shown man's unutterably lost condition without Christ, and many refuges of lies had been laid bare. But he did not leave the sinner there. With all simplicity and affectionate earnestness, he held up a crucified Saviour, and once again it was shown that the good, old-fashioned gospel—stripped of all rhetorical dead-weights and conventionalisms that often prove hindrances instead of helps—had not lost its power. Mr. Moody's earnest invitation to those who were anxious about their salvation, to stand up, and afterwards to meet him in the inquiry-room, was responded to by hundreds, who were not deterred from showing their anxiety by the curious gaze of many thousand spectators.

Many striking instances of conversion have occurred, and other cases have come under my own observation in which backsliders have been led to return to their first love. One day at the noon prayer-meeting Mr. Moody told of an interesting case of conversion he had met the night before. A young, stalwart man, who was to sail for America next day, had come into the meeting. He had been pricked to the heart by Mr. Moody's pointed appeals, and found his way to the inquiry-room, and here, as he believed, to lay his hitherto unforgiven sins on Jesus. Later in the evening he called on Mr. Moody at his hotel, and received a letter of introduction to any of the Christian friends in America he might meet. He was accompanied to the hotel by his brother, who had come from the country with him to see him sail, and who seemed overjoyed to think that one so nearly related to him was taking Christ with him ere he left his native shores.

The experience of Monday evening has been repeated every evening since, more or less, and I have not the least doubt but great numbers have been led to see and feel their lost condition, and to cast their all on Christ, who have not openly avowed it. We may reasonably suppose that curiosity has mostly passed away, yet it is no easy task sometimes to induce the vast audiences who throng into every corner

of Victoria Hall, to leave, after the benediction has been twice pronounced.

At the evening meetings the hall is always crowded with something like 10,000 people, and if it were not that the committee kept a great part of the passages clear to allow of access to the inquiry-room, every inch of standing ground would be occupied. The attendance at the noon prayer-meetings averages 4,000 to 5,000, the audience, of course, not being so mixed as those in the evening. One gratifying circumstance, however, in connection with the noon meeting should be noted, and that is, the presence of so many of the Liverpool merchants and business men. I have heard it stated that between twelve and one, when the noon prayer-meeting is held, 'Change is half deserted, and it has been remarked that no other source of attraction has ever drawn so many of these busy men away from their money-making for an hour in the middle of the day. May they carry away some truth that will cling to them when they are tempted to forget God in their haste to get rich! The requests for special prayer have been very numerous and so varied that it would be impossible to characterize them. The notices of the secular press, while not expressing any hearty sympathy with the movement, have been very fair and honest, as a rule, considered as simple reports of the proceedings.

A very happy feature of the work here, as elsewhere, is the sympathetic co-operation of many clergymen and ministers of various denominations. They appear on the platform and take part in the services, as well as in the personal dealing with the anxious. This is matter for thanksgiving, though some correspondents of the Liverpool papers assert that the very presence of the evangelists here, and the admitted need there is for their labor, is a slur upon their own zeal and fitness for the work of evangelizing the destitute and depraved masses of the town.

I am not seeking to defend any apathy that may have been shown by ministers or Christians generally with respect to the moral condition of this town, which by universal consent is most deplorable. But all must agree that, after the ministers and their flocks have done their utmost, there is a crying need here for special effort. And it is gratifying to know that the worst are being, to some extent, reached by the present movement. At one of the noon

meetings, important testimony on this point was given by Dr. Owles, of the Liverpool Medical Mission. He stated that he had met with some few among the very poor of this town who had already been present at the meetings, and he had heard of many others who were desirous to come. In the inquiry-room on Monday night there was one little fact which was most encouraging to some of those who were laboring in the lower part of Liverpool. Among the first batch of those who were present, numbering somewhere about twenty-five, there were three well-known faces from the district of Scotland road, and each of them had brought another friend with him. During the past two evenings they had conversed with several souls. In some the impression had evidently been very slight, but in others he might say, with equal certainty, it had been very deep; and in one or two instances within his own personal knowledge souls had returned on the second evening to state that they were truly saved. He might say, too, that, on speaking further with them, the impression of one or more intelligent Christians was, that their cases were real, that they had truly distinguished between the touch of the crowd and the touch of faith, and that virtue had gone out from the Great Physician which had healed their souls. The inquiry-room, however, was no necessary test of what the real work was. Many who were naturally somewhat forward were ready to go there under very slight impression; whilst others who were more reserved, and in whose souls the work had gone far deeper, would go home, and would not dare to speak even to their nearest friends. He trusted, however, that as the work went on, very many would come with the cry, not only in their hearts, but within their lives, "What must I do to be saved?"

IV.

"THIS is glorious work; this is *reality*." Such was the remark that reached my ears one evening last week as I was passing through the inquiry-room adjoining Victoria Hall. There, I thought, is the whole movement in a nut-shell. The more I see it, and the more I ponder over it, I am impressed with the feeling of *reality* that pervades this work as it is now going on in Liverpool. Endless are the surmises, and very ludicrous some of the guesses, as to the secret of its wonderful success. The

Liverpool critics (and their name is legion) are fairly puzzled. They cannot dispute facts, though they are not always careful to ascertain what the facts really are, and seem to have a wonderful aptitude at twisting them. But there is much that they cannot help seeing and knowing, and they are at a loss to understand how two simple, common laymen have been able to do what hundreds upon hundreds of highly cultivated and refined theologians have not got within sight of. I sum it all up in the one word *reality*.

Mr. Moody has often been described, and criticised, and dissected, both by friends and foes, but I think sufficient stress has been laid on his predominating characteristic of *reality*. His gospel is the same as one hears in most places; yet it is different, because it is so real. Never mind if his weapons are not of the most orthodox kind; they accomplish the desired object all the more, perhaps, just as the youthful David's sling and stone went straight to the mark. To follow up the parallel, Mr. Moody is not content with sending his message straight to the hearts of his hearers, but he follows it up, as David did, when he completed his victory over the Philistine. As he said the other day, he pulls up his net anon to see what he has caught. This is the highest test of his reality, and the one that has evoked the greatest criticism. But it is the one that has all along contributed most to the success of the movement.

During the past week the slain of the Lord have been many. Every evening has seen fresh groups scattered over the inquiry-room, with tearful eyes and troubled hearts, drinking in the affectionate words of invitation, or the plain words of appeal, addressed to them by Mr. Moody and his co-workers. People who know least about it may affect to shrug the shoulder at the inquiry-room, but one or two visits there would do them good, and probably convince them how indispensable it is to success in this work. I hope one result of this awakening in our land will be that every minister of the gospel and every one who seeks to speak to his fellow-men about salvation, will not only cast out the net, but will draw it up every time.

The leading attraction of the meetings last week was Mr. Moody's Bible lectures. On Tuesday and Wednesday he gave two lectures on "The Blood," and on Thursday and Friday two lectures on "Heaven."

These were delivered each day at three o'clock in the afternoon, and again in the evening, so as to enable a large number of persons to attend them. On each occasion the hall was crowded; so that on a moderate computation, the seed of the word of God relating to these two most important subjects was sown in the hearts of some 60,000 or 70,000 persons, many of them from a long distance. In the words of the hymn we may ask, "What shall the harvest be?" The day shall reveal it.

The lectures are a treat of no ordinary kind. As expository discourses they are most valuable, and reveal, to some extent, how Mr. Moody has got, to use a common phrase, "the Bible at his finger ends." Probably few of his thousands of hearers ever before had such a correct estimate of the value of the doctrine of "the blood," or, as Mr. Moody calls it, "the scarlet thread" that runs through the Scriptures, like the thread that holds together a string of precious pearls. Mr. Moody traced the doctrine, from the slaying of the beasts in Eden, with whose skins God clothed our first parents, recorded in Genesis, down to the Revelation where the redeemed sing the song of Moses, and the Lamb that was slain. The lectures on "Heaven" must have left the impressions and ideas of that "prepared place for a prepared people," clearer to the minds and dearer to the hearts of the listeners than ever.

But these lectures have a wonderful hortatory as well as expository value. As Mr. Moody held up the sacrifice offered on the cross, "once for all," and dwelt on the exceeding preciousness of the blood of Christ as a sufficient atonement for sin, many a head was bowed, and many a heart melted, that had hitherto been steeled against the story of a Saviour's love. Again, when Mr. Moody, speaking on "Heaven," showed the utter worthlessness of earthly treasure when compared to the "prize" for which Paul looked and longed, the arrow of conviction went home to many a heart. His remarks on the necessity for many Christians throwing out a good deal of "ballast" before they could rise to a higher spiritual life, were, I think, very timely, and capable of application in these money-getting and money-worshipping days.

It is a gratifying fact that the attendance at the evening meetings chiefly continues to increase. During the first week of the services the Victoria Hall was almost suffi-

cient to hold the crowds of eager listeners; at any rate, the overflow was not considered so great as to necessitate the opening of other places. Last week, however, overflow meetings were held, sometimes in two and sometimes in three different places.

One evening, I went to St. John's Church, where I found W. H. M. Aitken and the Vicar of the church conducting the service after the model of the services in Victoria Hall. The body of the church was filled partly with the overflow from the hall, and partly with those who had been induced to enter by personal solicitation, and by hearing a group of young men singing hymns in the churchyard. It was a motley company, and a great majority consisted of those who, from their dress and appearance, do not often find their way to God's house. There were numbers of men such as one sees lounging at street corners and about public-houses, many young girls in working attire and without bonnets, and a number of rough, neglected-looking street Arabs. Their behavior, with one or two exceptions, was most orderly and attentive. A good sprinkling remained at the close to be conversed with, and many of them were enabled to lay their sins on Jesus, or, as the speaker said, to accept the fact that God had laid them there nearly nineteen hundred years ago.

It is interesting and refreshing to notice how all grades of society and all ages are represented among the anxious who throng the inquiry-room at the close of Mr. Moody's addresses. From the richly-dressed lady to the poor waif of the street, with scarce enough of clothing to cover his nakedness; from the boy and girl of eight or ten years, to the horny-handed, grey-headed working-man, with all the intervening stages of life, there you find all, burdened with the same sense of sin, and afterwards rejoicing in the same Saviour. Truly, we are all one in Christ.

The noon prayer-meetings continue to be well attended, and are chiefly remarkable for the accumulated testimony that is given to the good effect of this movement in outlying towns and country districts. The meetings have been attended during the past week by large numbers of Welsh ministers and others, and with their proverbial fire and energy, these warm-hearted laborers in the Lord's vineyard, among their native hills, will become retailers of the quickening and refreshing influence they have received in Liverpool. At one

of the noon meetings some most interesting accounts were given of good work among the sailors here, who had attended the Victoria Hall services.

The special work among the young men, which has been carried on in other towns where the evangelists have been, is being organized here also. On Saturday evening there was a meeting for young men, chiefly to make arrangements, at which Mr. Moody was present. In the meantime the meetings will be held in Newsome's Circus, and shortly it is expected that the Concert-room of St. George's Hall will be available.

Sunday last was another day of much sowing of the precious seed of the word, and reaping too. The early meeting for "workers" was some 8,000 strong. Mr. Moody's address was a continuation of those he had delivered on the two previous Sunday mornings—"To every man *his* work." His remarks were chiefly directed to work in the Sunday-school, in which he said the whole Church of God could be engaged. He spoke of the good that even little children could do. He would a good deal rather have a little miss some thirteen or fourteen years old to tell the other children of the love of Jesus than an old man with no fire in his heart. He enforced his appeals by some striking and appropriate incidents, of which he seems to have an inexhaustible store. He prayed that all those present "might have a passion for souls."

This service was not quite so largely attended as on the preceding Sunday, but by the time Mr. Moody's address commenced, the hall was quite full. It was a somewhat saddening thought that so many thousands of people in this town, who most of them have not the slender excuse of want of respectable clothing, should admittedly and regularly absent themselves from the public worship of God. Yet it was pleasant to think that they were so far convinced of the importance of spiritual things as to come to Victoria Hall to hear more about them. Mr. Moody simply, and in that wonderful realistic way in which he describes things, told the story of Christ's agony, betrayal, shameful maltreatment, trial, and crucifixion. The heart must have been hard indeed that could remain unmoved, and the whole congregation seemed deeply to feel the surpassing interest of the story recited by Mr. Moody. Numbers rose at his invitation, indicating their desire to become Christians, and the

inquiry-room was filled at the close with those whose hearts had been touched, and who desired a sense of God's pardoning love, through the infinite merits of the Crucified One.

The afternoon meeting for women was a wonderful sight. The hall was packed to excess, and many hundreds failing to gain entrance, an overflow meeting was held in Newsome's Circus. Mr. Sankey sang the solo, "Mary Magdalene," amidst the most profound silence, and the pathetic and beautiful words of the hymn brought tears to many an eye. Mr. Moody spoke on "What Christ is to us," a most pregnant and powerful address on a theme that he said it would take all eternity to exhaust. As at other times, Mr. Moody asked those who wished to be prayed for to rise up, and hundreds upon hundreds responded in all parts of the house. A more touching or cheering sight I never witnessed. Mr. Sankey sang, "Almost persuaded," and Mr. Moody said that there were so many anxious, it would be impossible to speak with them; so he asked them to go home, and at five o'clock to take God's Word, and kneel down pleading his promise, and commit themselves to Him. All the Christians in the hall would be praying for them at that hour. He prayed that they might be altogether persuaded.

Mr. Moody repeated his afternoon address to an immense audience of men in the evening, and in the course of it made strong reference to the great curse of Liverpool, the drink traffic, amid the approval of the vast congregation. He asked them to show their detestation of it by becoming abstainers. There were hundreds of inquirers at the close. A deeply interesting meeting of about 7,000 young men was held in the Circus from nine to ten o'clock, conducted by Mr. Henry Drummond. These meetings are to be continued every night.

V.

WORK in connection with these special services, if we avail ourselves of our privileges, means much toil. Mr. Moody has scored the word "duty" out of our vocabulary, and inserted "glorious privilege." Those who take up this work, and carry it out faithfully, find that each meeting, especially in the evenings, involves some four hours' physical and mental effort, making due arrangements

for the comfort of ten thousand visitors, looking up and after the numerous cases of special inquirers. I can liken it to nothing so much as work in the trenches before a besieged city, in which every nerve and energy, spiritual and physical, has promptly and wisely to be put forth—parties sallying out, either singly or in company, to trace out and capture the anxious and inquiring.

Our great hinderers in this are the Christian lookers-on and curiously inclined; they feel an interest in the fight with the powers of darkness, but, from various motives, do not help. Such will persist in filling up the benches, to the exclusion of hundreds who ought to be brought in. There is a large amount of selfishness in the Church, very apparent in our meetings. We do not know how to deal with it, taking up, as it does, the best seats, and monopolizing much room. Mr. Moody and others have spoken from the platform about it, and tried to stir up the conscience, but in vain. They are almost worse than Meroz; for they not only do not help, but they hinder.

The house-to-house visitors report that the very poor, those to whom every hour is daily bread, say that it is no use going to the hall; they cannot get in; and they cannot afford to leave work at five o'clock, and wait two or three hours for the meeting, which those who have no employment do, to get the seats with backs. Christians had much better be holding prayer-meetings elsewhere, for the Spirit's power on the word, than keeping out those who know not the truth, but would come to hear it.

Those who know Liverpool best, all say that those who can face a Liverpool audience, and pass the crucial test of its critical investigation, must have something more than ordinary in them. This is now being done, with the usual accompaniment of respectable and rough rowdism doing all it can to blacken and wrest plain-spoken truth.

The old slave-driving element is largely developed here, and is not confined to the back slums and dark corners of the town. Many a tale of shame might be related of how Liverpool has treated honorable grey heads, that have come on missions of philanthropy and love; but we forbear. The Master went that path, so all His followers must. The disciple is not above his Master here, as in days of old.

VI.

THE nightly gatherings in the Circus, from nine to ten, have been well sustained during the past week, and have been fraught with interest. Mr. Henry Drummond invariably presides, and conducts the proceedings with much tact and discretion. He throws aside all formalism, and endeavors to give the meeting as much of a family and social aspect as possible, in order to remove the natural diffidence that most young men feel in making any public statement about their conversion, which may be very recent, or their spiritual experience, which may not have been very deep or well defined. While the meetings are free to all who may feel disposed to speak, any attempt to raise controversy on disputed points of doctrine is vigorously repressed. Such a thing, however, seldom occurs, and would obviously be out of harmony with the object of these meetings, which is to encourage the young converts to make public confession of their faith in Christ, in the hope that the simple story of their conversion may lead others to the Saviour. Sometimes a few broken sentences from a young convert, telling how he lost his burden at the cross, have more effect on the hearers than could be gained by an hour's ordinary preaching. An ounce of testimony, modestly and truthfully given, is often worth more than a ton of theological disquisition.

Hitherto these meetings have been such as to warrant the belief that a solid and lasting work of grace has begun among the young men of Liverpool. In few, if any, of our large towns are the temptations to evil more numerous and more seductive.

The larger and more public meetings in Victoria Hall have been continued during the past week without any diminution in the attendance (except at one or two of the noon meetings, when the weather has been very severe), or the apparent results.

Many interesting statements have been made at the noon prayer-meetings with regard to the progress of the work in places which Messrs. Moody and Sankey have already visited, and in remote country districts which this wave of revived spiritual life has reached.

At the same meeting a letter was read giving some cheering intelligence of a movement among the engine-drivers and stokers on the North-Western Railway.

At the Wednesday noon meeting, a min-

ister stated that at the conclusion of the previous Sunday's service, a barman came to him and told him that he feared he could not go on with his occupation and serve God. Moreover, he said that he had his father dependent upon him. He told the man to trust in God, and recited cases in which God had not forsaken those who had so trusted in Him. After a few minutes' struggle the young man was able to throw himself entirely on the Lord, and he thought that he had left the church a believer in Christ.

At the meeting on Thursday at noon, another minister mentioned a circumstance that came to his knowledge, showing that whole families had been recently led to the Lord. About ten or twelve days ago a young lady in the hall decided for Christ, and since then her only brother had given himself to the Lord, two sisters had become Christians, and five brothers-in-law, as well as others in the same circle, making fifteen persons who were now rejoicing in Him.

Another speaker said that they were aware that a house-to-house visitation was going on in connection with the services. They had heard some complaints of visitors only putting a tract into the letter-boxes, and not making any efforts to speak with the people in the houses. He hoped such persons would remember that that was not the primary object of their work, but it was desired that they should give some practical and verbal testimony of the Lord Jesus Christ. He knew of an instance in which a visitor called at the residence of a wealthy lady in town. Contrary to her expectation, the visitor was admitted, and the lady said that she thought the visits were to be limited to the poor. Before the visitor left, however, the lady was in tears about the state of her soul. Another case occurred in a poor district, the visitor being received by a woman who asked her to go in to see her husband, who would not go to hear the word of God. But, notwithstanding the invitation, the visitor went away without saying a word to the poor man. To those who are willing to undertake visitation, districts would be readily assigned.

Mr. Sankey said that when they were in Glasgow they heard a great deal about their not reaching the lapsed masses. He did not hear much of similar complaints in Liverpool. That, however, was not their chief object. It seemed to him to be the duty of the Church to go after the masses.

He hoped those Christian friends who had got themselves fired up at the meetings, would make it their life-work to reach those people who were perishing in the lower places of the town. It would be better for such people to go into it than that Mr. Moody should do so, who, however, often did work of that kind in his own city.

On Friday some valuable testimony was given as to the tangible effects of the work in Liverpool. It was stated that one class reached had been those who, though religiously trained, had, during these special meetings, seen a new meaning and power in the truths with which they were familiar. Many sailors, and ship captains, too, had come to the meetings and been guided into the true haven of rest and peace. Then there were many workingmen who had plunged into the depths of intemperance, and whose insulted and injured wives, after being driven from their homes, had been compelled to support themselves and their children for years together. These wives, in this day of grace, had sent letters to their husbands, extending their forgiveness and imploring them to come to Victoria Hall and seek forgiveness of the Saviour. Some of them had come and found that forgiveness, and gone back to lighten their homes again with a new lustre and joy.

Allusion was made by one of the speakers to another class, one much too large and full of strange and painful interest, consisting of those who have in past years made a profession of love to Christ, but have wandered

"Away on the mountains, wild and bare,"

and have been glad to take of the husks that the swine did eat. It had often been asked whether the converts connected with this revival would stand the test of time, and endure the temptations of the world. When the question is put, as it often is, by a Christian brother, I ask another: "Brother, have all *your* converts stood fast?" I can only confess that, during the forty years but one that I have preached in this town, I have missed a great many from the fold; but I have found some of them in that inquiry-room. The first night the inquiry-room was needed, I lingered on the platform, not intending to go into the room, when a message came to me, "You are wanted immediately; an inquirer wishes to see you." I

went, and I had not seen that face—I will not tell you whether it was man or woman—for twenty years; and I found that soul had wandered away, and had kept out of my sight with perfect success. The first conviction was to go and tell him by whose hands they had been received into the Christian Church. Many a wanderer has come, and Christ alone knows how many more He will welcome back to His all-forgiving arms, and fill our hearts with a gladness they have never experienced before."

And so the great work flows on steadily, unhindered in the least, as I believe, by the newspaper opposition of the "carping critics."

Mr. Moody's Bible-lectures last week, though (with one exception) perhaps not so full of interest as those of the week before, have been very largely attended and evidently enjoyed.

One of the most interesting meetings of the week was the "children's service" on Wednesday afternoon, at which Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey were both present. So many little ones it has never before been my lot to see gathered under one roof. Some of the daily papers put down the numbers in Victoria Hall at 12,000, with an overflow meeting of about 2,000 in the Circus. Think of such a number of young, impressible natures brought at one time under the sweet sound of redeeming love! Mr. Moody's address, founded on the book with three leaves, black, red, and white, was a sort of running interchange of simple yet searching questions, and answers very promptly given. The singing by Mr. Sankey of some of his solos was greatly enjoyed by the youthful audience, and when they all joined in the chorus, or sang other of the hymns right through with great heartiness, and as with one voice, we had yet one more proof of how universally and, I trust, inalienably, these sweet gospel songs have become household possessions throughout the kingdom.

The evening meetings during the week have, as usual, been crowded for some time before the regular hour for commencing the service. The overflow meetings have been held in the Circus. Mr. Sankey has generally been present in the course of the evening at both places. Mr. Moody's gospel addresses at the evening meetings have been characterized by much simplicity and power, and the result has been seen in the crowds of both sexes who pass

nightly into the inquiry-room. In the words of one who has been closely associated with the work during the past week, they have been "flocking into the Kingdom by scores." I understand from the same source that several of our much-to-be-pitied fallen sisters have been reclaimed through the agency of the meetings. Would to God that every poor drunkard and profligate in Liverpool might "come to himself" and return to his Father like the prodigal of old. Let us thank God for what He has done, and ask Him in faith to bless this special agency yet more abundantly.

As the days and weeks roll past, and the same scenes are so often repeated, it is difficult to find fresh terms in which to describe "these wondrous gatherings day by day." The four meetings on Sunday last may briefly be stated as a repetition of those on the Sunday before. All crowded to the utmost capacity of the great hall, and, in some cases, especially at the afternoon and evening meetings, multitudes turned away for lack of room.

The service for "non-church-goers" at eleven o'clock was a fresh illustration of the power of Christ's wondrous love, or "compassion," to melt the hearts of the most supine, and to move the consciences of the most sin-stricken. The arrows of conviction went home right and left, and there was a large ingathering of souls at the close. Mr. Moody used, by way of illustration, a very touching chapter of personal family history that brought tears to many eyes.

At the three o'clock service for women the hall was filled to overflowing an hour before the time. The women are quite as determined in their efforts to get in as the stronger sex, and some say not quite so well behaved under the trying conditions of a crowd. I suppose, however, there must be some allowance made at this special season, and if one could be certain that they are all as anxious (as Mr. Moody said he hoped) to press into the kingdom, a little roughness of demeanor may well be overlooked. To my mind, these Sunday afternoon meetings for women have been the most wonderful of all, and certainly not the least important, when we consider the power for good or evil that must be exerted by so many thousands of our mothers and sisters. I must say these meetings have proved that the women are not only quicker in their apprehension of

the truth, but more honest and courageous in avowing their apprehension of it. At the close of Mr. Moody's searching address on "Excuses," a very considerable proportion of the audience promptly stood up to show that they wished to excuse themselves no longer from accepting the gracious invitation to the marriage supper of the Lamb. Mr. Moody spoke to the inquirers that filled the inquiry-room, in language and by illustration so beautifully simple and apt, that it is almost impossible to conceive any difficulty could have remained in their minds. At the same time Mr. Sankey addressed, in a very artless, homely, and touching way, a large body of anxious inquirers who remained in the hall.

Mr. Sankey's singing at this service was peculiarly appropriate and effective. At the opening, he sang that solemn and tender invitation to the feast, "Yet there is room," and when Mr. Moody had ceased speaking, and the whole assembly was hushed in silent prayer, he broke the death-like stillness, by singing, in subdued and pleading tone, "Almost persuaded." His rendering of this hymn, which in some parts could only be compared to a wail of sorrow at lost opportunities, sent a deep thrill through the hearts of those thousands of listeners.

The inquiry-meetings for men, at which Mr. Moody re-delivered the address on "Excuses," was another season of pentecostal power, and the Holy Ghost was present to wound and to heal, to kill and to make alive.

VII.

MR. MOODY, before leaving Liverpool, addressed an immense meeting in behalf of the Young Men's Christian Association, and laid the corner-stone of the new building, and in the evening held a service at Victoria Hall for young men under 35 years of age. On the two following days, there was a Convention, at which Mr. Moody presided, and which was very largely attended.

The closing services were held on Sunday, the 7th of March, at eight A. M., for Christian workers; at eleven A. M., for young converts and inquirers; at three P. M., for women only; and at eight P. M., for men only. Each of these services was very largely attended. For two hours before the proceedings commenced hundreds

of people besieged the building, eager to secure admission. Mr. Sankey was not present, but Mr. Moody delivered appropriate addresses, exhorting his audiences to perseverance, and commending the

efforts of the ministers who promised to take his place in a series of services, to be held this month in the capacious building in which they were then assembled.

THE WORK IN LONDON.

THE prescribed limits of this narrative will not permit anything like a complete or consecutive account of all the daily scenes and incidents in connection with the labors of the Evangelists in London. The following extracts from the religious journals will enable the reader, however, to obtain some glimpses of the work of ten or twelve days, and the impression made on the minds and hearts of men in all ranks and conditions of life.

I.

THE four months' evangelistic work in London with which Messrs. Moody and Sankey propose to bring their sojourn in Britain to a close, was begun on the evening of Tuesday, March 9th. During the first month the meetings are to be held at the Agricultural Hall, Upper-street, Islington. The following month, it is proposed, will be spent at the West-end. The third, in all likelihood, will be devoted to the East-end, where the meetings are to be held in a building at present in course of construction for the express purpose. This edifice is situated near the junction of the Mile-end and Burdett roads, and is expected to be ready by the end of April. The southern quarter of the metropolis will thus fall to be visited last; though we believe it has not yet been finally decided whether "the leafy month of June" will be allotted to the East-end or to the South-side. The use of the Agricultural Hall has been secured by the committee for ten weeks, extending from the 28th of February to the 9th of May, at the rent of £50 a week. The arrangements made to adapt this immense edifice to the purpose of the meeting have necessarily been on a most extensive scale, and have involved a large amount of expense, and the exercise of no inconsiderable skill; for, like Bingley Hall at Birmingham, it is simply a great shed designed for the exhibition of prize cattle,

and especially for the famous Smithfield Show of fat stock, which annually, in the depth of the winter season, attracts so many of our country cousins up to town. In the body of the hall, 12,000 new cane-bottomed chairs have been placed, to supplement the 2,000 already belonging to the establishment; and there are besides forms capable of accommodating 2,000 persons. The lighting of the place has been effected by means of large gas chandeliers hanging from the vaulted roof, with lines of gas jets along the sides of the building. The thousands of burners that bead the walls, and which, with the chandeliers, yield an abundance of light, run in straight lines save at the centres where they rise in three semi-circular arches. The acoustic properties of the hall are greatly aided by an immense sounding-board over the speaker's platform. At the centre of this platform there is a small dais, covered with red cloth, and having a slight rail round it, and a little book-board at one corner. This is for the president of the meeting. On his right are the seats for the choir, and Mr. Sankey's American chamber organ, the latter placed by itself in a projecting square. The seats on the left are for the committee and others taking part in the service. A broad strip of red cloth runs round beneath the lines and arches of light, and this, besides serving as a pleasant bit of color, bears appropriate passages in white lettering. The first of these, on the right of the platform, is—"Repent ye, and believe the Gospel;" the first on the left—"The gift of God is eternal life." The Central Noon Prayer-meeting Committee, which is the body charged with the management of Messrs. Moody and Sankey's services, has for the present its headquarters fixed at the Agricultural Hall. The meetings commence each evening, except Saturday, at 7:30; doors open at 6:30. On Saturday, when the Evangelists rest, there

will be no service. A noon meeting is to be held each day at Exeter Hall from twelve to one; doors open at eleven. This meeting will be regularly conducted by Mr. Moody, and Mr. Sankey will also take part in the service. On the Saturday, however, as we have just indicated, they will not appear at Exeter Hall.

II.

OPENING SERVICES. — SCENES OUTSIDE.

TUESDAY evening, the 9th of March, will long be memorable in the north of London, as the occasion of the first of the services in the Agricultural Hall. Long before the hour appointed, large and small groups were wending their way to the north from all quarters of London—each group well provided with the blue-grey covered hymn-book, or the more pronounced yellow, red, or blue music books. Of all ages, from the white-headed grandsire to the babe in arms—of all stations, from the dignitaries of the empire to the low-class workmen and laborers—of all grades, from the highest Christian working ladies of the land to the lowest women of evil lives—the twilight met them seeking the Hall in thousands; and after the Hall was filled, the doors closed, and the adjoining hall filled also, thousands upon thousands came, saw the closed doors, and turned away to give place to other disappointed thousands following them. The infidels were present also in foolish force outside the Hall, distributing handbills full of the most false and malignant misstatements, pretending to describe Sunday discourses of Mr. Moody *which have not yet been given*.

"Moody and Sankey's Hymns, one penny! with all the music, one shilling!" "Moody and Sankey's photographs, sixpence each!" "Life of Moody and Sankey, with likeness, one penny!" "Wooden image of a tumbler, christened Moody for the occasion, one penny!" "Italian organman playing 'The gate's ajar,' christened Sankey, and requested to accompany himself." All these together formed such a crowded and ever-shifting illustration of "Vanity Fair" as John Bunyan never dreamed of. Many policemen to keep the way; multitudes of young men full of fun and joking, multitudes also of evil women and girls gaily dressed joining in the ribaldry; the two together forming a mass

of well-dressed but disreputable blackguardism; proving to demonstration that the American Evangelists had come exactly where they were sorely needed at last.

Omnibus-men, cab-men, tram-car-men, board-men, and loafers of every description, took part in the universal carnival. Oaths, jests, slang, ribaldry, and mockery were all let loose together; but not one serious face, not one thoughtful countenance,—not an apparent thought of God's judgment, or of eternity, in all the vast changing multitude shut outside.

After the service within had ended, and partly during its continuance, detachments of choirs belonging to the neighboring missions had stationed themselves adjoining the Hall, and occupied themselves in singing the "song and solos," and delivering addresses of the briefest character. Some of these groups were too close together; and the effect was exceedingly bad, as the songs were inextricably mingled, and thus caused to suggest anything but serious thought. This, however, was speedily remedied by the incorporation of the choirs, when better work was done. But all seemed in vain; the very spirit of mockery seemed to possess the great majority. There was nothing like spiteful opposition, much less of interference; rather the singers and speakers were regarded as amiable enthusiasts, who had rashly delivered themselves to the merciless mockery of a London mob.

Was there any good done by these open-air services? Certainly: if only for the unflinching but temperate stand made by the Lord's servants in showing themselves on the Lord's side; and, doubtless, when this persistent bitter wind will allow of earnest speaking taking its full share in the work, much better things will fall to be reported.

THE SCENE WITHIN.

Long before the hour appointed to commence the service, the enormous Hall was filled to its utmost capacity, and the doors were shut. The building consists of a vast central space open to the roof, which is arched—constructed of iron and glass, and sides with a gallery running round the building, which is oblong in form. One side to the gallery is boarded in for inquiry-rooms; in the centre of this side, a platform, holding 500 persons, is erected, and from the front of the platform the addresses are given. Seats are provided for about 12,000

persons, beyond the seats already in the building. Large temporary galleries are also erected at each end; so that the whole vast audience is in full sight of the speakers on the platform; and the view of this vast audience is a sight that is majestic from its very magnitude.

THE SERVICES.

When, upon the word given, the vast multitude arose to sing together, the effect was wonderful; not so much for the magnitude as the full, deep, rolling volume of sound issuing from voices uttering music known most probably to every one in the building.

To pass the time pleasantly, various hymns were sung until the time appointed; when Mr. Moody took the president's place, and Mr. Sankey sat down to his instrument. There was some applause as they entered, as also at the conclusion of Mr. Sankey's solo; but both were immediately hushed by those who remembered they were met for the worship of God.

The commencing word was Praise — "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow." "Praise God," said the chairman, "for what He is going to do for London." Then earnest prayer followed, and the 100th Psalm was sung. Silent prayer followed. Then Mr. Moody led an audible prayer, and Mr. Sankey sang "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." The whole audience joined in singing "Rock of Ages," and then followed Mr. Moody's address of the evening.

He read 1 Cor. i. 17 to end; but after speaking for a short time, was interrupted by a man who was not sober. "When a man is in liquor," said the president, "and makes a noise, he ought to be removed; we will therefore sing the 61st hymn while this is done." Seized upon energetically by five strong hall stewards, the drunken one was speedily removed, the stewards receiving an injunction to "be careful" as they passed the platform. Then Mr. Moody resumed and concluded his address. The meeting concluded by all the people singing "Hold the fort," with such vigor and effect, that the sound was heard and recognized in the neighboring streets. Then prayer and benediction closed the evening, as there was no after-meeting.

THE DAILY PRAYER-MEETING.

The next day, Wednesday, March 10, at noon, the first daily prayer-meeting was held in Exeter Hall, Strand. Long before

the hour of commencing, the Hall was filled to overflowing in every part but the platform; and it seemed lamentable to keep hundreds of seats empty for those who did not come, and shut outside those who were anxious to occupy them — the noise of disappointed applicants being distinctly audible during the meeting. Precisely at noon Messrs. Moody and Sankey and the Committee appeared, and the meeting commenced by singing "Sweet hour of prayer," followed by requests, silent and audible prayer, and the singing of "The Great Physician." Mr. Moody's address followed from Jer. xxxii. 27, "Is there anything too hard for me?" in which he said, "This is God's challenge to Christians to call upon Him — to cast out all 'ifs,' all doubt and unbelief, and rely joyfully upon the Lord God who made heaven and earth." He also read a most touching extract from the first letter received in London concerning a child, who had proposed to wait for their coming, to be a Christian; but had found the pearl of great price, and been "called home" before they reached the city. Mr. Sankey then sang "The ninety and nine," and the meeting was thrown open. Two or three brethren followed in prayer, and the meeting closed.

THE SECOND EVENING.

On Wednesday evening, *March 10*, the second meeting was held in the Agricultural Hall. The attendance was not nearly so large as on the first evening, resulting from the fact that Mr. Moody requested the doors to be closed at half-past seven, thus preventing many thousands who were unable to attend so early from gaining admission. The services commenced with prayer and singing. Mr. Moody then read part of Ezek. xxxiv. and Luke xv., commenting as he went on, then announced the coming meetings on the Lord's day, at 8 A.M. for workers, at 3 P.M. for women, and at 8 P.M. for men. Tickets would be issued for all these meetings. Then silent prayer, and singing "Lord, I hear of showers of blessing."

Mr. Moody then spoke from Luke xix. 10, "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." It was speedily apparent that great blessing from on high was present in that meeting. The address was full of power; anecdote, illustration, Scripture entreaty, persuasion, succeeded each other again and again, with lightning speed and force, while the vast

audience listened intently. As the interest heightened, and story after story was told, many could be seen wiping the tears openly, apparently unconscious of what they were doing. The graphic picture of the meeting of Bartimeus and Zaccheus, after the former had been healed, was thoroughly enjoyed; and the quiet hit at those "who don't believe in sudden conversions," in the statement that Zaccheus "was converted between the branches and the ground," was greatly enjoyed. The story that followed, of "the young man converted on his mother's grave," gave occasion for an impassioned appeal to turn to Jesus then and there. Silent prayer followed the conclusion of the address; and, amid a hush that was almost awful, the sound of music floated on the air, and Mr. Sankey sang softly "Come home—come home." Every head bowed, thousands earnestly praying, while the soft music seemed to enter into the very souls of that mass of humanity, bowing and swaying even the hardest to thoughts of repentance and prayer. Then Lord Radstock concluded with prayer, and the hymn, "I hear Thy welcome voice," was sung as Mr. Moody went from the Hall to the first inquiry meeting in London. Many hundreds followed him, but whether workers or inquirers did not at the time appear, and it is far too early yet to speak of results.

Thursday, March 11.—Mr. Moody presided for the second time at the noon prayer-meeting. There was also a falling off in the attendance here compared with the day before; but the great Hall was nearly filled, and would doubtlessly have been filled to overflowing during the service had the doors remained open. The first hymn was, "Lord, I hear of showers of blessing," followed by one new to London, entitled "Wondrous love," but which will assuredly become a special favorite. Silent and audible prayer followed the *classified* requests for prayer; and after, Mr. Moody spoke in explanation and defence of "inquiry meetings," instancing many such meetings from the Scriptures, and asserting that the inquiry meetings ought to be credited with four-fifths of the work done. He was just a very little bitter in saying, "I don't know what some men would do at a Pentecost," or his earnestness seemed intensified to bitterness; but this disappeared when he spoke of a boy of fourteen with a Bible under his

arm, whom he had met in the inquiry-room the previous night, and asked as to his presence there? The boy replied that he was a Christian, hoped to meet some little boy like himself to tell about Jesus. Afterward, the boy was seen kneeling with another in a corner. Mr. Sankey also spoke earnestly in defence of the inquiry-room—asking objectors to visit and see for themselves instead of finding fault beforehand; adding, warmly, "It don't take half a man to find fault." The meeting ended as usual; but after its close, there appeared to be an impromptu *reunion* of nearly all the evangelical workers in London; the resemblance being almost perfect to one of the evening conferences at Mildmay Park.

THE THIRD EVENING SERVICE.

This was much more largely attended than the second, every seat in the Hall being occupied, and the galleries well filled. The choir sang several hymns before the service commenced with the well-known "Maggie Lindsay" hymn (as it is called here), "The gate ajar," followed by prayer. "The Great Physician" was next sung, and the reading followed from Luke x., being the parable of the good Samaritan, in which the priest and Levite were used as types of churchmen and dissenters to the credit of neither party. "Rock of Ages" was next sung, and Mr. Moody resumed his discourse of the preceding evening from Luke xix. 10. Much better order was observed than at the commencement of the previous evening, the meeting being admirably controlled. The address was most solemn and searching in character, concluding with an exhortation to immediate and final decision. Mr. Moody ended his discourse by prayer. Then "Safe in the arms of Jesus" was sung, then silent prayer; next, "Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah!" then the benediction and the inquiry meeting.

Friday, March 12.—At eleven o'clock in London, the weather was of the most severe and trying description—hail, rain, snow, slush, and a bitter east wind over and through all. Nevertheless, the Great Hall for the noon prayer-meeting had a glorious gathering, and there were quite as many present as on the previous day; but notably men; the ladies *could not* face the terrible cold and sleet.

Mr. Moody took his position punctually at noon, and announced the hymn, "Sweet hour of prayer," followed by multitudes of

classified requests for prayer, the classification giving a somewhat *bizarre* character to the requests, as, "*Eleven* sisters ask prayer for brothers." Mr. Moody resumed his previous noon discourse, "On the inquiry-room," instancing various faulty methods of dealing with inquirers, particularly condemning the statement often made, "Believe that you are saved, and you are saved;" and pointing out that saving faith must be faith on the Son of God. He passed on to consider right methods of dealing with anxious ones, giving many valuable hints and texts as he went along, speaking earnestly against mere discussion on his way. When Mr. Moody concluded, Mr. Sankey sang "Nothing but leaves." Has Mr. Sankey been listening to critics? The writer heard him sing the same hymn with far more effect in Glasgow at the convention. In London there was more of the *artist*, but it seemed less of the earnest gospel singer. In Glasgow, it was *solemnizing and thrilling!* In London, it was *very nice!* (*N.B.*—These are not the writer's criticisms, but the opinions expressed.) After singing, a gentleman (name unknown) spoke earnestly of the way and the need of working for Jesus. He was followed by another, who told a touching story of how the lost are found in London. A tract distributor offered a man a tract on Waterloo Bridge; it was declined with the remark, "I shall be in hell before night;" the words were heard and answered, "No, you will not, for I'm going to heaven, and will stick to you all day." They left the bridge together, the hungry man was supplied with food and taken to a place of worship. There he fell asleep. "Perhaps he has been walking all night," said his friend; "let him sleep!" Service over, he was conveyed home to supper, inquiring concerning all this kindness, "*What's up?*" He was fed, tended, reasoned with, instructed, and, brought to the way of heaven instead of being in hell, as he had said.

REVIEW OF THE DAYS.

So ends the first three of Mr. Moody's noon prayer-meetings and the first three nights of work in London. And it is simple truth to state, that such meetings were never held before in London, if ever they were in the world's history. In *three days* of noon and evening service, about *eighty thousand* have listened to the glorious gospel of the blessed God. Well might

Mr. Moody express his thankfulness to God—the encouragement he had received and felt, and his deep sense of the sympathy and help extended to him and his colleague in their great work. Well might he dissolve in broken accents and tears of entreaty for a rich blessing on himself and those who, laboring with him, will share his eternal rest and reward. Surely, when bankers and rich merchants, and ministers holding high official positions, are content to be doorkeepers, it must be said, "We never saw it after this fashion," and this was exactly the case at the door of Exeter Hall yesterday.

On Friday evening, *March 12*, the last meeting of Messrs. Moody and Sankey for the week was held in the Agricultural Hall. The audience exceeded in number every night but the first. As far as the eye could reach there was the same dense multitudes above and below.

Mr. Moody gave notice that on Saturday evening there would be addresses by various ministers; Sunday services as before mentioned; Monday evening Rev. J. Spurgeon would preach, while Mr. Moody met anxious inquirers. On Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday there would be two daily services, at 3 and 8 P.M., when the same address would be repeated daily. Tickets would be issued for all these meetings. He then read Matt. vi., from 19th verse to end. Mr. Sankey read from Mark x. of Bartimeus, and sang "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." The effect of this melody was simply wonderful in its stilling power on the audience; the sibillation of the "s" at the end of the line could be distinctly heard in a quiet as of death. Mr. Moody took for his text Isa. lv. 6, stating, for two evenings he had dwelt on man seeking God, but now he would speak of God seeking man; yet recommending earnestness in seeking God by many touching incidents and suggestions. This, among others, he thought "the dying thief might have had a praying mother." He also turned to the ministers around him and asked, "Did they believe that God was present, and willing to save?" and was instantly answered by an audible "Yes." A tearful, impassioned appeal followed to all classes to seek the Lord, and He would assuredly be found. Silent prayer succeeded, and Mr. Sankey sang "Almost persuaded." Then the audience were dismissed, and all anxious, and all workers, were invited to remain, an invitation that

was accepted by *several thousands!* The whole space under the arched room was occupied by seekers and workers, while the responses to earnest prayers rolled around like the deep tones of the great sea waves at night. The Lord was there. Inquirer after inquirer made themselves manifest, until there were scores in the inquiry-room, and scores remaining in the hall speaking with the workers there. In the inquiry-room were seekers and workers in every direction, and very many found peace in believing. One fine young man fell to the lot of the writer, and it was emphatically good to watch the dawning of divine truth on the mind, as shown in the intelligent face—to see the look of anxiety and fear give place to the knowledge and love of God—to watch the birth of the soul to eternal life bring forth that look of brightness on the face which is never seen from any other cause. One young lady said “she was so happy, she seemed to tread on air;” and in instance after instance the testimony grew and multiplied, till we could only rejoice in believing that numbers were born again—not of corruptible seed, but of the incorruptible, which liveth and abideth for ever. Then the long, happy evening closed by Mr. Moody calling the workers together, and giving some brotherly advice and counsel concerning the details of work in the inquiry-room.

Oh for the time of blessing! Oh for the rain upon the weary! Oh for the coming, in mightiest power, of the loving Spirit and the King our Brother, among the ruined and lost—among the weary and burdened laborers on this rough and stony ground! Our Father, hear and answer Thy children’s heart-cry, for Jesus’ sake!

I. WORKERS.

Sunday, March 14.—On Sunday morning, March 14, the usual unbroken quiet of Islington experienced a striking change. From every direction, solitaires, couples, and bands of well-dressed people were hastening to the Agricultural Hall. Many parties of singers had arranged to meet in their different localities, and marched with songs to their destination. Sunday-school teachers resident in the line of march near to the Hall had invited their fellow-laborers to breakfast at a very unusual hour; while the vendors of hymns and papers round the Hall took their usual week-day positions, and transacted a large amount of buying and selling, to which multitudes

made strong and indignant objection. Pouring in at all the entrances to the Hall, there was speedily convened such a gathering of its Christian workers as London had never seen. It was a complete reunion. Friends, whom the exigencies of work had separated for years, met and clasped hands once more; young men grown old in service met with others in like condition, whom they had labored with in years of strength; and comely matrons’ faces were recognized as those of former girls in Sunday-schools. Long before *all* old friends could be recognized and greeted, the time for the service arrived, and the Evangelists stood face to face with many thousands of the Christian workers of the great Metropolis for the first time.

Cool, prompt, and business-like as ever, Mr. Moody announced the first song would be “Hold the fort,” which, being recognized as peculiarly appropriate to the occasion, was sung with a vigor that left nothing to be desired. Earnest prayer followed, and then the hymn, “Stand up for Jesus.” Mr. Moody read part of Isaiah vi., ending with, “Here am I; send me!” and called upon Mr. Sankey to sing the melody known by that title; which he did with a little difficulty, *perhaps* occasioned by the sharp morning air, or perhaps by having been not a little overworked recently. Then the congregation sang, “I love to tell the story,” and Mr. Moody’s address was given.

The text was Dan. xii. 3, “They that be wise shall shine,” etc.; and Mr. Moody proceeded to say: We all like to shine, and had better *own up!* But who shall shine? The wise! and thus the glorious privilege of eternal splendor was held forth to all engaged in Christian work! But personal conversion must precede the conversion of others by us. And here he narrated a striking instance of a Sunday-school superintendent who was not converted, but finding this to be so, went honestly to his minister and offered to resign. The minister suggested a more excellent way—that the superintendent should first turn to the Lord at once, and then continue his labors. This was done; he turned to the willing Saviour, and then became the means of the conversion of the teachers and a great revival in the school. It was the duty of each Christian—not duty, but privilege (away with mere *duty!* we did not talk of *duty* to wives and mothers, and why in religion?)—to speak to some person daily. For twelve years there had scarcely been a

day in which he had not done this. Seek out friends, and bring them into the current, that they might get a blessing and pass it on. We must also get into sympathy with the unsaved. When he was laboring in the school at Chicago, a teacher, who was going away to die, came to him in bitter trouble about his unconverted class. He felt his strength too far gone to visit them; they were unsaved, and he was leaving them—going away, for ever. Mr. Moody procured a carriage, and they went together day after day for ten days, until the teacher had seen all, pleaded with all, and won them all for Jesus. The tearful eyes, the pale face, and the deep sympathy had triumphed for Christ! Then they all met him on the platform, and the wave of his hand from the carriage was a last, long farewell. The effect produced by this narration was very deep. Sobs and tears were almost universal. The ministers on the platform were wiping both eyes and glasses, and some were literally scooping away the tears with their hands. Strong men were weeping like children, and the speaker himself wept abundantly as he remembered and depicted the touching scene. Yes, he continued, we must get in sympathy—make their case ours, their troubles and sorrows ours, and then we shall have prevailing power. He spoke of a poor mother, whose child had been drowned in procuring drift-wood from the river, and whom he visited along with his little daughter. "If that was me," said my child, "wouldn't you *feel bad*, father? Don't you feel bad for the poor mother?" This unlocked the springs of sympathy, and I did feel bad for her. I found a grave for the poor child, and afterwards bought ground for a Sunday-school lot, to bury a hundred of our poor little scholars. In the midst of a most striking scene of weeping, such as that hall had never seen before, the address concluded, and Mr. Moody *attempted* to pray. So deeply was he moved, that he was compelled to pause in his prayer, amid dead silence, to recover himself, and be able to proceed. Then we sang, "Work, for the night is coming," and the benediction ended the first workers' meeting.

2. WOMEN.

On Sunday afternoon, at three, the first special meeting for women was held. The service commenced by singing "The Great

Physician," after which prayer was offered, followed by the hymn, "I hear Thy welcome voice." Mr. Moody read Ps. lvii., and Mr. Sankey sang "The ninety and nine." Where all the singing is so good, it is hard to particularize; but this seems to be one of his own favorites, and is most certainly a favorite with the people. Then all joined in singing "Free from the law," and Mr. Moody commenced his discourse from Gen. iii. 9: "Where art thou?" Was ever such a gathering of women only, convened before, simply to hear the gospel of the grace of God? There were, at the lowest computation, about 17,000 women present; and the power of the Spirit was clearly there: tears and sobs and repressed cries, anxious faces, low, earnest words and entreaties for mercy were all around, as the discourse proceeded from point to point. God was the preacher of this sermon, said Mr. Moody; and though the first audience was small, the sermon has come rolling down the ages, and many, I hope, are asking themselves this question now. I am speaking to professors, to backsliders, and to those who never made profession, but all equally lost. There are three steps to ruin—neglecting, refusing, despising the good news of God. The discourse concluded, Mr. Moody offered earnest prayer; silent prayer followed, and then the soft, persuasive strain, "Come home," from Mr. Sankey, arose upon the meeting, the choir singing the chorus. Then all sang the hymn, "Lord, I hear of showers of blessing," and the meeting closed to allow inquirers to gather. Such a number accepted the invitation that the large inquiry-room could not contain them, and many were spoken to in the bitter cold without the room.

3. MEN.

The evening service was simply a repetition of the afternoon, but for men only, instead of women. Thousands of women, nevertheless, accompanied their male friends in hope of admission, but were disappointed—they could not be admitted. Nevertheless, the building was filled to its utmost capacity, and the doors were closed nearly an hour before the service commenced. The would-be infidel orator of London is in the habit of saying that "Religion is an affair of priests and women." Never again will he be able to repeat that taunt, after the meeting on Sunday evening last, *when nearly 15,000 men of London*

were held breathless by the simple preaching and singing of the gospel of Christ. Before the address was delivered, Mr. Sankey sang "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by;" himself singing the verses, and the vast multitude joining in singing the last line in each verse, thus producing the effect of one of the mightiest choruses ever sung on earth. After the address the inquiry-room was opened, while the meeting in the hall continued with praise and prayer.

So great had been the effect produced, so large was the number of inquirers who were not "priests" or "women," that there were not enough workers present to deal with them. Nor can this be wondered at. Christians had been entreated and enjoined to stay away, that the unconverted might have all the room; and this request was too literally obeyed. It may also be noted that most of Mr. Moody's best helpers have much work of their own on the Lord's Day, which cannot be neglected even for the inquiry-room. With all the will to help, churches, chapels, and missions must not be left untended through the temptation of the attractive and pleasant work provided at Islington.

The noon prayer-meeting on Monday, March 15, was densely crowded—hall, galleries, and platform presenting an unbroken mass of believers in prayer, quite as well able to judge for themselves as any philosopher was able to judge for them, and having that which no unbeliever could have—experience—to guide them. After singing the hymns "Over there" and "Wondrous love," Mr. Moody read part of Isa. xii., and then proceeded to devote the meeting principally to accounts of the Lord's work. He had received accounts from Liverpool, that "the real depth of the work had just commenced, that it was better now than ever." At the Glasgow noon meeting, convened at that time, the prayers would be devoted to the work in London. The Earl of Cavan read a letter from Glasgow concerning the work in the Metropolis, and offered prayer in accordance with the letter. Mr. Quinton Hogg made a touching and earnest appeal for workers in the inquiry-room, asking if it was right that one worker should have ten inquirers. The Rev. R. W. Dale gave an account of the results of the work in Birmingham, dwelling largely upon the inquiry-room, asserting, "You know nothing of the work until you go there." He also spoke of the need of more cheerful singing

in church worship, which was met by loud applause and clapping of hands, which Mr. Moody immediately and very decidedly repressed. Lord Radstock gave good news from Russia, and the meeting closed as usual.

On Monday evening the Rev. J. A. Spurgeon delivered the address to a greatly-thinned audience, while Mr. Moody attended to the inquiry-room; Mr. Sankey also appearing on the platform, with the Rev. R. W. Dale and many other ministers and gentlemen. Mr. Billing, the chairman of the committee, invited the anxious and inquirers to St. Mary's Hall—an invitation that was immediately and largely accepted—the audience meanwhile singing "I am so glad that our Father in Heaven." Mr. Spurgeon offered prayer, followed by "Jesus, Lover of my soul," and the reading of Isa. lv., with running comments. Prayer by Rev. R. W. Dale, and "What shall the harvest be?" sung by Mr. Sankey. The address by Mr. Spurgeon was founded on "That spiritual rock . . . Christ." At the close of the service it was made known that all the workers were required in the inquiry-room, and there was no after meeting in the hall.

THE FIRST AFTERNOON MEETING.

On Tuesday afternoon, March 16, at three o'clock, the first afternoon meeting was held. There were about seven or eight thousand persons present, comprising those who were not occupied in their daily callings, with not a few lads and girls among them. The service commenced with "Rejoice, and be glad," to a well-known Primitive Methodist tune, which was heartily sung by all present. Prayer followed, and Mr. Sankey sang "There's a light in the valley,"—not at all an easy melody, or likely to become popular. Mr. Moody read from John iii., and the meeting sang "Rock of Ages." Mr. Moody took for text, "Except a man be born again," saying they had better get the *text* than the *sermon*; there was *life* in the text. Men were not *baptized* but *born* into the kingdom of God. They must be born again, regenerated. Regeneration was not going to church—Satan went to church; not reading the Bible, not praying—Saul prayed daily before conversion; not attending the Lord's Supper—Judas did that, but was not regenerated; nor was it trying your best, as a woman told here in the inquiry-room, and was answered, "That's the way

down to the pit!" Nor was it baptism; if regeneration could come by baptism, he would leave off preaching and take to baptizing—if he could save by baptism, he would get a bucket and baptize all whom he could come near. Has not God a right to save in His own time and way, and on His own terms? If you could save yourself, on your own terms, you could not make them so easy as God has made them. No man could save himself; God must save him. Under the law it was "*Do and live*;" under grace it was, *Live and do*. The address concluded with the story of the wounded soldier, who sent for Mr. Moody "to help him to die!" who was brought to peace in believing by the repetition of John iii. 14, "As Moses lifted up the serpent," etc. After the address the audience sang "There is life for a look," and the service ended. There were more workers than inquirers in the room at the close of the meeting.

THE EVENING GATHERING.

At the meeting in the evening, the address was repeated to the largest gathering yet crowded into the Hall. The demand for "more seats" was responded to as far as possible; but when the last seat was taken, many thousands were excluded who would willingly have heard the gospel. The hymns were varied from those sung in the afternoon, but the reading and the address were the same. Prayer was offered. Mr. Sankey sang the hymn called "Mary Magdalene." The meeting concluded with audible and silent prayer, and the hymn, "I hear Thy welcome voice." The crowd that retired to the inquiry-room was so large that hundreds sought admission in vain, and some were spoken to outside St. Mary's Hall. Whether those within were inquirers or workers could not be distinctly ascertained, as admittance could not be given.

The address at the noon prayer-meeting on Tuesday and Wednesday was on the subject of "Prayer," founded on "Ask, and ye shall receive," etc. The three words described three classes—those who *ask*, who *seek*, and who *knock*. Some *ask*, and don't give God time to answer. He heard of a little boy who asked for his father's *razor*, and when denied, cried because his father didn't love him: some *asked God for razors*! Many who thoroughly understood praying for others did not know how to pray for themselves, as Moses, Elijah, and

Paul. The sweetest thing he had ever learned was to let God choose for him. God gave Christ without asking; what would He give on asking? A dozen knocking Christians would bring a mighty blessing on London. After the address Mr. Sankey sang, "Knocking, knocking," and the meeting was thrown open for prayer.

The meetings at the Hall in the afternoon and evening of March 17 were most encouraging. There was a very large gathering in the afternoon, and in the evening there was not a vacant seat to be seen. Before singing, Mr. Sankey led in earnest prayer for a blessing, and then sang with solemn feeling the hymn, "O Christ, what burdens bowed Thy head." Mr. Moody read from Gal. v., with a few comments, and we sang "There is a fountain." Mr. Moody's address was from John iii. 14, continuing the subject of the previous day. He commenced by asserting the greatest sin was unbelief; that no man then present would be lost unless he refused and despised the remedy God had provided. He instanced the supposed case of a man in consumption, near death and hopeless, visited by a friend who had been cured, and who had brought the remedy that had cured him—as a *free gift*. If the consumptive died, he died because he had refused the remedy. Mr. Moody proceeded to instance various ways in which the remedy was declined and refused; illustrating as he went in broadly dramatic fashion, which caught and held the thousands of enthralled listeners. "Suppose," said he, "a young man dying of serpent-bite. His mother waiting, watching, hearing of the serpent just set up, and putting her arms, strengthened by love, round her dying, perhaps her only son, and dragging him to the door of the tent. There she sees him look and live; strength returns to his limbs, color to his cheek, and joy to his heart. So is it when the sinner looks to Jesus—looks his sin and sorrow away together. Mr. Moody next pictured one bitten who would not look until he could understand the philosophy of cure by looking, and who died in his unbelief. The address concluded by the narration of an incident concerning a Jew, who came to the Chicago prayer-meeting just when it was ended. He had met the text, "It is appointed unto men once to die," etc., and it had broken him down; and he had heard of the prayer-meeting, and came there to be taught. Mr. Moody spoke to

him of Jesus, but the Jew scowled in unbelief, and asked to be taught of the God of Abraham. Mr. Moody agreed to pray with him to Abraham's God for enlightenment concerning Jesus. The Jew prostrated himself with his forehead to the ground, and prayed earnestly for light and direction; and as he sought he found. "Oh, I would," continued Mr. Moody, "I could say something to move you, that would rouse the whole of you! One young man who was here last week, and declared his intention to attend the inquiry-room this week, is now in his coffin. Don't leave unsaved!" While "Almost persuaded" was solemnly sung, numbers left for the inquiry-room, whither we will now follow.

THE INQUIRY-ROOM—ST. MARY'S HALL.

St. Mary's Hall is a large concert-room, with chairs on the floor fronting the platform, and a deep gallery round the sides and end of the hall. Mr. Moody divided the inquirers, leaving the women on the basement, and sending the men into the gallery, and directed the workers to divide in the same way. All round the gallery were men in twos and threes, to the number of two or three hundred—each couple or three separated from their neighbors, and earnestly engaged in their own work, without taking any notice of those near and around. Here was a couple discussing a difficulty in the way. There another couple earnestly reading passages of God's word. Next was one pleading earnestly with another. Next one whose work was done, as the close, loving hand-clasp showed. Many were striving together in prayer, two by two. Here a worker earnestly asking for the light to come. There another pressing the inquirer to pray for himself, and others praying earnestly together. The writer had the pleasure of speaking with three in succession. The first was a young man who had made long, wearying endeavor to work out salvation; he had been *trying hard* to come to Jesus, but neither work nor trial had brought the assurance of faith. To one so much in earnest it was most pleasant to show salvation as the *gift* of God, and a little patience was richly rewarded by the dawning of the light. Then said he, "*I see it now; please to leave me alone with God!*" Most reverently and willingly this was done, and the second was spoken to; he also promised to accept the gift, and left to kneel before the Lord in seeking, as he was compelled to go.

The third had long had a form of godliness, but neither its power nor hope—he was just a sleeping nominal church member, who did not wish to be disturbed. He had wandered into the inquiry-room, thinking it was public, and he should hear an address. Unable to deal satisfactorily with him, the attention of another brother was called to him, and we passed on round the gallery. On returning, this one was praying earnestly, the second was gone, and the face of the first showed better than any words that he had lost his burden. Passing below to leave, a lady who was talking to three working girls claimed help, as help had been claimed in the case above. We held conversation, and speedily all three declared themselves on the Lord's side; and the bright, earnest young faces glowed with the thought of the gift received, and the "covenant unto death" with Jesus. As we saw, so we heard of many to whom light and peace came; nor was it the least impressive to mark how willingly help was given and received, how entirely absent were evidences of self and self-seeking. Conversions all around, an atmosphere of prayer and the word of God, the subdued hum of conversation with each other, and converse with the Father through the Son, gave a sense of "nearness of access," of personal presence, of a very present and loving help, that was as sweet as it was solemn. Verily it "was good to be there!" It was just eleven o'clock when, after three hours of delightful service, "the labor was done, and the laborers gone home."

Thursday, 18th.—There was the usual crowded hall at the noon prayer-meeting on Thursday, March 18. Mr. Moody spoke on "Prayer," specially the disciples' prayer, commonly called the "Lord's Prayer;" but, said he, the Lord's Prayer is found in John xvii. The principal point was the forgiveness in order to be forgiven. When he spoke of a woman whom he had exhorted to forgiveness, but who would not, he told she could not be saved until she forgave her foe. "Then," she replied, "I'll never be saved, for I'll never forgive her;" and she went mad! He spoke also of two girls who were impressed, who had been at variance, but forgave each other, and were themselves forgiven. It must not be, as some said, I can forgive, but cannot forget; but must be, as God does, both forgive and forget. He spoke also of believing we received what we desired. Speaking of an ophan boy who had

been adopted into a family, and was asked if he could pray, and responded by praying as he had been taught by his dead parents, and adding, "Please make these as kind to me as my own father and mother were, won't you, Lord? of course you will!" After the address Mr. Sankey sang, and several brethren engaged in prayer. One of these ended by repeating the *disciples'* prayer, in which the whole gathering joined, producing a most striking effect; for as the subdued voices rose and fell, it was with a thrilling grandeur of sound, resembling heavy artillery heard far away.

The service in the Hall in the afternoon and evening showed clearly how the wave of attraction is rising higher and higher; though, perhaps, the unusual mildness and beauty of the day might have allowed many to attend who had hitherto been wind-bound. The afternoon service commenced with "Wondrous love," prayer, "Stand up for Jesus," and reading of part of 1 Cor. xv. by Mr. Moody. Then, by special request, Mr. Sankey sang the "Ninety and nine." Mr. Moody's address was on the word "Gospel," or "good news." The gospel was angelic news, and it was sung before it was preached. It was the knowledge of the life and death of the Son of God *for us!* It was the sight of Jesus; at which sight down went Paul into the dust, when he *drank* so deep a *draught* of conviction that he *couldn't eat* for three days! Every man likes his enemies out of his way, and the gospel took our three great enemies—sin, death, and judgment—out of our way for ever. For though we might die, death had nothing; the sting of death was buried in the bosom of the Son of God. The frontier men on the prairies, when they were on fire, set fire to the part near them, and when it was burnt bare stood upon it, and so saved their lives. There's one mountain-peak the fire of God's wrath has swept over, and now it is safe for ever, and that is Mount Calvary. Then he told of a father and son who were at enmity for years, but were brought together by the dying wife and mother, but only reconciled over her dead body; so the sinner was reconciled to God over the dead body of the Lord Jesus. Mr. Sankey sang "Come home," and the meeting was adjourned to the inquiry-room, whither many retired.

At the repeated service in the evening, at eight o'clock, the commencing hymns

were the rooth Psalm and "Rock of Ages." The lesson of the afternoon was also repeated, and Mr. Sankey sang "I love to tell the story," the audience joining in the chorus. The great hall was crowded to the utmost limit, the attention was most profound; and when the address closed, Mr. Moody announced that the inquiry meeting would be held in the gallery, and the prayer-meeting in St. Mary's Hall. Unhappily, this change of plan had not been made known to the stewards; they could not hear Mr. Moody in consequence of the people moving away, and the confusion that resulted was dreadful—thousands of people pressing in different ways, the centre of the crush circling round and round in vain efforts to escape, while the attendants shouted confused and contradictory direction. The unravelling was found by the sheer force of pressure sweeping the crowd into the wide street in front of the building. It is only needful to remember what happened at the Surrey Gardens when Mr. Spurgeon preached, and to think what might have been, to feel and express deep and devout thankfulness that matters were no worse.

Friday, 19th.—On Friday, March 19, Mr. Moody presided for the last time for the week at the noon prayer-meeting. The weather was bad, the audience greatly thinned, and Mr. Moody appeared to be suffering either bodily or mentally, very different from his usual happy self-possession. In his address on "Prayer," some things were said which had been far better omitted, being impossible to harmonize with his own exhortations to unity in work, so often repeated. Altogether, the meeting was far beneath that of the day previous in numbers, spirit, and power.

The subject of the address on Friday afternoon and evening was "Salvation." There was a very large attendance in the afternoon, but in the evening it seemed as if a human form was planted in every possible place. In front of the platform, and on every step of it, there were people crowded as closely as possible. The first hymn was "Wondrous love;" prayer followed; "I hear the Saviour say" came next; and then reading and brief exposition of Ps. xl. and part of Acts xvi. Mr. Moody remarked on Paul and Silas, with backs bleeding, feet in the stocks, and no supper, praising God—suggested that our praise, if there, would have been, "Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound." Mr.

Sankey sang, "Yet there is room;" and Mr. Moody gave the notices for the next week and commenced his address. He seemed a little straitened at first, but soon recovered all his wonted fire, and delivered a red-hot discourse on seeking and finding salvation. In speaking of leaving all earthly trust, he mentioned a miller who, in a boat asleep, came near the jaws of death by the mill-dam; he found a twig which could only stay his deathward progress; he therefore held on, and shouted for help with all his power. A friend heard and *let down* a rope (the help must come from above), but the miller could not grasp the rope until he let go the twig. This he did, and was rescued. Mr. Moody next narrated the well-known story of his own conversion by the ministry of the teacher in Boston, and his after meeting and influencing for Christ the teacher's son. A most earnest appeal ended the discourse, and the service concluded with prayer. The after-meeting was held in two inquiry-rooms; one in the gallery over the platform, where a large number of inquirers gathered, and many more than double the number of workers; and a few were also in St. Mary's Hall, with the same large preponderance of workers.

Now unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto Him be glory in the Church, by Christ Jesus, throughout all ages, world without end. Amen.

MEETINGS ON SUNDAY, 21st.

The morning service at the Agricultural Hall, which was for Christian workers only, was one of the most satisfactory meetings that have been held in London, there being about 16,000 persons present, all of whom were either Sunday-school teachers or persons employed in similar Christian work. The afternoon service, which was for women only, was attended by about 14,000. The evening service was for men only. There were about 19,000 present, as against fully 20,000 the few preceding evenings. Mr. Sankey sang the favorite hymn, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by;" Mr. Moody taking for his text the words, "He that believeth on me shall be saved." The evening service being for men only, many who were not aware of the restriction came with their wives, whilst others from a distance came with young women. It was in vain that they pleaded that they had

come many miles by train; the orders were peremptory, and no women were admitted. The committee, to accommodate the large number of women who had come, threw open St. Mary's Hall, and held a service there, conducted by Mr. Leithes, of Liverpool. At this service there were about 2,000 women present, many of whose companions were in Agricultural Hall.

III.

THE FIRST MONTH IN LONDON.

THE *Christian World* of April 6th thus summarizes the first month's work:

To-day the American Evangelists, whose names are on every lip, enter upon the second month of their London campaign. They have all but completed the series of meetings at the Agricultural Hall, in Islington, designed more especially for the benefit of the people dwelling in the great northern region of the metropolis; and now they are about to enter on the daily occupation of a building specially erected for their accommodation at the East End. From week to week we have furnished our readers with full reports of the proceedings. In this way, the public have been enabled to obtain a comprehensive, and we believe accurate, view of a series of meetings that certainly stand without a parallel in the religious annals of England. We may not be able to say, with a respected contemporary, that Mr. Moody is the modern Wycliffe—a name we should rather assign, if we used it all, to a great English preacher who has been proclaiming the Gospel to multitudes in London every week for more than twenty-one years. Neither are we prepared to coincide with the magnanimous assertion of a Wesleyan Methodist journal, that this movement puts the revival which was wrought by Whitfield and Wesley into the shade, in respect, at least, to the numbers brought under the sound of the Gospel. These are statements, as it seems to us, which would require to be greatly qualified before they could be accepted by thoughtful men. Yet, without going the length of our too exuberant friends, we can testify that the success of the gatherings over which Mr. Moody presides has been simply marvellous, and in its way quite unexampled, either within the memory of living men, or in all that has been recorded by the pen of the English historian of the Christian

Church. Whatever may be the view he takes of the work, as to its true spiritual significance and value, every candid onlooker must acknowledge that the present is a phenomenon which cannot be too carefully scanned, or too fully described by the contemporary journalist. It will unquestionably claim for itself a chapter of no inconsiderable magnitude in the book that deals with the religious history of England in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Some little service to the future, as well as to the present-day reader may, therefore, be rendered by an attempt to gather up the salient points in the story of the first month spent by Messrs. Moody and Sankey in London.

And first of all we have to note the sustained, and it would even seem growing, interest which the public take in the meetings. Every day at noon Exeter Hall has been well filled; often it has been crowded, and there is no symptom of any falling off in the attendance, while it may be confidently expected that when the prayer-meeting is transferred, as it will be on Monday next, to Her Majesty's Opera House, the audience will be as great as that building is able to contain. That the interest in the primary purpose of the noon-gathering has not declined is made manifest by many pleasing tokens. Not the least eloquent of these was the statement made by Mr. Moody on Wednesday last, that the requests for prayer received that morning numbered no fewer than 180. The reports of spiritual work achieved in connection with the movement, not only in London, but also in the provinces, have been multiplying daily; and these form a feature of the proceedings at Exeter Hall which does much to keep alive the interest and to intensify the fervor of the assembly. Then there has been the appearance of new speakers from day to day—witnesses to the reality of the revival in Scotland, Ireland, and provincial towns of England. When the meeting is thrown open to volunteers, the result has not always been edifying; but Mr. Moody, as a shrewd and ready-witted president, keeps the most of the time well occupied with a swift and flowing succession of song, prayer, and exhortation, so that the hour seems to all present to be only too short, and is obviously most refreshing to their spirits. Mr. Moody is, perhaps, seen at his best at Exeter Hall. Some of his short addresses there have been gems of pithy exposition;

and his occasional quaint bits of self-defence, and frequent touches of mingled humor and pathos, have been remarkably effective. People from the country have formed a distinctly perceptible element in the congregation; and we cannot doubt that these, along with the city brethren, have derived useful hints from Mr. Moody's method for the conduct of prayer-meetings in their own places of worship. In this way, we think it likely that a great deal of good may be done.

The three afternoon meetings held at Sanger's (formerly Astley's) Amphitheatre, were among the most successful of all the gatherings, and are said to have been the most fruitful in spiritual results. The place could not hold all the people who flocked to them; and a proportionately larger number of the "lapsed masses" were to be seen in these South-side gatherings than in the assemblies at the Agricultural Hall. The two afternoon Bible readings—the first held in the Conference Hall at Mildmay-park, and the second at Exeter Hall, and to both of which admission was procured only by ticket—were crammed, and they seemed to be greatly enjoyed.

As for the great meetings, those held every night (with the exception of Saturday) at the Agricultural Hall, and thrice on Sunday in the same enormous edifice, they have continued to attract an average attendance of at least eleven or twelve thousand down to the very last. On the two nights when the address was not given by Mr. Moody there was a great falling off in the congregation. On Good Friday the *Times* "felt bound" to express its "strong conviction that the interest of the meetings was rapidly falling off;" but the facts do not sustain this view. The largest congregations have assembled within the last ten days; and these have included all ranks and classes of society. Royalty itself, in the person of her Royal Highness the Duchess of Teck, has expressed its intention to come since the leading journal proclaimed the turning of the tide. On one evening there were at least sixty clergymen of the Establishment present, with Dean Stanley occupying a conspicuous seat on the platform; and on the night of Good Friday the evangelical Earl of Shaftesbury sat on the same chair which a few evenings before had been occupied by the Broad Church Dean. Lord Shaftesbury, at the close of the service, paid a visit, along with his daughters, to the in-

quity-room. In respect to the numbers of the Agricultural Hall congregation, the floor of the building is capable of seating 9,000 persons; the raised platform for the choir and ministers, 250; the eastern side gallery, 900; the western side gallery, 1,000; the upper raised gallery in front of the platform, 1,350; the balcony in front, 850; and the upper western balcony, 350. Even on moderate computation, it would seem, that about 350,000 must have been the total of the numbers present at the Agricultural Hall services during the month; though it must be borne in mind that very many persons were frequent, and not a few constant, attenders. It would probably be a liberal allowance if we were to say that 200,000 separate individuals were present. The arrangements made by the committee for the comfort of the congregation and the preservation of order have, from first to last, been admirable.

With respect to the inquiry-rooms, they have been largely attended every night by Christian friends, clerical and lay; and the penitents pressing in for spiritual advice have, on many occasions, numbered several hundreds. But there has been no more excitement there than in the public service; indeed, the proceedings have been more subdued, and a quiet, solemn earnestness has characterized all that has been done in connection with this part of the work. Several gentlemen taking part in it have testified to the good accomplished; and Mr. Sankey in particular, who is active in the inquiry-room, describes the work of which he was witness on Sunday week, and on every succeeding night, as being in the highest degree encouraging. Many Christian workers, though not so many as Mr. Moody desires to see, have scattered themselves among the great audience at the ordinary services, for the purpose of speaking a word to their unconverted neighbors; and a case has been mentioned in which the young ladies of a certain seminary have, in this way, been instrumental in leading twenty individuals to the Saviour. With this we may bracket the case of a lady who took her ten servants to one of the services, and who reports that seven of these have been, in consequence, converted to God. Mr. Moody has detailed instances of persons brought to a knowledge of God in the inquiry-room one night, and appearing on the next with friends whom they desired to see sharing the peace which they had secured. Since the second Sunday a

young men's meeting has been held every night at St. Mary's Hall, immediately after the public service; and latterly this feature has come more conspicuously into view, and been more pressingly urged upon the attention of the class referred to by Mr. Moody, who is ambitious of securing a band of at least a thousand to assist him in his work.

IV.

THE following discriminating, candid, and exhaustive review of the work of the Evangelists, is from the pen of the Rev. R. W. DALE, the successor of John Angel James, at Birmingham. It appeared in the March number of the *Congregationalist*, and has since been widely circulated in pamphlet form. It is here reprinted in full, and is well worthy a careful perusal.

An article which appeared in the *Congregationalist* for December, 1872, under the title "Have we Forgotten Christ?" closed with the following words: "Already there are signs that the power of Christ is ready to reveal itself again. In every part of the country, the despondency which has been occasioned by the depressed condition of the spiritual life in Christian people themselves, and the inconsiderable success of the Gospel among those who are outside, is giving place to courage and hope. Are we ready to receive the returning Christ? Many have prayed Him to come back, or rather to reveal His presence, which has never really been withdrawn from us. Have we learnt how sorely we need Him? Are we prepared to fall at His feet, and to confess that 'apart' from Him we 'can do nothing'? If we meet Him as we should, there are the strongest reasons to believe that He is about to baptize us afresh with the Holy Ghost and with fire."

During my absence in the East, the *Congregationalist* contained a series of articles on "Religious Revivals," written before I left England; and I had so deep a conviction that a great manifestation of the power of God was at hand, that I returned with a strong hope that I should find Church after Church in different parts of the country, bright with a new joy, and on fire with a new zeal. The hope was not fulfilled, and yet it was not altogether disappointed. At Derby, at Ipswich, and in some other places, there was already the dawn of a new day; and in many direc-

tions the darkness was beginning to melt, and those who had been long watching for the morning were growing more and more confident that the night was nearly gone.

In what form the new spiritual movement would come, or by what agencies, it seemed impossible to predict. In the series of articles to which I have referred, it was earnestly maintained that "if in our own times God comes to us in the greatness of His power and in triumphant love, His coming may not be manifested in precisely the same forms as in any of the great Religious Revivals of former days, and may not produce the same effects."* The reformation of the monasticism, and the great religious movement associated with it, extending from the close of the eleventh century far into the thirteenth; the Waldensian revival, which covered a part of the same period; the very remarkable outburst of religious life in the Low Countries in the fifteenth century; the Protestant reformation of the sixteenth century; English Puritanism; English Methodism, —were singularly unlike each other; but they were all the results of fresh communications to the Church of the life and light and power of the Holy Ghost. In one case there was the earnest and vehement preaching of Christian morality; in another there was a clearer apprehension of those spiritual truths which touch, and perhaps cross, the boundaries of Mysticism; in another there was a revolt against a priesthood that had separated the Church from God, and a rediscovery of the doctrine of Justification by Faith; in another a strong assertion of the necessity of the new birth. The men who, under God, did the work, differed greatly; they were monks; they were common people; they were popular orators; they were scholars. Some of them wrote books, others preached sermons. Some had remarkable powers of organization, and have stamped their names on great and permanent ecclesiastical institutions; others left the new life to take form according to its own laws, or to quicken the existing organization of the Church.

I thought it possible that in our own time the power of God might be specially manifested among children and young people. Nor has this expectation proved altogether unfounded. In several parts of England there has sprung up a beautiful and happy religious life among children,

which is the promise of very large results, if we remember with devoutness and faith the words of Christ: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me."

But I certainly did not suppose that several of the great towns of the three kingdoms were to witness a remarkable religious movement, originated by two American strangers, one of them a man who had been trained for his work by his experience as a Sunday-school superintendent, and the other with a fine baritone voice and playing an American organ.

A few years ago I had read, week after week, with great interest, the reports in the *Chicago Advance* of Mr. Moody's addresses at the noon-day prayer-meeting in that city; but I had never heard of him as an evangelist. Indeed, until he came to England he had never taken an evangelistic journey.

It is not my purpose to attempt any general view of what these two guests of ours have done—or rather of what God has done through them—since they have been on this side of the Atlantic. They began their work, I believe, in York; but in York they had very little success. Their first great impression was made in Newcastle. In Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Dundee, the impression was still greater; in Dublin and Belfast greater still. At Manchester and Sheffield they collected vast crowds of people, and there is reason to believe that in both places a very considerable number of persons were led to repent of sin and to confess the authority and mercy of Christ.

During the last fortnight of the month of January they were in Birmingham. Their first meeting was held on Sunday morning, January 17th, at 8 o'clock, in the Town Hall. The meeting was for "Christian workers," and the admission was by ticket. The morning was cheerless, damp and raw; but the great building was crowded in every part. In the afternoon they held an open service in the Hall, and thousands went away unable to get in. The great test, however, of the measure of the expectation which they had excited came in the evening. Last October twelvemonth, when Mr. Bright addressed his constituents after his return to the Cabinet, he spoke in Bingley Hall, a building used for the annual cattle show, and as a drill hall for the volunteers. Various estimates were made of the number of people that listened to Mr. Bright on that occasion; it seems probable that most of them fell far short of

* *Congregationalist*, Jan. 1873, page 2.

the truth. At Mr. Bright's meeting in October, 1873, there were no seats on the floor of the hall, and without seats there is now reason to believe that the hall will hold between twenty and twenty-five thousand people; it was crowded in every part. For the recent religious meetings, the "Moody and Sankey Committee" hired upwards of nine thousand chairs. On the very first Sunday evening, long before eight o'clock, when the service commenced, not only were all the chairs occupied, but several thousand people were standing, and thousands more could not gain admission. It is difficult to estimate accurately the real magnitude of such a crowd; but I am inclined to think there were thirteen thousand people present. Every night through the first week the Hall was thronged in the same way, and there were vast crowds outside.

On Sunday morning, January 24th, it was filled with people who obtained admission by tickets, and who before they received their tickets declared that they were not in the habit of attending any place of worship. In the afternoon of the same day it was filled with women, and a second service was held in the Town Hall for the overflow. In the evening it was filled with men. There was a break on the Monday of the second week, when Mr. Moody had an engagement at Manchester, to meet those who professed to have received Christ during his visit to that city. Mr. Bright spoke in the Hall that night, and it was most inconveniently crowded; but some of the police were of opinion that on several of the following evenings the crowd that filled the Hall for the religious services was denser than that which filled it for the political demonstration. Night after night, long before the hour of service, long rows of carriages stood in the street, filled with persons who hoped that when the crowd about the doors had thinned, they might be able to find standing room just inside, and thousands streamed away because they found they had come too late to have a chance of pressing in.

In addition to the evening service, there was a prayer-meeting every morning at twelve o'clock, at which Mr. Moody gave an address of twenty or twenty-five minutes' length, and Mr. Sankey sang. The meeting was held at first in the Town Hall, which was generally quite full; on the last four days it was held in Bingley Hall, and the attendance varied from four to six thousand. At three o'clock, after the first

day or two, Mr. Moody gave a "Bible lecture;" he began in Carr's Lane Chapel, which was soon found to be too small. It was then transferred to Bingley Hall, and the attendance varied from five to seven thousand.

How is all this to be accounted for?

"You advertised the Americans well," it has been said, "by holding special prayer-meetings every day for three weeks before they came—prayer-meetings in which all the Evangelical Non-conformists and some of the Evangelical clergy united." Well, no doubt the prayer-meetings were a kind of "advertisement" of the services, and assisted to attract large numbers on the first few days.

It is said again: "The local newspapers helped you. One of them published a series of articles on Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey before they came, describing the impression they had produced in Scotland and Ireland. The *Morning News* generally gave several columns day after day to reports of the services; the *Daily Post*, though prevented by pressure on its space from reporting the services at equal length, gave great prominence to them; and even the local Conservative organ, the *Daily Gazette*, always had enough about 'Messrs. Moody and Sankey' to attract attention." Granted: the Birmingham newspapers helped us greatly.

It is also true that the local Committee advertised the services most efficiently. The walls of the town were covered with their placards, and these were constantly renewed. Further, it must be acknowledged that when once it was known that Bingley Hall had been filled to hear the strangers, a certain measure of popular excitement and curiosity was created, which made it almost certain that the hall would be filled again.

I have had some experience, however, of popular agitation. I think I know pretty well what is likely to be effected by newspaper articles and advertisements; and these do not seem to me to explain the interest which the services created from the first. They explain still less the deepening of the interest from day to day; they do not explain at all the effects which I believe have been produced.

Some people have said that it is easy to get crowds of women to 'hysterical' religious services. But although the morning and afternoon meetings were largely attended by women, I believe that the majority of

the evening congregation always consisted of men, and of men of all kinds—rough lads of seventeen or eighteen, workmen, clerks, tradesmen, and manufacturers. I happen to have on my desk a list of persons that came into Carr's Lane Lecture-room one evening to tell me that they had "found Christ" during the fortnight that Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey were here; out of twenty-one on the list, eleven are men. I have another list of persons who came to me the same evening who had been quickened to earnest religious anxiety, but were not yet at rest; out of thirteen, eight are men. I believe that these lists imperfectly represent the proportion of men to women among those who were impressed by the services, for I generally find that men are slower to express religious decision than women.

Nor were the services at all "hysterical;" the first sign of hysterical excitement was instantly repressed by Mr. Moody, and although I attended a very large number of the meetings, I saw nothing of the kind again. It was very curious, too, that although the crowds were so enormous, very few women fainted. I do not remember more than three or four cases.

The most plausible explanation that I have heard from an "outsider" was suggested to me by a Unitarian friend, who said that since all the Evangelical Non-conformists and some Evangelical Church people united to make the meetings a success, it was inevitable that many thousands of people should come together. But it so happens that of all the towns in the kingdom, of which I know anything, Birmingham is the least curious to listen to strangers, whatever their reputation and on whatever subject they may have to speak. The Birmingham people are very loyal to their own leaders, and seem to care very little about men who come from a distance. The Evangelical Non-conformists are no exception to this rule.

How, I ask again, is the great interest of the people in these services to be accounted for? The truest, simplest, and most complete reply to the question which I can give is, that the power of God was manifested in an extraordinary degree in connection with them; but there were concurrent circumstances which deserve notice.

(1) As I have said, I attribute very much to the attention and expectation excited by the preliminary prayer-meetings;

I attribute still more to the articles in the local newspapers, describing the impressions which had been produced by Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey in other parts of the kingdom. I also attribute very much to the reports of "revival work" which have appeared for many months in such newspapers as *The Christian World* and *The Christian*—reports which have convinced large numbers of religious persons that the services of our American visitors have originated a religious movement more remarkable than any we have seen in England since the middle of the last century. Thirty thousand copies* of *The Christian*, containing an account of the services at Manchester, were distributed in the congregations of the town a week or two before Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey came to us.

(2) I attribute very much to a fact which is perhaps not sufficiently recognized by any of us. There are, I believe, a very large number of persons—many of them regularly attending public worship, many of them never crossing the threshold of church or chapel—who have had deep religious impressions, which have not issued in a clear decision to serve Christ, but which have left a dull aching of heart for God. The sense of dissatisfaction with their condition never wholly leaves them; it sometimes makes them very restless. But when they listen to the preaching of most of us, they feel as if we were moving in regions which are inaccessible to them. If they come to our places of worship, they come without any hope of receiving help. Many of them, having found that we do not help them, never come at all. When such people heard that within a very few months thousands of men and women had declared that, while listening to Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey, they had passed from religious indifference or despondency into the clear light of God, they began to think that for them too there might be hope. I think it probable that many of the "converts" will be found to have belonged to this forgotten class.

(3) There must be large numbers of persons in Birmingham who have relatives and friends in the towns that the American Evangelists had visited before coming to us; and I have no doubt that mothers, brothers, sisters, cousins, old school-fellows, and old shop-mates wrote urgent letters to

* I think this was the number, but am not quite certain.

them entreating them to attend the services. At one meeting for "inquirers" I met a young man who seemed quite careless about religious thought and duty, and I asked him how it was that he remained to that meeting. He told me he had promised his friends "to go to the Moody and Sankey meetings;" and he seemed to suppose that to remain to the inquirers' meeting was part of the process to which he was pledged to submit himself.

(4) After the first day or two, the services were "advertised" in a very much more efficient manner than by newspapers or placards: every evening, at the "after-meeting," a considerable number of persons received Christ as their "Prince and Saviour," and, judging from those with whom I conversed, most of them went home with overflowing joy. I had seen occasional instances before of instant transition from religious anxiety to the clear and triumphant consciousness of restoration to God; but what struck me in the gallery of Bingley Hall was the fact that this instant transition took place with nearly every person with whom I talked. They had come up into the gallery anxious, restless, feeling after God in the darkness, and when, after a conversation of a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, they went away, their faces were filled with light, and they left me not only at peace with God but filled with joy. I have seen the sunrise from the top of Helvellyn and the top of the Righi, and there is something very glorious in it; but to see the light of heaven suddenly strike on man after man in the course of one evening is very much more thrilling. These people carried their new joy with them to their homes and their workshops. It could not be hid. On the Sunday after Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey had left us, I invited those members of my own congregation to meet me who had come to Christ during the services of the preceding fortnight. A few who were still out at sea longing to make their way to quiet water came with them. Nothing was easier than to tell the difference between the two classes; I think I could have separated them into two divisions without asking a question and with scarcely a mistake. Those who were still "inquirers," if they did not look anxious and troubled, looked like other people; the "converts" were bright with their new joy. It is as yet too early to obtain any general information about the extent of the influence which

I have attributed to the converts themselves; but among the names that I have on several lists of persons that I saw myself, I find the names of two clerks who sat side by side at the same desk, three pairs of brothers and sisters, three husbands with their wives; and four brothers—rough, working men—all of whom have been awakened to religious thought by Mr. Moody's addresses.*

(5) Nearly all the "living" and active members of the various Evangelical Churches hoped that the services would achieve great results; and many Christian people whose religious life was depressed and sad, trusted that they might find their way to the light.

(6) Direct efforts were made to induce those who had not been at any of the meetings to come to them. In one manufactory in which 600 people are employed, I believe that there was an attempt to induce all who were not in the habit of attending public worship to go to the special meeting that was held for that class of persons. Hand-bills were distributed from house to house in the poorer parts of the town. Very many persons of all ranks, who had become interested in the services, urgently pressed their friends to go with them to hear the American strangers.

(7) The services themselves were attractive.

Mr. Sankey's solos evidently touched very many hearts; and the effect produced by the manner in which the vast audiences united in such songs as "Hold the fort, for I am coming," and "Safe in the arms of Jesus," and "The Great Physician now is near," was sometimes very thrilling. The "songs" have been sharply criticised. It is very easy to criticise them; it might be more profitable to consider why it is that both the music and the words are so popular and effective. About their popularity there can be no doubt. There were sometimes ten or twelve thousand people in Bingley Hall for more than an hour before the services began. With intervals of a few minutes they occupied themselves with the more popular hymns and melodies; and the delight with which they sang them was obvious. Passing along the streets I

* Some of these are not persons with whom I had conversation at the "after-meetings," but are persons who have given their names to me as wishing to enter Carr's Lane Church.

hear men whistling "Safe in the arms of Jesus." I have long held the conviction, and often expressed it, that the reformation in our Psalmody which has been going on for the last five-and-twenty years, though it was very necessary, and though in some particulars it has been very admirable, is, in some respects, unsatisfactory.

The tunes which were sung by Non-conformist congregations thirty years ago were often vulgar, but they were real tunes, easily learnt, easily remembered; and they haunted people during the week. Most of them were destitute of artistic merit, but the people liked them, and they were the natural expression of their emotion. Many of the new tunes are not "tunes" at all. They are not vulgar, but they are uninteresting. They differ from their predecessors very much as the dullness of a "respectable" dinner-party differs from the merriment of a picnic at which the people are just a little unrefined, but at which they have resolved to enjoy themselves. I do not like either, but on the whole I prefer the picnic. The men who have composed or adapted the new tunes are for the most part organists, who know very much more about how to get solemn effects out of their instrument than how to give the people something to sing. Mr. Sankey's melodies—whatever their demerits—are caught by thousands of people of all kinds, cultivated and uncultivated, men, women, and children, and are sung "with a will."

I agree with those who say that we ought, if possible, to get really good music for God's service, but it must be on one condition: that we do not sacrifice "God's service" to the "good music." Our first business is to enable Christian congregations to give free and happy expression to their joy and trust in God's love, and their reverence for God's majesty: the promotion of their musical taste is a matter of only secondary importance. Moreover, my contention is that much of the new music differs from the old chiefly in one particular: there is not more musical genius in it, but less life. Let a scientific musician write tunes which lay hold of the imagination and heart of all kinds of men as powerfully as some of those which Mr. Sankey has brought together in his little book, and most of Mr. Sankey's melodies will soon be forgotten.

The same principles are applicable to

the hymns. Critics have said that they are "childish," that they have no "literary merit," that there is something ridiculous in hearing a congregation of grown people singing with enthusiasm, "I am so glad that Jesus loves me." Well, the fact that hymns which are simple even to childishness are sung by grown people with so much earnestness, that hymns with no "literary merit" kindle new fire in the hearts of men and women who know something of Shakespeare, Milton, and Wordsworth, is surely worth investigating. Is it the "childishness" which accounts for their power? Is it the absence of "literary merit?" I think not. Give the people a collection of hymns characterized by equal fervor, expressing with the same directness the elementary convictions and the deepest emotions of the Christian heart, and if they have also the literary merit which is absent from many, at least, of Mr. Sankey's songs, they will become equally popular, and their popularity will be more enduring. But our hymn-books are too stiff and cold. People want to sing, not what they *think*, but what they *feel*; and if they are asked to sing hymns in which there is no glow of feeling, and in which the thought is perfectly commonplace, they will not sing at all. "I am so glad that Jesus loves me" is a childish way of expressing our joy in the love of Christ; but if hymn-writers will not help us to express it in a more masculine way, we must express it as best we can. How few hymns there are in our language which express thanksgiving for salvation in a popular and really lyrical form! how few which express exultation in the large freedom which is the inheritance of those in Christ! Again, it is of no use asking people to sing to God in a language remote from the language of their common life: hence one of the difficulties of writing a really good hymn. There is similar difficulty in writing good secular songs; we have an infinite number of songs which are musical in their language, and graceful in their thought, but which have never found their way to the heart of the nation; the number of songs which have really high literary merit and are also popular is perhaps smaller than the number of successful hymns. Mr. Binney's "Eternal Light" has the simplicity, fervor, and dignity which constitute a perfect hymn; but I am not sure whether its dignity does not impose a kind of strain upon very many minds, which though very

good for them occasionally, interferes with their delight in singing it. There are, however, comparatively few hymns which combine the simplicity necessary both for the cultivated and uncultivated in acts of happy thanksgiving, praise, and worship, with elevation of thought and manner.

But it was not the singing only which made the services interesting: there was great animation and variety in them. In the evening they began with a hymn which the people sang together; but what would be the "order" of the service no one knew, and I suspect Mr. Moody did not know beforehand. Every man who is accustomed to conduct public meetings for any purpose can easily tell whether the people are interested: Mr. Moody has this instinctive perception in a remarkable degree.

After the first hymn somebody generally offered a short prayer; if it was clear that the heart of the audience went with the prayer, he would then read a chapter and make a few remarks upon it as he read; if not, he would ask Mr. Sankey to sing a solo, or a solo with a chorus in which the people joined, or else one of the most popular hymns. Then he would read the chapter, and perhaps have another hymn or offer a short prayer himself. Then would come another hymn, and then the sermon. Sometimes the sermon was followed by a solo from Mr. Sankey, sometimes by a hymn in which all united, sometimes by a prayer. Everything was determined by what was felt to be the actual mood of the moment. Generally the whole service was over in a little more than an hour and a quarter. Then came the "after meeting," of which I will say something presently.

Of Mr. Moody's own power I find it difficult to speak. It is so real, and yet so unlike the power of ordinary preachers, that I hardly know how to analyze it. Its reality is indisputable. Any man who can interest and impress an audience varying from three thousand to six thousand people for half an hour in the morning, and for three-quarters of an hour in the afternoon, and who can interest a third audience of thirteen or fifteen thousand people for three-quarters of an hour again in the evening, must have power of some kind. Of course, some people listened without caring much for what he said; but though I generally sat in a position which enabled me to see the kind of impression he produced, I rarely saw many faces which did not indicate the most active and earnest interest. The people were

of all sorts, old and young, rich and poor, keen tradesmen, manufacturers, and merchants, and young ladies who had just left school, rough boys who knew more about dogs and pigeons than about books, and cultivated women. For a time I could not understand it—I am not sure that I understand it now. At the first meeting, Mr. Moody's address was simple, direct, kindly, and hopeful; it had a touch of humor and a touch of pathos; it was lit up with a story or two that filled most eyes with tears; but there seemed nothing in it very remarkable. Yet it *told*. A prayer-meeting with an address, at eight o'clock on a damp, cold January morning, was hardly the kind of thing—let me say it frankly—that I should generally regard as attractive; but I enjoyed it heartily; it seemed one of the happiest meetings I had ever attended; there was warmth and there was sunlight in it. At the evening meeting the same day, at Bingley Hall, I was still unable to make it out how it was that he had done so much in other parts of the kingdom. I listened with interest; everybody listened with interest; and I was conscious again of a certain warmth and brightness which made the service very pleasant, but I could not see that there was much to impress those that were careless about religious duty. The next morning at the prayer-meeting the address was more incisive and striking, and at the evening service I began to see that the stranger had a faculty for making the elementary truths of the Gospel intensely clear and vivid. But it still seemed most remarkable that he should have done so much, and on Tuesday I told Mr. Moody that the work was most plainly of God, for I could see no real relation between him and what he had done. He laughed cheerily, and said he should be very sorry if it were otherwise. I began to wonder whether what I had supposed to be a law of the Divine kingdom was perfectly uniform. I thought that there were scores of us who could preach as effectively as Mr. Moody, and who might therefore, with God's good help, be equally successful.

In the course of a day or two my mistake was corrected; but to the last there were sensible people who listened to him with a kind of interest and delight with which they never listen to very "distinguished" and eloquent preachers, and who yet thought that though Mr. Moody was "very simple and earnest," he had no particular power as a speaker. I do not intend to suggest

any comparison between Mr. Moody and our great English orator, but I have met people who have talked in the same way about Mr. Bright, and who seem to think that to speak like Mr. Bright was possible to nearly everybody.

One of the elements of Mr. Moody's power consists in his perfect naturalness. He has something to say, and he says it—says it as simply and directly to thirteen thousand people as to thirteen. He has nothing of the impudence into which some speakers are betrayed when they try to be easy and unconventional; but he talks in a perfectly unconstrained and straightforward way, just as he would talk to half-a-dozen old friends at his fireside. The effect of this is very intelligible. You no more think of criticising him than you think of criticising a man that you meet in the street, and who tells you the shortest way to a railway station. I can criticise most preachers and speakers; I criticised Dr. Guthrie, though I was either laughing or crying the greater part of the time that I was listening to him; but somehow I did not think of criticising Mr. Moody until I had got home. Generally there seemed nothing to criticise; once or twice in the simplest and most inartistic manner, he said things which at the moment he said them I felt were of the kind to give a popular speaker a great triumph, but his whole manner threw me out of the critical attitude. Some men force you to be critical. It is impossible to take a single coin from them without ringing it on the table and looking to see whether it is properly "milled." From first to last, they provoke "watchful jealousy." It is clear that they are taking a great deal of trouble with their sentences; it is disrespectful not to examine their work. It is clear, too, that they are giving you their best thoughts, their best arguments, and their best illustrations, and they show them to you just as a collector of gems shows you his last triumphant acquisition. It is impossible—it is almost insulting—not to criticise. When a speech or sermon is plainly a work of art, criticism is inevitable. It is not necessary for anyone to paint pictures, to sing songs, or to deliver artistic addresses; but if a man insists on being an artist, and lets you know it, he forces upon you a critical examination of his performance.

Mr. Moody—so it seems to me—has an "art" of a very effective kind; but he is infinitely more than an artist, and therefore

most people listen without criticising. This is an immense element of power. If our congregations came to hear us preach, instead of coming to hear *how* we preach, the effect of our sermons would be immeasurably great. Now and then Mr. Moody quoted a text in a very illegitimate sense; Now and then he advanced an argument which would not hold water; now and then he laid down principles which seemed untenable; and there was a momentary protest on the part of the critical faculty; but the protest was only momentarily. I was not thrown out of sympathy with him.

It is objected that he is too "familiar" with sacred things. Generally—not always—the objection comes from persons who are extremely *unfamiliar* with them. The fault that is charged against him—if it be a fault—is perhaps not too common in these days. There are not too many people who live, and move, and have their being in the fair provinces of Christian truth, and Christian hope, and Christian joy. Mr. Moody is, no doubt, very "familiar" with things about which he talks. He is like a man who keeps Sunday every day in the week; his mind does not put on Sunday clothes when he begins to speak about religion. Religious truth is the subject of his constant thought; he does not therefore assume the "Bible tone" when he begins to pray or preach. In one of Mr. Ruskin's books there is a very remarkable passage on ecclesiastical architecture, which has occurred to me very often while thinking of Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey. Mr. Ruskin says that the great builders of the Middle Ages never thought of building a church in a different style from that in which they built a house. There was no "ecclesiastical" style of architecture. There were houses in every street with doors and windows and niches in the walls for saints, just like the doors and windows and niches of the cathedral. The cathedral was larger, the materials used in it were richer, the work was very much more elaborate; but when a man went to worship God he did not feel that he was in a building different in style from the common buildings about him. Mr. Ruskin does not discuss the question whether for religious reasons it is desirable to have an "ecclesiastical" style of architecture, but he insists that those who erected the great ecclesiastical buildings of the Middle Ages did not intend to produce the kind of feeling which these buildings produce upon ourselves. We

feel when we are in Lincoln or Notre Dame, that we are in a building which is so distinctively religious that it would be almost profane to apply the style to common uses. This is because our houses are not built in the same style as the churches; but when those great churches were erected they were illustrations of the ordinary house architecture carried to perfection. This is Mr. Ruskin's theory; and he maintains that we can never have good church architecture until our house architecture is sufficiently noble to be used for church purposes.

Now the architecture—if I may so speak—of Mr. Moody's discourses is not ecclesiastical. The windows, and the doors, and the furniture, and the decorations are of the kind with which we are familiar in our every-day life. He does not tell stories because they are amusing; but if an amusing story helps him to make a truth clearer, or to expose a common mistake, he does not refuse to tell it merely because it is amusing. The common things of common life are about him all the time he is speaking. He uses the words of the home and the street: the plainer they are the better he likes them. The gowns and bands which some of our preachers wear are the symbols of the special costume in which they think it proper to array religious truth. Mr. Moody does without gown or bands, and speaks to men as he would speak to them at a meeting of the "United Kingdom Alliance," or at a political meeting during a contested election. He has given himself to God, all that he has, all that he is, and he uses every faculty and resource of his nature to prevail upon men to hate sin and to trust and love Christ. To him nothing is common or unclean. He has humor, and he uses it; he has passion, and he uses it; he can tell racy anecdotes, and he tells them; he can make people cry as well as laugh, and he does it.

Some people say that he is "irreverent." If he is, I must have been singularly fortunate, for I have never heard him say anything which justifies the charge. But what people seem to mean is that he does not regard with religious respect everyone that is mentioned in the Bible. Why should he? When he said that Bartimæus, after getting his sight, was eager to go home and to "see what kind of a looking woman he had for a wife, for you know that as yet he had never seen *Mrs.* Bartimæus," some people who saw the report in the newspapers thought this was a proof of the ir-

reverence of which he is said to be guilty. But I do not know that there is any reason for speaking reverently either of Bartimæus or his wife. As a matter of taste, most of us would prefer to describe the woman as "the wife" of the blind man; but why the "Mrs." should be thought irreverent it is difficult to understand. Reverence is due to God alone, and to Him in whom God is manifest in the flesh; of God, of our Lord Jesus Christ, there was never a word which was not inspired by fervent love, perfect trust, and devout worship. Of great saints, good men will speak with affection and respect; and it was thus that Mr. Moody spoke of them.

There was something in his way of telling Scripture narratives from which preachers may learn very much. The Oriental drapery was stripped off, and he told the stories as though they had happened in Chicago just before he had left home, or in Birmingham an hour or two before the service began. At times this gave the stories a certain air of grotesqueness, but it made the moral element in them intensely real. We are in the habit of making a double demand on our hearers; we ask them, first, to reproduce, by a strong effort of imagination, the Oriental circumstances of the narratives, and we then ask them to apprehend the human passions and follies and virtues which the narratives illustrate. I believe that they get so interested in the mere drapery that the substantial facts are often missed; or else the enduring human element looks so strange in its unfamiliar costume that its power is lost. I have heard men say that of late years the scenery and the dresses at the great theatres are wonderfully improved, but that the acting is very inferior to what it once was. Mr. Moody cares nothing for the scenery and the dresses. If he were a "manager" he might bring Julius Cæsar on to the stage in the uniform of an American general, and Hamlet might put on his "Ulster" when he was going out to meet the ghost, but he would insist on making the plot and passion of the play intensely and vividly real.*

Of the aspect of the truth on which he dwells it is not necessary to say much. His great topic is the infinite love and power of Christ. That Christ wants to save

* To prevent misunderstanding it may be well to say I do not intend to suggest that all preachers ought to strip off the "Oriental drapery" from the Bible stories. Can we not keep the proper "drapery," and yet make the stories real?

men, and can do it, is the substance of nearly all his discourses. I asked him, after one of the morning services, whether he never used the element of terror in his preaching? He said that he did sometimes, but that "a man's heart ought to be very tender" when speaking about the doom of the impenitent; that the manner in which some preachers threatened unbelievers with the wrath to come, as though they had a kind of satisfaction in thinking of the sufferings of the lost, was to him very shocking. He added that in the course of his visit to a town he generally preached one sermon on hell and one on heaven. That night he preached on the text, "Son, remember!" I greatly regret that I happened to be absent; I should like to have heard how he dealt with this difficult subject. As the readers of the *Congregationalist* know, I believe that in modern preaching there is too little said about the awful words of our Lord concerning the destiny of those who resist His authority and reject His salvation. The unwillingness of most of us to speak of this terrible subject ought to suggest very earnest self-examination. Christ's love for men, which was infinitely more tender than ours, did not prevent Him from speaking of "the worm that dieth not, and the fire that is not quenched," and it is surely presumptuous of us to assume that we are prevented from speaking of future punishment by the depth of our sympathy with the Divine mercy.

The possibility of "instantaneous conversion" was one of the points on which he insisted incessantly. I think I should prefer to speak of the certainty of Christ's immediate response to a frank trust in His love, and a frank submission to His authority. These, however, are only two ways of presenting the same truth; and the vigor and earnestness with which he charged his hearers to obtain *at once* the pardon of sin and power to break away from a sinful life, were extremely effective.

Almost invariably the preaching was followed by an "after meeting." Cards of admission to the meetings for inquirers had been distributed among the ministers who co-operated with the movement, to be given by them to ladies and gentlemen to whom they could entrust the duty of conversing with persons agitated by religious anxiety and needing sympathy and advice. The intention of this arrangement was to prevent "inquirers" from being left in the hands of unwise and incompetent people.

How many of these "cards" were distributed I do not know; in my own church I gave away between a dozen and a score, and it was pleasant to me to see many of my friends at their work night after night. The arrangement broke down. The number of persons who remained for the "after meeting" was so large that a general appeal had to be made again and again to Christian people in the congregation to give their help. Some responded who had more enthusiasm than good sense. But, notwithstanding this, the results of the "after meeting" were extraordinary. I have already spoken of the number of persons with whom I conversed myself, to whom, while I was conversing with them, the light came which springs from the discovery of God's love and power, and from the acceptance of His will as the law of life. Testimony after testimony has reached me from "converts" to whom the same light came while conversing with others. "I went up into the gallery," said one young man to me, a day or two ago, "and Mr. Sankey walked up and down with me, and talked to me as though he had been my own father; and I found Christ."

The preaching without the "after meeting" would not have accomplished one-fifth of the results. It was in the quiet, unexciting talk with individuals that the impressions produced by Mr. Moody's addresses issued in a happy trust in Christ, and a clear decision to live a Christian life. The galleries were a beautiful sight. Mr. Moody's quaint directions were almost universally followed: "Let the young men talk to the young men, the maidens to the maidens, the elder women to the elder women, and the elder men to the elder men." Cultivated young ladies were sitting or standing with girls of their own age, sometimes with two or three together, whose eager faces indicated the earnestness of their desire to understand how they were to lay hold of the great blessing which they seemed to be touching but could not grasp. Young men were talking to lads—some of their own social position, others with black hands and rough clothes, which were suggestive of gun-making and rolling mills and brass foundries. Ladies of refinement were trying to make the truth clear to women whose worn faces and poor dress told of the hardships of their daily life. Men of business, local politicians, were at the same work with men of forty and fifty years of age. And there was the brightness

of hope and faith in the tone and manner and bearing of nearly all of them. Christian people who want to know the real nature of the work of our American brethren, and to catch its spirit, should take care to spend a few hours at the "after meeting." If they go twice, they will find it hard to keep away.

Separate arrangements were made for those of the young men who preferred an after meeting of their own. A Presbyterian church in the neighborhood of the Hall was thrown open for them, and the attendance was generally very large.

Mr. Moody does not approve of the publication in newspapers of the number of persons who have declared that they have been led to begin a Christian life as the result of these services, and I therefore do not feel at liberty to publish in these pages the information on this point which is in my possession. A week after he had left us he returned to hold a farewell meeting for "converts" and "inquirers." Ministers sat at the office of the Young Men's Christian Association to receive applications for tickets from both these classes of persons. In every case I believe that there was personal conversation with the applicants. Their names and addresses were registered, and the congregations with which they were already connected, or with which they intended to connect themselves. One hundred and twenty names have been sent to me of persons who are already attendants at Carr's Lane, or who mean to attend there. These include eighty-five professed "converts," and thirty-five persons who have been awakened to religious earnestness, but who cannot say that they have rest of heart in Christ. The large majority of them, so far as I have been able at present to analyze the list, are working people, and most of them young men and women. In some cases the young men told me that they had been in the habit of swearing and using bad language up to the night when the truth came to them. "And never since then?" I have asked. They smiled, as though I had asked a very unnecessary question, and answered, "Never, sir." And when I talked to them about their conduct at home to their parents, and about their temper, it still seemed that I was going over ground that they had already gone over for themselves: "Things don't put me about now, sir, as they used," was the answer of a rough boy of seventeen or eighteen. I heard through a friend, that a manufacturer,

who had a violent temper, and who had been accustomed to swear a great deal at his men, was suddenly so much changed that the men noticed it, and, of course, inferred that he had been to "Moody;" for a whole week they tried, "for the fun of it," to get him to swear at them again, but failed. I heard of another case that was very sad. A poor girl came to one of the meetings and was deeply impressed; when she got home, her father, who was half drunk, insisted on knowing where she had been, and when she told him, he was in a great rage and violently abused her. She bore this quietly, and went to bed. The neighbors, however, got to know it, and the next morning, as she went to work, they hooted at her and chafed her in the street. When she reached the shop where she is employed, her shopmates began to tease her and annoy her; she bore it a long time, but at last gave way and turned upon them in a burst of passion, and poured out on them a torrent of curses. The deepest remorse came upon the poor girl, and she thought that it was impossible for her to be recovered from her fall. I have no doubt that the Christian lady who is caring for her told her of one who, though he denied Christ with oaths and curses, was forgiven, and restored to all the honors and joys of his Apostleship.

The effect of this work has extended beyond those who were present at the services; and very much of the good that has been effected is never likely to be known. Since I began to write this paper, a son of one of the members of my own Church, a lad of seventeen, came to me and said he wished to enter the Church. I talked to him for a few minutes, and took for granted that Mr. Moody's services had led him to religious decision. He had all the brightness and joyousness which I have come to regard as characteristic of the typical "Moody convert." I asked him which of the services had had the greatest effect on him, and he said that his business engagements had prevented him from going to any of them. "How was it, then," I asked, "that you came to trust in Christ?" "Well, sir," he said, "I could not go to the meetings, but I heard a great deal of what these two gentlemen were doing, and I came to the conclusion that they could not be doing it themselves, but that God must be doing it; and then I came to see that I could look to God myself and get all the good."

Some of the most remarkable results of the visit of our American friends are to be found, perhaps, among those who have been long members of Christian Churches. I hardly know how to describe the change which has passed over them. It is like the change which comes upon a landscape when clouds which have been hanging over it for hours suddenly vanish, and the sunlight seems to fill both heaven and earth. There is a joyousness, and an elasticity of spirit, and a hopefulness, which have completely transformed them; and the transformation shows itself in the unostentatious eagerness with which they are taking up Christian work.

If I thought it worth while, I could speak of some things in this work which are not to my taste, and some things which my judgment disapproves. But before Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey came to Birmingham, I had arrived at the conclusion that what was said of the early evangelists at Antioch was the truest account of the work of these American evangelists in Scotland and Ireland, "The hand of the Lord was with them: and a great number believed and turned unto the Lord." This conviction has been deepened and confirmed by all that I have seen of them. When Whitfield and Wesley were renewing the religious life of England, there were learned, orthodox, and devout ministers who were distressed by "The Decay of the Dissenting Interest," and the low state of religion throughout the country; there were ministers who had written pamphlets on these subjects in the hope of reawakening in the Christian Churches of that time the faith and zeal of earlier and better days, but who regarded Whitfield and Wesley with a distrust like that with which Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey are now regarded by some excellent people. The very objections which are urged against Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey were urged against the leaders of the great Evangelical revival which saved England from sinking

into atheism. The result was inevitable; these ministers and their churches missed the blessing for which they had been longing and praying. When "the power of God" is with men who preach what we acknowledge to be the great truths of the Gospel, it is surely our clear duty to co-operate with them heartily and frankly. If in their methods, and if in their very conception of Christian truth and the Christian life, there are some things which we cannot accept, these may surely be borne with and even forgotten. Those men especially who are in the habit of insisting on "breadth" of sympathy with all in whom there is genuine Christian earnestness, and who are always saying that rigid accuracy in doctrinal definitions is of inferior importance to a living faith in Christ, ought to be able to rise above the kind of objections which seem likely to alienate some of them from this work.

It is possible that in some places our American visitors may not achieve the kind of success which has hitherto followed them. Before they came to Birmingham I felt very doubtful whether they would accomplish here what they had accomplished in Dublin and Belfast. I believe they will accomplish very little in any place where they are not sustained by the hearty sympathy of Christian people, and where Christian Churches do not earnestly entreat God to manifest in connection with their work the transcendent greatness of His power and love. There were people among whom our Lord Himself "could do no mighty works, because of their unbelief."

It has been thought that some of Mr. Moody's addresses would be more acceptable to the religious public than a continued and detailed account of the daily work; a number of these, delivered in London during the month of March, are included in this volume.

SERMONS AND ADDRESSES

BY D. L. MOODY.

I.

GOD'S HUMAN INSTRUMENTS.

I Cor. I: 17 to end of chapter.

I WANT for a few minutes to call your attention to a truth that you will find in these verses that I have read. There are a great many Christians in London that are praying for God to revive His work. I have received letters from a great many, and the thing that I have to fear most in coming to London is that many might be leaning upon man or upon the arm of flesh, or upon the great meetings, and get their eyes off from the Lord. Now if there is going to be a work in London, God must do the work. It is not any new Gospel that London wants; it is not any new power. It is the same old power, the power of the Holy Ghost, and it is the same old story—nothing new. The world is running here and there after something new, and they come and hear the old, old story, and they say, "Well, it is not anything new after all." I want you to understand, if you have come here to-night expecting to hear something new, you will be disappointed. We have not come with any new Gospel, but are just going to preach the same old truths that these ministers before me have been preaching. And not only that, but we are come in weakness. There are hundreds of men in London that can preach a good deal better than we can, and if you are leaning upon man you will be disappointed; but if we lean upon God, and all our expectations are from Him, we will not be disappointed. "Cursed is the man that maketh the arm of flesh his trust." What we want is to cease from man, and get done with men, and look right straight away from man up to God. The world is seeking after wisdom, but they don't know God by wisdom. It is not the wisdom of the world. God's thoughts are not our thoughts, and God's

ways are not our ways. Let us keep that constantly in mind. If God is going to work in London, He is going to work in His own way, and we must not mark out channels for the Holy Ghost to work in when He comes. He will work in His own way when He comes; and He will use the instruments that He pleases. God is a sovereign. He may take up this man; He may take up that man; He may take up that boy, and use him. God will choose His instruments, and God will work in His own way, and what we want is to get into our places as Gideon's army did, and let God work. Yon is a mountain, and God wants to thrash that mountain, and there lies a great bar of iron—ten thousand men could not lift it—and right by its side a little weak worm. The Almighty passes by that bar of iron, and takes up the little worm to thrash the mountain. That is what God has been trying to teach us six thousand years. He uses base things, contemptible things in the sight of the world. In this chapter Paul sums up the five things that God does use—foolish things, weak things, base things, despised things, and the things which are not. What for? "That no flesh should glory in His sight."

THE CALL OF NOAH AND OF MOSES.

When God was going to destroy the world, and wanted an ark built, He did not tell a nation to do it; He did not tell a great city to go and build it; He did not call forth hundreds of men, but one man, who was contemptible in the sight of the world. The world laughed at Noah and at his ark. They mocked him and made light of him. But that is God's way, not man's way. What is highly esteemed of man is abomination to God, and what is highly esteemed of God is abomination to man. God's thoughts are not our thoughts, and God's ways are not our ways. When God wanted to bring three millions of people out of Egypt, out of bondage, how did He

do it? (An interruption here took place, in consequence of people attempting to enter at one of the side doors, and Mr. Moody called upon the people to rise and sing a hymn until the confusion ended). He then went on to say: We were talking about the weak things that God uses, and I was just going to say when God wanted to bring the children of Israel out of Egypt His way of delivering them was different from ours. We would have sent down there a mighty army. We would have called for an army with chariots and with weapons, or, if we were going to send a man down to plead with Pharaoh, we should not have sent down that man who had been forty years on the backside of the desert; a man who really was not known. He had been so long out of Egypt that his name had been forgotten and his influence at the court was gone, if he ever had any; and he says himself that he was slow of speech, not an eloquent man. I suppose he was what we call a stuttering man—the last man we would have thought of sending down there. We would have picked up some great orator, some eloquent man, to lay it all before the king; but the Lord's ways are not our ways.

GOD'S BLANK CHEQUE.

And when Moses said, "If they ask me who sent me, what shall I tell them?" God said, "Say I *Am* sent me;" and, as some one has said, that was a blank cheque, and God told him to fill it out; and when they were in the desert and wanted water He filled out the cheque and drew water from the rock. When he wanted bread He filled out the cheque, and God gave him bread from heaven. Yes; *I Am* sent him, and God delivered three millions of bondmen. Pharaoh looked down upon Him with scorn and contempt. "Who is God, that I should obey Him?" But he soon found out what the God of Moses was, and what we want is to be filled with the Spirit of God, and they will find out who our God is. It is of very little account who we are or what we are. All we want is, to be vessels fitted for the Master's use, and just willing to be worked in God's way, and to be fools for Christ's sake. That is what we want. There is not a man in the world of God whose name shines out upon the page of Divine history who was eminent in God's service, but who was considered the greatest fool in his day. I have not any doubt but that Enoch was considered the

greatest fool in his day in the sight of the world. They looked upon him with scorn and contempt, but "he walked with God," and God thought so much of him that He said, "Come up higher;" and he is up there walking with God now. God liked his company. Noah was the laughing-stock of his day. Men made sport of him. He was the greatest fool, as the world would call it. He was willing to be a fool for God's sake, and God used him and blessed him; and if you and I are to be used by God we must be willing to be fools in the sight of the world.

Look at Joshua going round the walls of Jericho—a most absurd sight in the eyes of the world. How the London press would come down upon a scene like that—the idea of seven priests going round those walls blowing rams' horns. Fancy the Archbishop of Canterbury and some of your great potentates going right round London blowing rams' horns. Everybody would be disgusted, and say they must have gold trumpets at least, and not rams' horns. But that is not God's way. They went round those walls and compassed that city by faith, and by the grace of God they took it.

THE WORK OF SAMSON.

It was very foolish in the sight of the world, but God's ways are not our ways, and God's thoughts are not our thoughts, and what the Christians of London must learn—and we must learn it very quick if God is going to commence the work here—is that God is going to work in His own way; and it will be a very foolish way in the sight of the world. Look at that man Samson. Why, when the spirit was on him, how he did work. With the jawbone of an ass he slew a thousand men. We are not willing to work with the jawbone of an ass: we want some polished weapons; we want some weapons that the world won't have anything to say against; but Samson came down from the rock—he had been on the rock—and he took up the jawbone of an ass that he came across, and he went out and slew them right and left. And what we want is for every one of us to grab up the first jawbone of an ass that we come across, and not to wait to do some great thing, but to do anything that the Lord will permit us to do. Let the world mock and laugh on; when we are willing to be fools for Christ's sake, then God can use us. How absurd Gideon

must have looked in his day, with his three hundred men. There were thirty thousand—too many; God could not use them. There were ten thousand—too many; God could not use them; and He got them down to three hundred, and they had empty pitchers. What queer weapons, were they not? It was God's way, however, and every man stood in his place, and God stood beside them, and the result was that they routed the whole of the army. To be sure London is a great city, but we are enough here to rout London, if God is on our side. Any man with God on his side, though a fool, must succeed. God sent Moses, and he did not fail. God sent Elijah, and he did not fail. Look how absurd it was. Elijah out there, fed by ravens—contemptible, unclean birds feeding Elijah; and then when God sent him somewhere else it was not to a palace, to a table laden with good things, but to a widow just ready to die, who had scarcely enough for a meal for herself and her boy beside. But that is God's way, though very absurd in the sight of the world. So it is all through Scripture, from beginning to end, and God is unchangeable. It is said we are living in an enlightened age; we may be, but to God it is the same, and He takes the contemptible things and the despised things of the world and uses them.

WHO IS JOHN BUNYAN?

When He wanted a book written to do some great good to the world, He did not call forth a philosopher, but some Bedford tinker (the devil got his match when he got hold of John Bunyan), and he took up his pen and wrote a book for the blessing of nations. The world looked down upon him with scorn. "Who is John Bunyan?" How they turned up their lips with scorn and contempt in his day; but he lives to-day. Many a man that stood high in society in Bunyan's days is forgotten now. We do not know who they were; but John Bunyan now lives, and will live so long as the world lasts. That despised tinker! I hope there are some Bedford tinkers here to-night that the Lord will bless, and send out to bless the world. God can take up the learned and the unlearned, and there is not a man here whom God cannot use if he is willing to be used. Some one has said there was not a man in all Saul's army but knew that God could use him to

meet Goliath; but there was only one that believed that God would use him, and God used that one. And what we want is not to believe that God can use us, but that God will use us. Out went that young stripling, and he met the giant. Forty days he had come out and pointed his finger at and defied all Israel. Forty days was Saul trembling from head to foot, and he was a head and shoulders taller than any one else in his army; but he was not the man God had chosen to meet the giant. It was the little stripling, the youngest son of Jesse, the smallest and the weakest of the sons of Jesse; and God used him, and went with him, and God delivered the giant into his hands.

GREAT PREACHERS IN LONDON.

And God will use the weak ones here in London if they will only let Him. You have got great preachers here—I do not believe London ever knew a day when it had so many great and good preachers as at the present time. It is not that; it is not human power that London wants; it is Divine power; it is not the eloquence of man; it is the eloquence of heaven, the power of the Holy Ghost breaking men's hearts. That is what London wants. And the moment that you and I get ready to receive the baptism that comes from on high—that moment the power will come. "Why!" says Jonathan, "there is no restraint in the Lord; He can save by few as well as by many." Well, we are few, and what we want is just to let God work. I think John Wesley said, if he had one hundred men that loved no one but God, and feared nothing but sin, he would set up the kingdom of God on earth, and shake the gates of hell in twelve months. And I believe he would have done it. One hundred such men never lived at one time. Talk about Alexander making the world tremble with his army—talk about Napoleon making the world tremble with his army—why! the little tentmaker of Tarsus made the world tremble without any army at all. Saul of Tarsus! I would give more for such a man in London than for ten thousand of the men who are mixed up with the world. What we want is to be out-and-out on the Lord's side, brain and heart both on fire for the Lord. It is said of David's mighty men that they were right and left-handed. They were wholly consecrated; they could use their left or their right hands for the king.

That is what we want in London. Men who are right-handed and left-handed for the King of Glory. Men who can use their eyes, and tongues, and ears, and everything for the Lord Jesus. Then London will be moved, and it will take very little, thank God, to move this city from end to end. This is a great city, but we have a great God with great power.

NO HEART FOR THE WORK.

But this is not all. God uses human instruments. Sometimes it is a wonder to me that He does not take the work out of our hands and put it into the hands of angels, or some one able to do it. There are but few now that say, "Here am I, Lord; send me." The cry now is, "Send some one else." "Send the minister," says the elder; "don't send me." Or if he is not an elder, he says, "Don't send me; send the church officers, the church wardens, but not me. I have not got the ability, the gifts, or the talents." Ah! honestly say you have not got the heart, for if the heart is loyal, God can use you. It is really all a matter of heart. It does not take God a great while to qualify a man for his work if he has the heart for it. He may not have many talents, but if he makes good use of what he has, God will soon increase his talents. Look at Elisha! There is another man. We would not have thought of Elisha to take the place of the wonderful prophet. We would have gone to Bethel, or Jericho, to the school of the prophets, and picked out a theological professor, or some great man. But Elijah finds a man in the fields behind twelve yoke of oxen, and Elisha slew his oxen, and consecrated everything to God, and started off with Elijah. And Elijah says one day, "What can I do for you?" "Well," says Elisha, "give me a double portion of your spirit!" "Well," said Elijah, "that is a great thing that you have asked; but if you see me when I am taken up you shall have it." Then they started from Gilgal, and Elijah says, "You stay here, and I will go down to Bethel and see how the prophets are." But Elisha says, "As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, you shall not go without me." And I can see the men arm-in-arm going to Bethel. And when they got there, "Now," says Elijah to Elisha, "you stay here and I will go to Jericho to see how the prophets are going on there." He was going to visit the theological seminaries.

"Well," says Elisha, "as the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, you shall not go without me. And arm-in-arm they went to Jericho together. And when they got there, says Elijah, "You stay here and encourage these prophets and I will go over Jordan"—Jordan means death and judgment. "As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, you shall not go without me," says Elisha, and arm-in-arm they went to Jordan together. And Elijah took up his mantle and struck the waters, and God held back the waters in the palm of His hand. And they walked over dry shod. But it had been revealed to those prophets that Elijah was going to be taken away, so fifty of them went out to watch. By-and-by there came a chariot of fire, and Elijah stepped in and swept away home. And as he went up his mantle fell, and Elisha left his own mantle and took Elijah's mantle. Then he went back to Jordan, and he took Elijah's mantle and struck the waters, and came through dry shod. And when the fifty prophets saw him, they cried, "The spirit of Elijah doth rest on Elisha." So it was. And God qualified him to take Elijah's place.

THE SPIRIT OF ELIJAH WANTED.

What we want is the spirit of Elijah, and our God is the same as his God. It was in the power of prayer that he stood before Ahab, and what we want is to get hold of God in prayer, and to have power from heaven—not human power, but power from on high, and God is ready and willing to give us that power. Yes, it is the weak things, it is the despised things that God uses. Those unlearned men from Galilee, Christ called them around Him. The last men that we should have thought of. He called those fishermen out of Galilee, and that little handful of men shook the world. It was these men that went around the world preaching the glorious Gospel and the glad tidings. Why, before He could use Saul He had to change his name, and call him Paul—Little!—little! He had to show him that he was weak before He could use him. And Paul says, "When I am weak then am I strong." It was not enticing words, it was not eloquence that Paul had. Why, he said his speech was contemptible! Yes, contemptible! He did not profess to be an orator, but he preached Christ, the power of God, and the wisdom of God, Christ and Him crucified. What London wants the whole

world wants, and that is Christ and Him crucified. And the world will perish for want of Christ. Let every man and woman that loves the Lord Jesus begin to publish the tidings of salvation. Talk to your neighbors and your friends. Run and speak to that young man! Talk to him of heaven and of the love of Christ! Tell him that you want to see him saved. And let the Christians of London in this hall to-night rise and take the city. Our God is able. Shout, for the King is in our midst! Let us compass the walls of Jericho, and they will soon come tumbling down. Bear in mind this, that God is far more willing to bless us than we are to have Him. Let us keep close to Christ. That is what London wants. They don't like to have Christ preached faithfully; but it is just what men don't like to have that we must give them. I learnt that long ago. The very medicine we don't like is the medicine that we ought to have, and the very truths that men object to and that make them angry, are the very truths that bring them to the cross of Christ. What we want is to preach Christ in season and out of season,—

“Tell the old, old story,
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.”

Why, the stone that the builders have rejected has become the chief corner-stone. The very stone that they would not have was the very stone that God chose, and upon this stone He is building His Church now—upon the rock of ages. It is Christ, my friends, Christ that they want, and then they will get sure food for eternity.

GOD'S LION A LAMB.

The lion of hell was overcome by a Lion. The Lion of the tribe of Judah is what? A Lamb. God's lion is a Lamb. There was weeping once in heaven. John said he wept much when he got there. There was a book handed to him, and there was not any one worthy to open the book. There was Abel, he was not worthy; there was Enoch, who walked with God, but he was not worthy; there was Noah, but he was not worthy; there was Abraham, the friend of God, but he was not worthy; there was Moses, who went up into the mountain and talked with God, and took the law from God's hands, but he was not worthy. There they were gathered from all climes and all

ages, but not one of them was worthy; and John looked down upon the earth, and there was not one worthy, and he wept because there was no one worthy to open the book. At last one touched him, and said, “Weep not, for there is one worthy; the Lion of the tribe of Judah, He hath prevailed, and He is worthy.” And he turned round to look at the Lion of the tribe of Judah, and behold, it was a slain Lamb. God's Lion is a lamb slain from the beginning of the world, and what we want is to go out and preach Christ. It is the weakness of God which overcomes the strength of man. It is the weakness of God that we want. The foolishness of God is worth more than the wisdom of the world.

UNION ESSENTIAL TO SUCCESS.

Then there is another thing. If we are going to have success, let us have union. Now there are three classes, I believe, that ought to be in sympathy with this movement. The first class is ministers. Every minister that wants to crown Christ King, that wants to see souls saved, ought to be interested in this work. Why? Because we come here to help you; not to destroy, but to help, to build up, to strengthen every minister's hands, to help him to do his work. Then we ought to have sympathy from every Sabbath-school superintendent. We ought to have the sympathy of every teacher, of every worker, of every missionary, of every colporteur in London, and if we cannot have you here night after night let us have your prayers and your sympathy. Do not be criticising and finding fault; but be much in your closet with God, and God will answer prayer, and there won't be a Sabbath-school, and there won't be a mission district, and there won't be a church in all London, but will be blessed if we are just working together and praying for a great blessing.

APPEAL TO PARENTS.

Then there is another class,—fathers and mothers. You that have children in this city of London ought to have sympathy with a movement of this kind. We ought to have your prayers, we ought to have your council, we ought to have your heart-felt sympathy. We have come here just to try in the name of our Master to win your children to God and to heaven, to win them to a pure life, to save them from the haunts of vice, from going down

to a drunkard's grave. When I was in Liverpool the other day, a mother came to me and brought a photograph of a beautiful boy, seventeen years old. He is nineteen now. She said, "That boy has been gone two years, and I do not know where he is. He had trouble, and he fled from home, and my heart is just breaking. I do not know but that he is in London, and I give you his photograph, and if you see him in the audience there, I want you just to try and win him to the Lord, that he may come back to cheer my heart," and the great tears rolled down that mother's cheek. There is many a boy in London like that. We have come here after them, just in hopes that God will win them to Christ, and that they will go back to be a blessing to their parents and to the Church of God. If that young man is here to-night, I bring you good news. Your mother still loves you, and wants you to return. Her heart is just breaking for you. And let me say to every man and woman here to-night that is out of Christ, God wants you; Jesus wants you. There is room in heaven for you; and the Lord has sent us just to invite you to the Gospel feast.

Let me say, before I close, that we want unity among God's people. Where there is union I do not believe any power, earthly or infernal, can stand before the work. When the Church, the pulpit, and the pew get united, and God's people are all of one mind, Christianity is like a red-hot ball rolling over the earth, and all the hosts of death and hell cannot stand before it. I believe that men will then come flocking into the kingdom by hundreds and thousands. "By this," says Christ, "shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye love one another." If we only love one another, and pray for one another, there will be success. God will not disappoint us. When General Grant was moving on to Richmond, and his army had been repulsed in the Wilderness, he called together his co-commanders and held a council, and asked them what they thought he had better do. His leading generals and all thought he had better retreat. He heard them through, and then broke up the council of war, and sent them back to their headquarters; but before morning an orderly came round with a dispatch from the General directing an advance in solid column on the enemy at daylight. That was what took Richmond, and broke

down the rebellion in our country. Christians of London, let us advance in solid column against the enemy; let us lift high the standard, and in the name of our God let us lift up our voice, and let us work together, shoulder to shoulder, and keep our eye single to the honor and glory of Christ. Let us pray that we may get self out of the way, and that Christ may be all and in all, and then we will have great success. Let our watchword be, "Here am I; send me."

II.

CHRIST SEEKING THE LOST.

"For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."—LUKE xix, 10.

To me this is one of the sweetest verses in the whole Word of God. In that little short sentence we are told what the Son of God came into the world for, we are told what His mission to this dark world was. He came not to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved. He did not come to make men wretched, He did not come to make us miserable; but He came to save that which was lost. Now, when a prince, and especially a crown prince, comes to London, what a royal reception you give him; and the question is raised, what is he come for? Now, here is the Prince of Heaven coming down into this dark world. What is He come for? Why, we are told that He came to seek and to save that which was lost. And every man or woman in this audience is either lost or found. You are either saved or lost. And bear in mind that Christ takes the place of the seeker. No sooner did the news reach heaven that Adam had fallen in Eden than God came down to him. Adam ought to have gone up and down the garden of Eden crying out, "My God, where art Thou? I have sinned, I have sinned and fallen." Instead of that he went away and hid himself, and God came down, and His voice was heard in the garden of Eden, "Adam, where art thou?" It was the voice of Christ, the voice of love. But Adam had gone away frightened, and God took the place of the Seeker, and from the time of Adam's fall until the present, God has always taken the place of the Seeker. No man or woman in this audience has been saved but that He sought them first. We do not seek after Him until He first seeks after us. We do

not go to Him by nature. Our nature is to go away from Him, as with Adam when he hid away from a loving God. Read what we have in the 15th chapter of the Gospel of St. Luke. It is not the lost sheep from the fold hunting up the Shepherd, but it is the Shepherd seeking after the lost sheep. Whoever heard of a sheep which had strayed from the fold hunting after the shepherd? And so Isaiah has told us, "All we like sheep have gone astray, we have turned every one to his own way," and the Great Shepherd has come down after us.

THE LOST PIECE OF MONEY.

And then, in the portion of Scripture I have read to you, there is that woman who had lost the piece of money. It was not that piece of money seeking its way back into the woman's pocket; but it was the woman lighting a candle and taking a broom, and sweeping diligently until she found it. I can just imagine that some one had paid that woman a bill that day, and had given her ten pieces of silver. When she retired at night, she took the money out of her pocket to count it, and seeing the bulk looked small, she said to herself, "Well, this don't look like ten pieces; I must have lost one piece; where have I lost it?" She begins to think where she has been that day. "I have not been out of the house; it must be somewhere in the house," she says. Then she goes and lights a candle, and gets a broom and sweeps the floor, and raises a great dust. And so it is when the Holy Spirit begins to seek after a soul; there is some great commotion. So she begins to search and grope around; she moves the chairs, the sofa, the table, and all the rest of the furniture, and looks in every corner until she finds the piece. Who was it that rejoiced — the piece of silver or the woman? the sheep that was lost or the shepherd that found it? It was the woman that rejoiced over the lost piece; it was the shepherd that rejoiced over the lost sheep he had found. And so we find it is here. Christ takes the place of the seeker. "For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." What Adam lost in Eden, I find in the second Adam. When God put Adam in Eden, He bound him strong to the throne of God with a golden chain. When Satan walked in, he broke the chain; but the second Adam came to seek and to save that which was lost.

What the first Adam lost for me I get in the second Adam. He came to seek and to save that which was lost.

THE STORY OF BARTIMEUS.

Now let us go back a little before the text. I am very often blessed in my own soul by taking a text all round. In the 18th chapter of the gospel of St. Luke, you will find Christ is going into Jericho; and as He drew near the gates of Jericho there was a poor blind man who sat by the wayside, begging people to give him a farthing, and crying out, "Have mercy on a blind man!" This poor beggar met a man, who said to him, "Bartimeus, I have good news to tell you." "What is it?" said the blind beggar. "There is a man of Israel who can give you sight." "Oh, no," said the blind beggar, "there is no chance of my ever receiving my sight. I never shall see. In fact, I never saw the mother who gave me birth; I never saw the wife of my bosom; I never saw my own offspring. I never saw in this world, but I expect to see in the world to come." The man said, "Let me tell you, I have just come down from Jerusalem, and I saw that the village carpenter, Jesus of Nazareth, and I saw a man who was born blind, who had received his sight; and I never saw a man with better sight. He does not have to use glasses now, and he was born blind." Then, for the first time in this poor man's heart, hope rises, and he says, "Tell me how the man got his sight?" "Oh," says the other, "Jesus first spat on the ground and made clay, and put it on his eyes" — why that is enough to put a man's sight out, to fill a man's eyes with clay — "and then He told him to go and wash his eyes in the Pool of Siloam, and he would receive his sight. And then, Bartimeus, He does not charge you anything, you have no fee to pay; you just tell Him what you want, and the poor man has as much influence as the rich. It does not need dukes, or lords, or influence; you just call upon Him yourself; and if He ever comes this way, don't let Him go back without your going to see Jesus." And Bartimeus said, "I will indeed do so, and ask Him for my sight." I can imagine him being led by a child to his seat as usual, and that he is crying out, "Please give a blind beggar a farthing." He hears the footsteps of the coming multitude, and inquires, "Who is it passing? What does the multitude mean?" They tell him it is Jesus of Nazareth passing by. The

moment he hears that he says, "Why, that is the Man that gave sight to the blind." The moment it reached his ear that it was Jesus of Nazareth, he began to cry out at the top of his voice, "Jesus, Thou Son of David, have mercy upon me." Some of those who went before—perhaps Peter was one of them—rebuked him, thinking the Master was going up to Jerusalem to be crowned King, and did not want to be distracted. They never knew the Son of God when He was here. He would hush every harp in heaven to hear a sinner pray; no music would delight Him so much. But the blind man lifted up his voice and cried still louder, "Thou Son of David, have mercy upon me;" and the prayer reached the ears of the Son of God, as prayer always will, and they led the poor blind man to Him. The Lord grant that each one here in this Agricultural Hall may cry out, "God, have mercy upon me a sinner; God, have mercy upon this soul of mine;" and the Lord Jesus will be good to you. Well, when Jesus heard the blind beggar, He commanded him to be brought unto Him. So they ran to him and said, "Be of good cheer, the Master calleth thee; He hath a blessing for thee." When Jesus saw him He said, "What can I do for you?" "Lord, that I may receive my sight." "You shall have it;" and the Lord gave it to him. "Ask, and ye shall receive." Oh, may sinners cry out to-night, "God, give me my sight; God, be merciful to me a sinner." And now the beggar followed with the crowd, glorifying God. I can imagine he sang as sweetly as Mr. Sankey; no one sang sweeter than he when he shouted, "Hosanna to the Son of David;" no one sang louder than this man who had received his sight. Then he follows on with the crowd, which we see pressing into the gates of the city. I can imagine when he gets into the city he says to himself, "I will go down and see my wife"—having, of course, after those years of blindness, a curiosity to see what his wife looked like, also to see his children.

THE CONVERSION OF ZACCHÆUS.

As he is passing down the street a man meets him and turns round and says, "Bartimeus, is that you?" "Yes, it's me." "Well, I thought it was, and yet I thought my eyes must deceive me. How did you get your sight?" "I just met Jesus of Nazareth outside the walls of the city, and I asked Him to have mercy upon me, and He gave me my sight." "Jesus of Nazareth!

is He in this part of the country?" "He is already on His way to Jerusalem. He is now going down to the eastern gate." "I should like to see Him," says the man, and away he runs down the street; but he cannot get a glimpse of Him, being little of stature, on account of the great throng round Him. He runs to a sycamore tree, and says to himself, "If I get up there and hide, without any one seeing me, He cannot get by without my getting a good look at Him." A great many rich men do not like to be seen coming to Jesus. Well, there he is in the sycamore tree, on a branch hanging right over the highway, and he says to himself, "He cannot get by without my having a good look at Him." All at once the crowd burst out. He looks at John—"That's not him;" he looks at Peter—"That's not him." Then he saw One who was fairer than the sons of men. "That's Him." And Zacchæus, just peeping out from amongst the branches, looked down upon that wonderful, yes, that mighty God-Man, in amazement. At last the crowd comes to the tree, and it looks as if Christ was going by; but He stops right under the tree, and all at once He looks up and sees Zacchæus, and He says to him, "Zacchæus, make haste and come down." I can just imagine Zacchæus says to himself,—"I wonder who told Him my name. I was never introduced to Him." But Christ knew all about him. Sinner, Christ knows all about you; He knows your name and your house. Do not think God does not know you. If you would try to hide from Him, bear in mind you cannot hide from Him. He knows where each one of you is; He knows all about your sins. Well, He said to Zacchæus, "Make haste and come down." He may have added, "This is the last time I shall pass this way, Zacchæus." That is the way He speaks to sinners,— "This may be the last time I shall pass this way; this may be your last chance of eternity." He may be passing away from some soul to-night. Oh, sinner, make haste and come down and receive Him. There are some people in this nineteenth century who do not believe in sudden conversions. I should like them to tell me where Zacchæus was converted. He certainly was not converted when he went up into the tree; he certainly was converted when he came down. He must have been converted when he came down. He must have been convert-

ed somewhere between the branches and the ground. The Lord converted him just right there. People say they do not believe in sudden conversions, and that if a man is converted suddenly he won't hold out, he won't be genuine. I wish we had a few men converted like Zacchæus in London; it would make no small stir. When a man begins to make restitution, it is a pretty good sign of conversion. Let men give back money dishonestly obtained in London, and see how quick people will believe in conversion. Zacchæus gave half his goods to the poor. What would be said if some of the rich men of London did that? Zacchæus gave half his goods all at once; and he says, "If I have taken anything from any man falsely, I restore him fourfold." I think that is the other half. But to get Christ is worth more than all his wealth. I imagine the next morning one of the servants of Zacchæus going with a check for £100, and saying, "My master a few years ago took from you wrongfully about £25, and this is restitution money." That would give confidence in Zacchæus' conversion. I wish a few cases like that would happen in London, and then people would not go on talking against sudden conversions.

THE COMPLAINTS OF MODERN PHARISEES.

Now Christ becomes the guest of Zacchæus, and while he is in his house the Pharisees begin to murmur and complain. It would have been a good thing if all those Pharisees had died off with that generation; but, unfortunately, they have left a good many grandchildren behind them, living down here now in the afternoon of this 19th century, who are complaining "This man receiveth sinners."

Many men complain because the Lord saves men for nothing, but the Lord deals in sovereign grace. But while they are murmuring and complaining on every occasion, Christ uttered the wonderful words of my text for to-night, "For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." "I did not come to condemn Zacchæus, to make him wretched; he is wretched enough now. I did not come here to torment him, I came to bless and to save him." When Christ commenced His ministry in the wonderful sermon on the mountain, there is blessing, blessing, blessing. He came to bless man, and poor Zacchæus needed blessing, and He first gave it him. If there is some poor

Zacchæus here to-night, or if there is some poor blind beggar here to-night, He will bless you. The Son of man is come for that purpose; He left Heaven and a throne for that. He came "to seek and to save that which was lost;" and so the vilest man in London can be saved if he will be. The Lord is able and willing to save. "He is come to seek and to save that which was lost." A man must believe he is lost before he can be saved. One reason why many are not saved is because they do not believe they are lost. They fold their filthy rags of self-righteousness about them, instead of acknowledging that they are miserable sinners.

PREACHING IN THE TOMBS.

While I was occupying the Fulton-street pulpit in New York, the governor of the City Tombs Prison said he would like to have me go down and talk to the prisoners. After the prisoners were all brought in, I found there was no chapel in connection with that prison, and I had to talk to them in their cells. I talked from a little iron railing running right across the narrow passage-way, to some three or four hundred prisoners, and could not see a man. I had never had that experience before. After I had done, I thought I would like to see who I had been talking to, and how they had received the interpretation of the Gospel. I went to the first door and looked in the little window of a cell where the inmates could have best heard me. There were some men playing at cards. No doubt they had been playing all the while I had been preaching. They did not want to hear. Some men come here to-night out of curiosity; they do not want to hear the glad tidings, and they do not believe the Gospel's good news. Well, these men had been playing cards all the while I was preaching. I said, "My friends, what is your trouble?" "Well, stranger, false witnesses appeared against us. We are innocent." I said to myself, "Christ cannot save anybody here; there is nobody guilty." I went to the occupiers of the next cell and asked why they were there. They said, "We got into bad company, and the man who done the deed got clear, and we got caught." I said, "Christ cannot save anybody here." I went to the next cell and asked how it was with them. They said, "False witnesses went into court and swore falsely." I said, "Christ cannot save anybody here." I

went to the next cell and said, "How is it with you?" The reply was, "The fact is, the man who done the deed is very much like me. I am perfectly innocent." I never found so many innocent men in a prison in my life. It seemed that the magistrates who sent them there were the only guilty ones.

THE PENITENT PRISONER.

I began to get discouraged, but when I had got almost through I found one man with his elbows on his knees and two streams of tears running down his cheeks. I looked in at the little window, and I said, "My friend, what is the trouble?" He looked up with despair and remorse on his face, and said, "My sins are more than I can bear." I said, "Thank God for that." "Ain't you the man that has been talking to us? I thought you said you was a friend; and you say you are glad my sins are more than I can bear." "Yes." "I don't understand your friendship if you are glad my sins are more than I can bear." "I will explain it to you. If your sins are more than you can bear, you will cast them on One that will bear them for you." "Who is that?" "It is the Lord Jesus;" and I stood there at that prison door and preached Christ, and held up Christ for that poor wounded man, who was believed to be the worst man in the whole prison of the city of New York. After telling him of Christ I got down and prayed. After I prayed I said, "Now you pray." He said he could not pray; it would be blasphemy. But the man put his head on the pavement, and, like the publican, without even lifting his eyes towards heaven, he cried, "God be merciful to me a sinner." After prayer, when he got up, I took his hand, and he gave me a good warm grasp of the hand; a hot tear fell on my hand, which burned down into my soul. I got so interested in the man that before I started for the hotel, I said, "I will pray for you to-night, and I would have you join me in prayer at the same time." That night, while I was praying in my hotel, as I told him I should pray for him at a certain hour, it seemed as if I knew that God was answering my prayer. I could not leave New York and go back to Chicago until I had seen that man. No sooner did I fix my eye on the man's countenance, than I saw that a great change had taken place. Remorse and gloom had fled away, and the face of the man was streaming with celestial light. He

seized my hand, and tears of joy trickled over his cheeks. I said, "Tell me all about it;" and he said, "Last night, when in my cell praying—I do not know the exact time, because when I came to prison, they took away my watch, but I think it was about midnight—the Lord Jesus took away the burden, and set me entirely free; and since then I am the happiest man in the whole city of New York." And I believe he was, for he told me of the love, joy, and peace, that none but one that had received the Lord Jesus knew anything about. After I had talked and prayed with him some time, I bade him good-bye.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE LOST.

Now, my friends, can you tell me how it was the Lord Jesus came into that prison, and passing one cell after another, went to that one cell and set the captive free? It was because he believed he was lost, that he had sinned and come short of the glory of God. He called to God for mercy, and God dealt him mercies. If there is a man or woman in this audience to-night who believes they are lost, I have good news to tell them—Christ will come after you. He came to save you, He came to bless you. Now, do not let this night pass, my friends, without just accepting salvation as the gift of mercy from a loving God. He wants to deal out mercy and grace for every soul here. The Son of man is come—what for? To seek and to save. And do you think He is not able to save? And is He not willing to save? There is not a man in this audience but knows deep down in his heart that Christ is able and willing to save. My friends, let Him save you to-night while you are on praying ground; while God is talking to you, and offering you salvation without money and without price. The gift of God is eternal life. That is the gift to-night. Who will have it? Who will take the gift? Who will accept the gift of God? Who will receive it? While I am talking to you, lay hold on eternal life. While I am speaking to you, just receive the gift of God, and go on your way rejoicing. Now, I have no doubt that while I am speaking to you, there are a good many of you that have got friends praying for you; I have received a good many letters, especially from mothers, stating that they have sons in London, and praying that the Holy Ghost might win their souls to Christ. Maybe some of those sons are

here now. One of these young men spoke to me last night, and told me his mother was very anxious that he should attend these meetings. I have remarked the great number of young men who come to our services. I never saw more young men at a meeting than I see to-night. I may be speaking to more young men than ever I spoke to in my life. How comes this, that there are so many young men here? Perhaps they have in the country a loving mother praying that the Holy Ghost may convert their hearts; or a loving sister, or a loving father, or brother, pleading hard for their salvation. Well, if you have got these friends that are diligent for your salvation, treat them kindly, for you will not always have them.

A YOUNG MAN'S TALE.

I went to a meeting in Chicago a few years ago, and a young man got up and said, "Will you allow me to speak to these young men?" At first, as he was a stranger, I thought I wouldn't; and then I thought he might have a message from God, so I said, "Say on." And that young man just pleaded with those young men, and said, in closing his speech: "If any of you have fathers, or mothers, or Christian friends, who are diligent for your salvation, treat them kindly, for you will not always have them. I was an only son, and I had a godly father, who went down to his grave praying for me, for I was a wayward boy. After father died, mother began to be more anxious than ever. Sometimes she would weep over me, and say, 'Oh, my boy, if you were only a Christian I should be so happy.' Some nights I heard her in her chamber weeping, and crying to God for her boy. I could not stand it any longer, so I had to leave home. I must become a Christian, or get away from home. So I ran away. It was a long time before I heard of her, and then I was told she was sick, and the thought came stealing over me, 'She may die. I will go back.' And then I thought, 'If I go back home, I will have to become a Christian. I cannot live at home with mother without becoming a Christian; I will not go.' The next time I heard from that mother I heard she was much worse. Then the thought came to me, 'If my mother died, and I should never see her, I should never forgive myself. So I started off. There was no railway into the village, and I had to take coach. I got to

the village about sundown; the moon had commenced to shine. My mother lived about a mile and a half from the little town, and to get home I had to go by the old village churchyard, so I thought I would go and look at father's grave, and see if there was any new-made grave. As I drew near my heart began to quake. I could not tell why. The moon showed me a new-made grave, and then for the first time in my life the question occurred to me, 'Who is going to pray for my lost soul now? Father's gone and mother's dead.' I took up some of the earth and found it was just damp, and I threw myself on my mother's grave, and there I spent the night. I did not move until the break of day; but before I left that grave, my mother's God had become my own. And, young men, I believe God, for Christ's sake, forgave me that night, but I never forgave myself." Young man, if you have a praying mother or a praying father, treat them kindly, for you will not always have them; they will soon all be gone, and that voice which is now pleading day and night for your soul will be hushed in the grave. Therefore, this night, while they are praying, seek the kingdom of God; and it won't take an anxious sinner long to meet an anxious Saviour. Let your hearts be lifted up now, friends, to Christ in united prayer for every unsaved soul in this hall this night; and now let us all have a few moments of silent prayer.

III.

SAVED OR LOST.

THE ONE ALTERNATIVE.

"For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."—LUKE XIX. 10.

I WANT to call your attention to the same text that we had last night. I had really only just commenced with the text when it was time to close. Now before I begin, I want to ask a question of every man and woman in this room, and I should like every one just to take the question home with him—"Am I saved, or am I lost?" It must be one thing or the other. There is no neutrality about the matter. A man cannot be saved and lost at the same time; it is thoroughly impossible. Every man and woman in this audience must either be saved or lost, if the Bible be true; and if I thought it was not true, I should not be

here preaching, and I would not advise you people to come if you think the Bible is not true; but if the Bible is true, every man and every woman in this room must either be in the dark or out of it, either saved or lost.

Last night, a man yonder told me that he was anxious to be saved, but Christ had never sought for him. I said, "What are you waiting for?" "Why," said he, "I am waiting for Christ to call me; as soon as He calls me I am coming." Now, I do not believe there is a man in London that the Spirit of God has not striven with at some period of his life. I do not believe there is a person in this audience but that has been called; I do not believe that there is a person in this audience but that the Son of God has sought for and is seeking for him.

HOW THE SAVIOUR SEEKS.

Now, for a minute or two, let us look and see how He seeks. There are different ways in which the Son of man seeks. He very often seeks through some faithful minister. Many of you have sat under faithful ministers; you have heard heart-searching sermons, and the truth has gone down deep into your hearts; you have been many a time touched, and tears have come down your cheeks, and you have felt "almost persuaded to be a Christian." That is the Son of God seeking for your soul through that minister. You have heard a sermon sometimes that has roused you, so that you could not forget it, and for days you have been under deep conviction. That is the way the Son of God seeks. Some of you have had a tract put in your hand, with a startling title, perhaps, "Eternity! where will you spend it?" and the arrow has gone home. You may have been troubled, and may have pulled out that arrow and tried to forget it. That is the Son of God seeking for your soul through that tract. Perhaps some of you have had a faithful Sabbath-school teacher who has wept over your souls in your earlier days, who prayed for you and plead with you to become Christians. That is the Son of God seeking for your soul through that faithful Sabbath-school teacher. Many of you have had godly, praying mothers, that have prayed all night for your soul. It is through the prayers of such a mother that the Son of God is seeking you. Many of you, perhaps, have been laid away upon a bed of sickness, and have had time to meditate

in the silent watches of the night; the Spirit of God has come into your chamber, has come to your bedside, and you have been troubled about eternity and about the grave, and where you would spend eternity, and how it would be beyond the grave! That is the Son of God seeking for your soul. Some of you have lost friends. I doubt whether there is a man or woman in this audience who has not lost some loved one; it may be a praying mother, it may be a loved father, it may be a dear child; and when death came and took that one from you, you were greatly troubled. You might have taken that friend by the hand, and as he or she was dying, you might have said, "I will meet you in heaven." The Spirit of God strove in you for weeks and months, and yet the Spirit left you because you strove against and resisted the workings of the Holy Ghost. My friends, that is the way the Son of man seeks. Can you rise in this hall to-night and say that the Son of God never sought for you? Is there a person in this hall that can rise and say, "I have lived twenty, thirty, forty, fifty years, and the Son of man never sought for my soul"? I do not believe that man or woman lives in all London.

PRAYING FOR LONDON.

My friend, He has been calling for you from your earliest childhood, and He has put it into the hearts of God's own people just to call you together in this hall. This hall has been opened at great expense, and prayer is going up all over the Christian world for London. Perhaps there never has been a time in the history of your life when so many were praying for you as at the present time. That is the Son of God seeking for your soul through the prayers of the Church, through the prayers of ministers, through the prayers of the saints, not only in London, but throughout the world. I have received news to-day in a dispatch sent across from America that all the churches nearly, in America, are praying for London. What does it mean? God has laid it upon the heart of the Church throughout the world to pray for London. It must be that God has something good in store for London; the Son of man is coming to London to seek and to save that which was lost, and I pray that the Good Shepherd may enter this hall to-night and may come to many a heart, and that you may hear the still small voice: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man

will hear My voice and open the door, I will come in unto him and will sup with him, and he with Me." O friends, open the door to-night, and let the heavenly visitor in. Don't turn Him away any longer. Don't say with Felix, "Go thy way this time, and when I have a convenient season I will call for thee." Make this a convenient season; make this the night of your salvation. Receive the gift of God to-night, and open the door of your heart, and say, "Welcome, thrice welcome into this heart of mine;" and He will come. You invite Him, and see how quickly He will come. My friend, He is come. "The grace of God hath appeared, bringing salvation unto all men." Oh, that the loss of a soul may wake us up to-night, that we may know what it means! I believe the world is asleep—and the Church too. I do not believe there would be a dry eye in this audience if we could for five minutes get a glimpse of a lost soul. We mourn with men who have lost health; we pity them, we sympathize with them, and we say, "It is very sad." We mourn with men who have lost wealth, and we think it is very sad. But what is health, what is wealth, compared with the soul?

A TOUCHING CHICAGO STORY.

I was in an eye infirmary at Chicago, on the Sabbath before the great fire. A mother brought her little baby to the doctor—a child only a few months old—and she wanted the doctor to look at the child's eyes. He did so, and he said to the mother, "Your child is blind; it will never see again; you have neglected it; if you had brought it here three days ago I could have saved the sight." The moment the doctor said that, the mother pressed the little child to her bosom, and there was a wail that came from that mother that broke my heart. I wept, the doctor wept; we could not help but weep. She pressed her darling child to her bosom. "My darling," she said, "are you never to see the mother that gave you birth? My child! my child!" It was a sight that would move almost any heart. But what is the loss of sight compared with the loss of a soul? I would rather a thousand times have these eyes dug out of my head, and go through the world blind, than lose my soul. I have a son, and no one but God knows how I love him; but I would see those beautiful eyes dug out of his head to-night rather than see him grow up to manhood and go down

to the grave without Christ and without hope. The loss of a soul! Christ knew what it meant. That is what brought Him from the bosom of the Father; that is what brought Him from the Throne; that is what brought Him to Calvary. The Son of God was in earnest. When He died on Calvary it was to save a lost world; it was to save your soul and mine.

THE LOSS OF A CHILD.

A friend of mine in Chicago took his children out one beautiful day in the summer. They were the children of a large Sabbath-school, and they were to have a day in the country. There was a little boy on the platform of the railway-station, and by some mistake he fell down under the wheels, and the whole train passed over him. The train went back, and the body was found so mangled that the superintendent had to take off his coat to tie up the mangled corpse. He left it at the station, and, taking two of the teachers with him, went to the house of the parents. (The little boy was an only one.) When they got to the house one said to the others, "You go in." "No, I can't," was the reply. The superintendent wanted the teachers to go in, because he thought the parents would blame him; but the teachers refused to go. So the superintendent went in. He found the parents in the dining-room at dinner. He called the father out, thinking that he would tell the father first, that he might break the news to the mother. Taking him into another room, he said, "I have sad news to tell you; your little Jemmie has got run over." The father turned deadly pale. "Is he dead?" he asked. "Yes, sir, he is dead." Then the father rushed into the dining-room, and instead of breaking the news gently to his wife, he cried out like a madman, "Dead, dead!" The mother said, "Who?" Our little Jemmie." Said the young man who told it me the next day, "I cannot tell you what I suffered when that mother came rushing out to me, and said, 'Where is my boy? Where are his remains? Take me to them that I may see him.' I told the mother that the body was so mangled that she could not identify it; and she fainted away at my feet." Said he, "Moody, I would not be the messenger of such tidings as that again if you would give me all Chicago." There is not a mother or a father in this hall but would say it is terrible to lose a beautiful child like that, to have it

swept away so suddenly. Well, it is terrible, but, my friend, what is that in comparison with the loss of the soul?

A MORE TERRIBLE LOSS.

Suppose that child had grown up to manhood, and had died a drunkard, and gone down to a drunkard's grave. See the hundreds and thousands in London reeling their way down, not only to the drunkard's grave, but to the drunkard's hell. I tell you, my friend, I would rather have a train a hundred miles long run over my boy, so that I could not find a speck of his body—I would rather have him die in early childhood, than have him grow up to manhood, and die without God and without hope. It is terrible for a man to die outside the Ark. It is a terrible thing for a man to die without hope and without mercy, especially in this Gospel land, where he is exalted to heaven with privilege, where the Gospel is proclaimed faithfully from Sunday to Sunday, yea, from day to day, and one might say, from hour to hour. Through the length and breadth of this great city, the Gospel has been proclaimed as faithfully, and perhaps more faithfully, than in any other city in the world. London, I say, is exalted to heaven with privileges, and it is a sad thing, indeed, that a man should go to hell from London, for then he goes down in the full blaze of the Gospel. He goes down from a Gospel land. He goes down to hell from a land where he has heard the glorious tidings of Christ and Him crucified. Yes; you say it is very sad to see a child like that swept away, or to see a little child lose its sight. You say it is very sad to see a man lose his wealth and become poor. It is very sad to see a man lose his reputation. But, my friends, bear in mind there is hope. A man can come to Christ if he has lost his reputation and his character. Christ will "receive" men who have not got any reputation; Christ will "receive" men who have not got any character; and they may have a seat in the kingdom of God. But, if a man dies without God, then there is no hope. You go to the grave and weep over it, and when the morning of resurrection shall come, that man will rise to everlasting shame and contempt. The star of Bethlehem will not shine over that grave. Oh, my friends, let us wake up, and let us haste to the rescue. Let us, as fathers and mothers, see that our children are brought into the ark, that

they are saved, that they are gathered early into the fold of Christ.

THE POOR DRUNKARD.

I was over in this country in 1872. About that time there was a young man who had come from the country to London. He was the only son of a widow. He was her prop and her stay; her hope and her comfort. Oh, how that widow loved that boy! How her prayers went up for him! When he came to this city his employer invited him to the theatre, and invited him to drink. I have met that mother since I have been on this trip, and she told me that the employer discharged that young man after he became a drunkard; that he refused to have him in his employ; that her son came home and died a poor drunkard. That mother is now weeping over that boy, and she mourns as a mother without hope, because it is said that no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God. Now, that is terrible. How many mothers have sons in London hastening to ruin! God wants you and me to go and tell them the glad tidings, to invite them to the Gospel feast. And there is not a man in all London so far gone but that Christ will save him. If we will just go and labor for them and pray for them, God will give us the privilege of winning many of them into His kingdom.

"SAVED!"

A few years ago—I think it was only two years this month—a vessel of the White Star line went to pieces on a rock off the coast of Newfoundland, and 500 men went down to a watery grave. There was a young man of great promise, having a large business in Detroit, who was on board that vessel, and soon after she went down there came a dispatch to Detroit to his wife and partner to say that he was lost. The business was suspended, and that young wife was thrown into deep mourning. Her heart was just broken, and the mother's heart was bleeding that her boy had gone down, as they supposed. But in a few hours there came another dispatch over the wires, "Saved!" with his name signed to it. They felt so grateful, that they had the dispatch framed and put up in his office, and there it is. If you go into that man's office now to do business with him, you may see that dispatch, "Saved!" Now, let the news flash over the wires to heaven

to-night, sinner, that you want to be saved. You can be saved, if you will. God is able to save. God is willing to save. God is waiting to save. Now, this night, make up your mind that you will be saved. Make up your mind that you will press into the kingdom. God invites you to come. He invites you to come just as you are. "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out."

ROWLAND HILL AND LADY ANNE ERSKINE.

I have seen a story in print, I do not know whether it is true or not, but it illustrates a good point. I see our friend Dr. Newman Hall here to-night. The story I speak of is told of a predecessor of his, Rowland Hill. One day he was preaching in the open air to a vast crowd of people, when Lady Anne Erskine was riding by. She said to her footman, "Who is that man who is drawing so vast a crowd?" She was then told that it was the celebrated Rowland Hill. "Drive me," said she, "near the platform, so that I may listen." The man went on preaching, and, seeing by the lady's dress that she belonged to royalty, he turned to some one on the platform and inquired who it was. They told him it was Lady Anne Erskine. He continued his preaching, and then all at once he stopped and said, "My friends, I have got something to-day to put up for sale. I am going to sell it by auction." Everybody of course was startled to think that a man should stop in the middle of a sermon to sell something by auction. Said he, "It is the soul of Lady Anne Erskine. Is any one going to bid for her soul? Hark! Ah! I hear a bid. Who bids? 'Satan.' 'Satan, what will you give for this soul?' I will give riches and honor and pleasure. Yea, I will give the whole world for her soul." Hark! I hear another bid. Ah! methinks I hear another bid. Who bids? "The Lord Jesus." "Jesus, what will you give for this soul?" "I will give peace and joy and comfort that the world knows not of. Yea, I will give eternal life for her soul." He then turned to Lady Anne Erskine, and said, "You have heard the two bidders for your soul. Which bidder shall have it?" It is said that she ordered her footman to open her carriage door, and, rushing in, she began to weep, and said, "The Lord Jesus shall have my soul, if He will accept it." Now that may be true or not; but there is one thing that I *know* to be true—that there are two bidding for

your soul and mine. Satan bids, and he offers that which he cannot give. He is a liar and has been from the foundation of the world. I pity the man who is living on the promises of the devil. He will never satisfy. But the Lord Jesus is able to give all that He offers. He offers peace and joy and comfort that the world knows not of. He offers eternal life in the kingdom of God. He offers a seat in His mansions. We are to sit with Him upon His throne. May God help you this night. Make up your minds to-night that you will not leave the Agricultural Hall until the great question of eternity is settled, until you have crossed the borderland, and pressed into the kingdom of God. Make up your mind to this. Make up your mind that this shall be the night of your salvation. "Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation."

THE BOY AND THE DARK MOUNTAIN.

A few years ago there was a little story going through the American religious press that touched my heart as a father. It was about the death of a little boy. The mother thought her little boy was safe in the arms of Jesus. She thought he was trusting sweetly in Christ; but one day as he drew along towards the chambers of death, she came into his room, and he said, as he was looking out of the window, "Mother, what are those mountains that I see yonder?" The mother said, "Eddie, there is no mountain in sight of the house." "Don't you see them, mother?" said he; "they're so high and so dark. Eddie has got to cross those mountains. Won't you take him in your arms and carry him over those mountains?" The mother said, "Eddie, I would if I could, but I cannot." Now, I want to say to you that there is a time coming when your mother cannot help you. There is a time coming when your friends cannot help you. When you come to the mountain, if you have not Christ, you must take that journey alone, for there will be no one to help you then. What will you do in the swelling Jordan, without a Savior, without Christ? but, if you have Him, He won't leave you. What does He say? "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I fear no evil. Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." Now, this little boy, instead of being troubled by a valley, was troubled by a mountain. The mother prayed with that little boy. Then she said, "Eddie, you

must take your eyes off your mother. You must have your eyes upon Jesus. He will help you." The mother again prayed with him, and tried to get his little mind off from the dark mountain. All at once he said, "Mother, hark! don't you hear them call?" "Hear who, Eddie?" "Don't you see the angels just on the other side of the mountain? They are calling for me. Take me, mother, and carry me over the mountain." The mother said again, "Why, my boy, I cannot go with you; but Christ will be with you. He will take you safe over the mountains if you trust Him." Again the mother prayed for her little boy, for she could not bear to have him die in that state of mind, so troubled about the mountain. At length he closed his eyes and he prayed, "Lord Jesus, be with me, and take me over the mountains." Then he opened his little eyes, and said, "Good-bye, mamma; Jesus is coming to carry me over the mountains;" and the little sufferer was gone. Sinner, Christ has come to-night to carry you over the mountains. He will carry you safe. He will carry you over the mountains of unbelief, if you will only let Him. Oh! may God help you this night to press into His kingdom.

IV.

MAN SEEKING FOR GOD.

"Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near."—ISAIAH lv. 6.

FOR the last two nights some of you may remember I have been speaking about the Son of man seeking that which was lost. Now to-night I want to bring out the other side—man seeking for God. "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near." Now in the 29th chapter of the prophecy of Jeremiah we are told how we may find God. God says, "Ye shall find Me when ye shall search for Me with all your heart." Now it won't take a great while for an anxious sinner to meet an anxious God. It won't take a great while for a man who is really in earnest about the salvation of his soul to find peace in Him. I never yet found a man really with his heart set upon this one thing—to find God,—but that he soon found his way into the Kingdom of Heaven. The great trouble with men is, that they are not really in earnest. Men don't seek for God

as they seek for wealth and position down here in this world. Suppose I should say to-night that I lost last night in this hall a diamond worth £20,000—which I didn't do; but suppose I should say I did, and that I would give any one £10,000 that found it. I would not give much for the sermon. You would be thinking about the diamond all the evening; you would be thinking, "I wish I could find that diamond. I should like that £10,000." And I can imagine as soon as the meeting was over—and some of you would not wait for that—you would look about and search this hall. How earnestly you would seek for that diamond! Well, is there a man or woman in this audience that will say that salvation is not worth more than all the diamonds in the world, and that it is not worth all the goods of this world? Now, is it not a fact that every man and woman here to-night can find God if they will? "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found." Why, the way that text reads implies that there is a time coming when man cannot find God, when men shall seek and not be able to find. We read of such a thing. We read of their knocking at the door when it is shut. We read that they sought with tears, but sought too late. Not but what there was a time. I believe there is a time in the history of every man when he can accept the gift of God, if he will; when he can press into the kingdom of God, if he will.

A LESSON FROM THE GOLD FIELDS.

When a man becomes really in earnest about the salvation of his soul, when a man seeks for that pearl of great price, the kingdom of God, as men seek for wealth and honor down here, and as men seek for position, then it is we will see hundreds and thousands pressing into the kingdom of God. I was out on the Pacific Coast three or four years ago, and the news would come to a town that there was gold found sometimes three or four hundred miles away. Then that town would be full of excitement; the fever would rise very high, and in course of twenty-four hours you would see men pack up, and away they would go, leaving their wives, their children, their homes, comfort and everything, and go off these hundreds of miles to seek for wealth. There was a report that a silver mine had been found in the Rocky Mountains, and men would go off thousands of miles, and go down into

the bowels of the earth, working hard, day and night, in order to find a little of the silver. I could not help but admire their earnestness. I am quite sure you like to see a man in earnest, and going into business with all his heart. You like to see a man, whatever he does, do it with a whole heart. You do not like a half-hearted man. Why should not we be just as much in earnest about the salvation of our souls as men are to accumulate wealth? Let a war break out, and there is a chance of men achieving honor on the battle-field, and men come forward and volunteer. They leave their homes, their wives, and their children, and go thousands of miles away, to India or China, or all round the world, if there is a chance of getting honor, just for a few short fleeting years, down here in this world. If men are willing to give up everything for wealth or honor in this life, how much more ought we to be willing to give up everything for the life to come! The gift of God is life without end, eternal life. May every anxious man and woman get it to-night. Of course you admit that this is worth more than everything else. If you do, why don't you ask for it? God says you shall find Him if you seek Him with all your heart.

A LIFEBOAT STORY.

I remember reading some time ago of a vessel being wrecked at sea. The lifeboats were lowered, and there were not enough boats to take all on board. There was one man in the water who, anxious to save his life, swam up to the lifeboat, and reached out his hand and wanted to get in, and one of the men in the boat drew a sword and cut off that hand. The man swam up again and laid hold of the boat with the other hand, and the man in the boat drew the sword again and cut off the other hand. But the man was so anxious and in earnest about saving his life, that he swam up again and seized the boat with his teeth. And then the men in the boat relented; they would not do any more to him; they could not cut off his head, so they took him into the boat and saved his life, because he was so much in earnest. See what men will do for their lives. Let a man be in a wrecked vessel who is worth a million sterling, and if that vessel can be saved from going down only by his giving away that million sterling, he will give it in a minute to save his life for a few short fleeting years. But here is ever-

lasting life, eternal life; that is the gift of God, and the Lord God says you shall have it when you call on Him. "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, and call ye upon Him while He is near."

TWO DUBLIN BROTHERS.

When we were in Sheffield a few weeks ago, there were two brothers that came from Dublin to Sheffield, and they came to the inquiry-room, and some one said to them as they were talking, "What brought you here? how is it you have come from Dublin?" Then the men said that they had had a brother converted in a meeting while we were there, and such a great change had come over him. They found that he possessed something that they had not got, and they had come to Sheffield in hopes of finding what their brother had found. Do you think these men did not find what they had come for? I never knew a man that tried but what he found peace.

AN ANXIOUS MOTHER.

I see right before me to-night a mother with her boy, a young man sitting by her side. A little while ago the mother left London and went to Dundee, because her heart was set upon the conversion of her two boys. I remember how she used to plead for these two boys. I remember talking with one of them one night, and I pleaded with him to accept Christ. The next morning we left for Glasgow, and they left for London; and when I came up to London a few days ago, that mother came to tell me that boy had been taken away by death. Now, you know, that mother took the boy off to Dundee that he might hear and be saved. It was a good thing to see a mother burdened for the salvation of her boy. It was God that put it in her heart to take that boy off to that distant city, that he might find peace. Mother, if you have a son out of Christ, let your prayers be going up to Christ day and night. Father, let us have your prayers that your son may be converted. Let us pray together and be in earnest about this great question of salvation. God was in earnest when He sent us the prophets, and we killed them. Then He sent us His only begotten Son, and we murdered Him. And after Christ went back to heaven He sent down the Holy Ghost. Oh, my friends, God is in earnest about the salvation of man's soul; and I would to God that London might wake up,

and that men throughout this city would be in earnest about the salvation of their souls. Is the Bible a myth, is the Bible a sham? If it is, why, then, away with it! But if it is true that man is lost, and that Christ is come to save him, then let us earnestly seek the kingdom of God. "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found." That is the text, and it applies to everyone here. These little children—I am glad to see them here night after night—may they seek the kingdom of God to-night. Little girl, seek the kingdom of God to-night. Young man, young lady, seek the kingdom of God to-night. And you who are advancing in the evening of life—your natural force is becoming abated; your eye is growing dim—my friend, make haste and get into the kingdom of God. Do not put off the salvation of your soul for another night; but let this be the night, let this be the hour that you accept of the gift of God. Make up your mind you will not leave this Hall to-night until you have sought the kingdom of God; until the great question of eternity is settled.

A PREPARATION FOR JUDGMENT.

Eighteen years ago, in America, there was a wave of blessing passed over the land. A great many people thought it was all excitement. You could get into the train at New York and go clear into the western prairie, and all along you would see the churches all open and lit up, and crowds of worshippers. The whole nation was moved, and half a million were brought into the Church of God. Little did we know what was taking place. God was preparing that nation for a baptism of blood. After a few years the terrible civil war broke out. It was God calling His children in. It was God preparing the nation for the great affliction brought upon us for our sin. I have noticed very often grace precedes judgment. I do not know what is going to take place. My friends, I am one of those men who believe God is working in a wonderful way. The tidings from every city is this—the people are praying. It is a question in my mind if there was ever so much prayer going up to God as at the present. Not only here, but all round the world, we have God's people making their hearts burdened for the salvation of souls. And is it not God working? Will there ever be a better time for you to seek the kingdom of God than the present, when there is such a great awakening, and when

there is such a spirit of expectation; when the Church of God is coming up as one man, and the spirit of unity prevails? Think of the praying ones here. Do you believe there were ever so many men and women praying for your soul as there are here to-night? Look over this audience—what are these Christians doing now? They are silently praying God. I can see they are praying. There is a young man with his mother sitting by his side. That mother is pleading, "God save my boy to-night!" May it go down deep into his soul! "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found." I call on you to come to God to-night. Can He be found to-night? Let me ask you that question. Do you believe it?

AN APPEAL TO THE MINISTERS.

I appeal to these ministers here—Do you believe that God can be found here to-night? I ask you ministers of religion whether you believe that God can be found here to-night? (The ministers on the platform loudly answered, "Yes.") Do you believe God can be found here to-night? (Replies of "Yes," from the audience.) Then, if it is true, do not trifle, do not make light. Call upon Him while He is here. Is He here? We have very good reason to believe that last night there were some that found Christ. If it is true He came into this hall last night and saved some, will He not save you to-night, if your heart is set upon that one thing, "I must be saved?" Is He not able and willing, and anxious to save you? And now, would you just ask Him? Let there be a cry from the very depths of your heart to-night, "Lord, God, save my soul. Lord, God, save me just now." Call upon Him while He is near. If He is near won't you call upon Him? Don't let that scoffing man next to you keep you out of the kingdom of God. There is a scornful look upon the face of that man next to you; perhaps he is making light of what I am saying. Don't mind him, don't look to him, but just look right up to God, and ask Him to save you. Now, every true friend—and you all have friends—every true friend, if you could get their advice to-night, would tell you to be saved now. Ask that minister sitting next to you, "Had I better seek the kingdom of God to-night?" What would he tell you? "By all means, don't put it off another minute." Ask that godly, praying mother by your

side, "Mother, is it best to seek the kingdom of God to-night?" Would she say put it off one week, or put it off one month? Do you think that mother would say that? There is not a Christian mother in this hall who would say it. I doubt if there is any unconverted mother either here whose advice would be to put off becoming a Christian. Ask that praying sister of yours, ask that praying brother, ask any friend you have here—if you are sitting near one—if it is not the very best thing you can do. And then shout up to heaven and ask Him who is sitting at the right hand of God, and who loves you more than your father or your mother, or anyone on earth—who loves you so much that He gave Himself for you; ask Him what He will have you do, and hear His voice rolling down from the throne of God, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God." That is what He will say. And then shout down to the infernal regions, and ask those down there—you may have some acquaintances gone there—and what will they say? What did that man say we hear of there? "Send someone to my father's house, for I have five brethren, that he may testify unto them, lest they also come into this place." Heaven, earth, and hell unite in this one thing—"Seek first the kingdom of God." Don't put it off. Call upon Him while He is near. And if you call upon Him in real earnest He will hear that call.

THE PENITENT THIEF.

Look at the thief on the cross. It may have been the thief had a praying mother, and that mother may have taught him this 55th chapter of Isaiah. That mother may have taught him this very verse; and while on the cross it flashed across him, and he remembered the teaching of his mother, and said, "This is truly the God man." And he heard Christ make that wonderful prayer—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do;" and then the thief called upon Him, "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom." And no sooner did that prayer fall upon the ears of the Son of God, than He answered it, "This day shalt thou be with Me in paradise." He called, and the Son of God answered him. Blind Bartimeus when the Son of God went by called out, and they tried to hush him, but the Lord heard his call and prayer, and He answered his prayer and gave him his sight. Oh,

my friends, to-night call upon Him, and He will have mercy upon you, and open your eyes and give you sight. Look at that poor leper. He cried, "Lord, if Thou wilt Thou canst make me clean." And the Lord answered him, "I will; be thou clean." Don't forget, my friends, that there is a time coming when your calling and your prayer will not be answered; when you will call to the mountains and hills to cover you from the wrath of God. We are hasting on to the time when London and other places will pray; when scoffers will pray and call on the mountains and rocks to cover them from the wrath of the Lamb. Their prayer has already been put in print for that terrible day of the Son of man which is coming. What does God say? "Seek the Lord while He may be found." My friends, seek Him to-night. He can be found here to-night.

TOO LATE.

I have no doubt that those who would not pray when the ark was building, prayed when the flood came, but their prayer was not answered. I have no doubt that when Lot went out of Sodom, Sodom cried to God, but it was too late, and God's judgment swept them from the earth. My friends, it is not too late now, but it may be at twelve o'clock to-night. I cannot find any place in this Bible where I can say you can call to-morrow. I am not justified in saying that. There it is said, "Behold, now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." Those men of Jerusalem, what a golden opportunity they had, with Christ in their midst. We see the Son of God weeping over Jerusalem, His heart bursting with grief for the city as He cried, "Oh! Jerusalem, Jerusalem! thou that stonest the prophets, how often would I have gathered thee as a hen gathereth her brood, but ye would not." He could look down forty years, and see Titus coming with his army, and besieging that city. Eleven hundred thousand people perished in that city. They called upon God then, but it was too late. To-night it is a day of mercy. It may be I am talking to someone to-night whose days of grace may be short, to someone who may be snatched away very soon. There may be someone here to-night who will never hear another Gospel sermon; someone who may be hearing the last call. My friends, be wise to-night. Make up your mind that this

shall be the night, and this the very hour that you will seek the kingdom of God, and seek it with all your heart.

AN INCIDENT AT NIAGARA.

A few years ago, two young men were seen on the Niagara river in a little canoe. They were drinking champagne, and having what they called a jolly time. Some of the men on the shore saw their danger, as they were hastening on towards the cataract, and they lifted up their voices and warned them; but the young men only mocked them, as the current swept them along. They were not rowing, they were doing nothing. Some people think if they are doing nothing they will be saved. My friends, if you just neglect salvation you will be lost. You are in the current of time which is sweeping you on towards eternity. Well, these young men were not rowing, but the current was taking them on. It wasn't long before someone else saw them and lifted up their voices; but they only made light of them. And the same is happening here to-night. The current bore them on towards death. At last a third party saw them further on, and lifted up their voices, and told them the cataract was not far away. But the men made a mock of them, and made light of what they said; and the current still swept them on. At last one of them said, "Hark! I hear the rapid." They seized the oars and pulled against the current; but it was too late. They had got too far down, and in a little time two men were seen going down the fall, and they leaped over into the jaws of death. How many in London are doing the same thing? You are warned again to-night. My warning to-night is that you seek the kingdom of God. Make up your mind not to leave this hall until you have accepted the gift of God, which is eternal life. God wants to bestow it upon every one. Do not neglect the appeal of to-night; but "turn ye, for why will ye die, oh, house of Israel?" Oh! that all of you may turn unto the Lord and live.

A STORY FROM THE FARM.

A few years ago, before I had left the farm, I was talking one day to a man who was working there, and who was weeping. I said to him, "What is the trouble?" And he told me a very strange story. When he started out in life, he left his native village, and went to another town to find

something to do, and he said he was unsuccessful. The first Sabbath he went to a little church, and there the minister preached from this text: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God;" and he said that he thought the text and the sermon were for himself. The sermon made a deep impression upon him, and he could not forget it for some days. But he said he did not want to become a Christian then. He wanted to get rich, and when he was settled in life he would seek the kingdom of God. He went on, and the next Sabbath he was in another village, and he went to church again, and he made a point of going to church every Sunday morning. It was not long before he heard another minister preach from the same text, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God." He thought surely some one must have been speaking to the minister about him. For the minister just pictured him out. But he said he would not seek the kingdom of God then; but when he got settled in life, and had control of his time, and was his own master, he would then seek the kingdom of God. Some time after he was at another village, and he went to church again, and he had not been going a great while when he heard the third minister preach from the same text: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all things else shall be added." He said it went right down into his soul; but he calmly and deliberately made up his mind that he would not become a Christian, that he would not seek the kingdom of God, until he had got settled in life, and owned his farm, and then he would attend to the salvation of his soul. Many a man thinks he can't make money if he becomes a Christian. How the devil deceives you! This man said, "Now I am what the world calls rich. I go to church every Sunday, but I have never heard a sermon from that day to this which has ever made any impression upon my heart. My heart is as hard as a stone." As he said that tears trickled down his cheeks. I was a young man at that time and did not know what it meant.

IN THE ASYLUM.

When I was converted the first man that came to my mind was this man, and I thought when I should go back home I would see him, and tell him, and preach Christ to him. When I went back home I said to my widowed mother, naming this man, "Is he still living in the same place?"

My mother said, "Didn't I write to you about him?" I said, "No, you didn't; what about him?" "He is gone mad, and has been taken away to the insane asylum, and everyone that goes up to see him he points his finger at and says, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God.' I thought I should like to see him, but I found he was so far gone that it would do no good, and therefore I didn't go. The next time I returned home my mother told me he was at home idiotic. I went to the house to see him, and there was that vacant look in his eye when I went in. I said, "Do you know me?" He pointed his finger at me, and said, "Young man, seek ye first the kingdom of God." God had driven that text into his mind, but his reason was gone. The next time I returned home he was gone; and three years ago last autumn, when I visited my father's grave, I noticed a new grave-stone had been put up. I stopped to read it, and found it was my friend's. The autumn wind was making a mournful noise, and I seemed to hear the wind whispering the text, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God." Now, my friend, will you seek the face of God? Will you seek the kingdom of God to-night, with all your heart? Seek the Lord while He may be found. You have heard these witnesses say that He may be found here to-night. Is not it the very worst thing you can do to go out of this hall without obtaining salvation, without being saved? Young man, make up your mind this night that you will seek the kingdom of God now. Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation. Christ is inviting you to come—"Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Oh, may we all find rest in Christ to-night.

V.

THE CALL TO SELF-EXAMINATION.

"Where art thou?"—GENESIS iii. 9.

THIS was the first question put to man after his fall. As I said the other night, Adam would have gone up and down Eden crying out, "My God, my God, where art Thou?" but God took the place of the seeker. God came down, and indeed you hear His voice ringing and echoing through the Garden of Eden, "Adam, where art

thou?" It was the voice of grace, it was the voice of love, it was a loving God seeking after His lost one. "Adam, where art thou?" Six thousand years have rolled away, and yet this text has come rolling on down the ages. I doubt whether there has been any one of Adam's sons who has not heard this text at some period or other of his life—sometimes in the midnight hour stealing over—"Where am I? Who am I? Where am I going? and what is going to be the end of this?" I think it is well for a man to pause and ask himself that question; and will you do it to-night, my friends? I do not ask you where you are in the sight of your neighbors; I do not ask you where you are in the sight of your friends; I do not ask you where you are in the sight of the community in which you live. It is of very little account where we are in the sight of one another, it is of very little account what men think of us; but it is of vast importance what God thinks of us—it is of vast importance to know where men are in the sight of God; and that is the question to-night. It was the first question put to man after his fall. It was a very small audience that God had, Adam and his wife, and God was the preacher. Adam, like a great many of us, in fact, like the whole of the human race, thought he could hide from God. "After he had fallen he went away and hid." Many and many a one here to-night in this hall undoubtedly has the same thought. He thinks that his life is hid; he thinks that God does not know anything about him, that God's eye is not upon him. But, my friends, God knows all about him; God knows our lives a great deal better than we do; God's eye is bent upon us from our earliest childhood up. By day and by night God's eye is bent upon every one in this hall. And now, my friends, I would just ask you to ask yourselves, "Where am I?" Ah! "Where art thou?" I wish I could get this audience just to stop five minutes and think. That is just what the devil does not want you to do. Think, my friends, think.

I want to divide this audience into three classes, and I think it is a proper division. There are just three classes here to-night. The first class are those that are Christians or professing Christians; and the second class those that have wandered from God, and are what the Bible calls backsliders; and the last class are those that never have been saved.

THE CURSE OF CHRISTIANITY.

I. Now, would the Christians here to-night in this hall, each one, just take that question home. I do not mean to stand here and say that I am on a higher platform than the rest of you, or that I do not mean to apply this question to myself; but it is good for Christians to stop sometimes and ask, "Where am I in the sight of God? What am I doing? Is my life here as it should be in the community I live in? Am I a light in this dark world?" Now Christ says, "Ye are My witnesses." Christ was the Light of the world, and the world would not have the true Light; the world rose up and put out the Light, and now Christ says, "I leave you down here to testify here of Me; I leave you down here as My witnesses." That is what the apostle meant when he said that Christians are to be living epistles, known and read of all men. I will venture to say that if I just ask those who profess to be Christians—those that really are Christians—to rise in this hall, and by that act say, "I am on the Lord's side," there would not be many of you who would be with me; there would be many of you who would say, "I do not think it is right to have it put in that way." But Paul tells us to be ready to give a reason for the hope that is within us. I do not have much hope of there being a reformation until we get a division between the Church and the world. If a man is for God, let him say so. If a man is for God, let him come out and be on God's side; and if he is for the world, let him be in the world. This serving God and the world at the same time—this being on both sides at the same time—is just the curse of Christianity at the present time. It retards the progress of Christianity more than any other thing. "If any man will be My disciple, let him take up his cross and come after Me." And in another place He says, "Let him take up his cross daily and follow Me." Now, what does London want?

THE QUESTION OF A DUBLIN MAN.

I see a man on this platform—I do not know if he remembers it—but when I was here in 1867, there was a merchant who came over from Dublin, and was talking with this business man in London; and as I happened to look in, this business man in London introduced me to the man from Dublin. The Dublin man said to the

London man, alluding to me, "Is this young man all O O?" Said the London man, "What do you mean by O O?" Said the Dublin man, "Is he Out-and-Out for Christ?" I tell you it burned down into my soul. This friend said I was a little ashamed, but I thought I was not, though I was a young man then. It means a good deal to be O O for Christ, but that is what all Christians ought to be, and their influence would be felt in this city very soon, if men who are on the Lord's side would come out and take their stand, and lift up their voices in season and out of season.

Professed child of God, where art thou? Now take it home with you; take it to heart to-night; ask, Where am I? There are a great many in the Church who make one profession, and that is about all you hear of them; and when they come to die you have to go and hunt up some musty old church records to know whether they were Christians or not. God won't do that. I have an idea that when Daniel died, all the men in Babylon knew whom he served. There was no need for them to hunt up old books. His life told his story. What we want is men with a little courage to stand up for Christ. When Christianity wakes up, and every child that belongs to the Lord is willing to speak for Him, is willing to work for Him, and, if need be, willing to die for Him, then Christianity will advance, and we shall see the work of the Lord prosper. There is one thing which I fear more than anything else, and that is the dead, cold formalism of the Church of God. Talk about the *isms*! Put them all together, and I do not fear them so much as dead, cold formalism. Talk about the false *isms*! There is none so dangerous as this dead, cold formalism which has come right into the heart of the Church. There are so many of us just sleeping and slumbering while souls all around are perishing.

AN AMERICAN ANECDOTE.

There was a little story going the round of the American press that made a great impression upon me as a father. A father took his little child out into the field one Sabbath, and he lay down under a beautiful shady tree, it being a hot day. The little child ran about gathering wild flowers and little blades of grass, and coming to its father and saying, "Pretty! pretty!" At last the father fell asleep, and while he

was sleeping, the little child wandered away. When he awoke, his first thought was, "Where is my child?" He looked all around, but he could not see him. He shouted at the top of his voice, and all he heard was the echo of his own voice. Running to a little hill, he looked around and shouted again, but all he heard was the echo of his own voice. No response! Then going to a precipice at some distance, he looked down, and there upon the rocks and briers, he saw the mangled form of his loved child. He rushed to the spot, took up the lifeless corpse and hugged it to his bosom, and accused himself of being the murderer of his own child. While he was sleeping his child had wandered over the precipice. I thought as I heard that, what a picture of the Church of God! How many fathers and mothers, how many Christian men are sleeping now while their children wander over the terrible precipice a thousand times worse than that precipice, right into the bottomless pit of hell. Father, where is your boy to-night? It may be just out here in some public-house; it may be reeling through the streets of London, drunk; it may be pressing on down to a drunkard's grave. How many fathers and mothers are there in London—yes, praying Christians too—whose children are wandering away while they are slumbering and sleeping? Is it not time that the Church of God should wake up and come to the help of the Lord as one man, and strive to beat back those dark waves of death that roll through our streets, bearing upon their bosom the noblest young men we have? Oh, my God, wake up the Church! And let us trim our lights and go forth and work for the kingdom of God.

THE GOSPEL TAKING A FRESH START.

My friends, I believe there has never been a time, in our day at least, when work for Christ was more needed than at present. I do not believe there ever was in your day and mine a time when the Spirit of God was more poured out upon the world. There is not a part of Christendom where the work is not being carried on, and it looks very much as if the glad tidings were just going to take, as it were, a fresh start and go round the globe. It is time for you, Christians here in London, to rise as one man. You live at the very centre of the world, and if London is moved, the world is moved. May the Lon-

don Christians come up as one man. Thank God you are here to-night, and may God fire up every heart. It is not only brains that are wanted, but the heart on fire, and when the heart is on fire and filled with the Holy Spirit, and with the love of God, then God can use us and work through us.

A SCOTTISH BACKSLIDER.

2. But the other class—backsliders—where are you? I can just imagine over there a young man who came up to London five years ago. Perhaps he came from Scotland. He was a member of the Church there; he was a teacher in a Sabbath-school; but when he came to London he found society a little different from what it was in Scotland. He found himself among strangers, and he thought he would not just take a class at once in the Sabbath-school. So he gave up teaching in the Sabbath-school; he gave up all work for Christ. It may be a few months ago he was invited to go to a theatre; and although your conscience said you ought not to go, you went. And then you were invited into a public-house. It may be you got to drinking; it may be you are under the influence of liquor here to-night. Young man, "where art thou?" Come now, backslider, tell me, are you happy? Have you had a happy hour since you left Christ? Does the world satisfy you? Do those husks that you have got far off in a foreign country satisfy you? I have traveled much for a young man, but I never found a happy backslider in my life. I never saw a man that was really born of God, and born again, and born of the Spirit, that ever could find the world satisfy him afterward. I pity the backslider, but I want to tell you that the Lord Jesus pities you a good deal more than any one else can pity you. He knows how bitter your life is, He knows how dark your life is, and He wants you to come home. Oh, backslider, come home to-night. I have come with a loving message from your Father. He will receive you with joy and gladness, and He will say as of him mentioned in Luke xv., "Bring out the best robe, and put it upon him, kill the fatted calf, put a ring on his hands and shoes on his feet, and let us rejoice and be glad, for the wanderer is come home, the dead is alive again." Oh, prodigal, come home to night. Backslider, while I am speaking, say down in the depths of your

heart, "I will come back to-night." Say as the prodigal of old did, "I will arise and go to my Father," and He will receive you. I never heard of a backslider coming home but God received him. I never heard of a prodigal with his face toward home but God was ready to receive him. Did you ever read of such? Never. I defy any man to say he ever knew a really honest backslider want to get home but God was willing to take him in. And He takes you back just as you are. He will restore His love unto your heart to-night if you will only come.

A CHICAGO BOY AND THE GAMBLERS.

A good many years ago, before Chicago had become a large city, it was a grain market. There were no railways running there then, and the grain used to be shipped on the lake. There was a man living out in the Western prairies, a good many miles from Chicago, a farmer and a minister (that was a very common thing in those early days out in the West), and he sent his only son into Chicago with a load of grain. He waited and waited for his boy to return, but he did not come home. At last the father could wait no longer, so he saddled his horse and went into Chicago. He went round to the places where he had sent his boy to sell grain, and he found that he had sold it. Then he feared that some one had murdered him, and he got detectives on his track. They tracked him into a gambling den, where he had gambled away the whole of his money. After he had done that the men said, "Sell your horses and machine and then you can get all the money back again and go home to your father, and no one will know anything at all about it." That is the way the devil leads men on. He sold his horses and machine, and gambled that money away too. Like the man who was going to Jericho, they stripped him, and then they cared no more about him. What could he do? He was ashamed to go home to meet his father, and he fled. The father knew what it all meant. He knew the boy was ashamed to come home. He was grieved to think that the boy should have such feelings towards him. That is just exactly like the sinner. He thinks because he has sinned God will have nothing to do with him. My friend, if you have sinned, come and ask God to forgive you. And He will forgive you. What did that father do? Did he say, "Let the boy go?" No; he went after him. He arranged his

business and started after the boy. And I want to say to you that from the time when Adam fell to the present time God has been seeking after His children. That man went from town to town. When he got into the pulpit to preach, when he had finished his sermon he told the story of how he had lost his boy, and described him, and he asked any of the audience who might ever meet with him to write and let him know. At last he found that he had gone to California, thousands of miles away. Did that father say, "Let him go"? No, off he went to the Pacific coast, seeking the boy. He went to San Francisco, and he advertised in the paper that he would preach at such a church on such a day. When he had preached he told his story, in hopes that the boy might have seen the advertisement and come to the church. When he had done, away under the gallery there was a young man who waited until the audience had gone out; then he came towards the pulpit. The father looked, and saw it was that boy, and he ran to him, and pressed him to his bosom. The boy wanted to confess what he had done, but not a word would the father hear. He forgave him freely, and took him to his home. My friends, you have been enticed away by the devil; now, God is inviting you to come home to-night. Don't go out of this hall until you have returned to your Father's house. Come home, oh, backslider. Oh, wanderer, return to-night.

ALL SEEKERS FINDERS.

3. The last class I want to speak for a few minutes are those that have no God, no hope, no Christ, no peace, no joy. I want to tell you to-night how you can be saved if you will. If you really want to pass from death to life, if you want to become an heir of eternal life, if you want to become a child of God, make up your mind this night that you will seek the Kingdom of God; I tell you upon the authority of this Word that if you seek the Kingdom of God you will find it. No man ever sought Christ with a heart to find Him who did not find Him. Now stop a moment. Let us be still just for a moment; for if there is any time in a man's life when he wants to think, it is on an occasion like this. Now, friends, you that are not Christians, just ask yourselves where you are. Ask, "Where am I?" Here you are, surrounded by a praying circle. Young man, right by your side, it

may be, is your father, and at this very minute he is lifting his prayers to God for you. I have received numbers of letters from mothers, stating that their young men would be here to-night, and they are praying for you. Young man, will you not yield to that praying mother? Will you not go home to-night and make her heart glad by telling her that you have given yourself to Jesus, that her God is your God? While the minister is offering salvation, there are men praying for your salvation. Just lay hold on eternal life. Make up your mind that you will not go away until the great question is settled. I never knew a man make up his mind to have the question settled, but it was settled soon. This last year there has been a solemn feeling stealing over me. I am what they call in the middle of life, in the prime of life. I look upon life as a man going up a hill, and then down again. I have got to the top of the hill, if I should live the full term of life—three-score years and ten, and am just on the other side. I am speaking to many here who are also on the top of the hill, and I ask you, if you are not Christians, just to pause a few minutes, and ask yourselves where you are. Let us look back on the hill that we have been climbing. What do you see? Yonder a gravestone; it marks the grave of a praying mother. Did you not promise her when she was dying that you would meet her in heaven? Am I not speaking to some here to-night who made that solemn promise? Young man, have you kept it? Look a little further up the hill. There is a gravestone that marks the grave of a little child—it may have been a little lovely girl—perhaps her name was Mary; or it may have been a boy, Charlie; and when that child was taken from you, did you not promise God, and did not you promise the child, that you would meet it in heaven? Is the promise kept? Think! Are you still fighting against God? Are you still hardening your hearts? I would to God that you would to-night settle this question. Now, look down the hill. What do you see? Yonder there is a grave: we cannot tell how many days, or years, or weeks it is away; we are hastening towards that grave. It may be the coffin is already made that this body shall be laid in; it may be that the shroud is already waiting. My friend, is it not the height of madness to put off salvation so long? Undoubtedly I am speaking to some who will be in eter-

nity a week from now. In a large audience like this, during the next week death will surely come and snatch some away; it may be the speaker, or it may be some one who is listening. Why put off the question another day? Why say to the Lord Jesus, again to-night, "Go Thy way this time, and when I have a more convenient season I will call for Thee?" Why not let Him come in to-night? Why not open your heart, and say, "King of Glory, come in?" He will receive you.

THREE STEPS TO PERDITION.

You know there are three steps to the lost world; let me give you their names. The first is Neglect. All a man has to do is to neglect salvation, and that will take him to the lost world. Some people say, "What have I done?" Why, if you merely neglect salvation you will be lost. I am on a swift river and lying in the bottom of my little boat; all I have to do is to fold my arms, and the current will carry me out to sea. So all that a man has to do is to fold his arms in the current of life, and he will drift on and be lost. The second step is Refusal. There are many who have got on the first step, neglect. If I met you at the door and pressed this question on you, you would say, "Not to-night, Mr. Moody, not to-night." But there are others of you who, if I said, "I want you to press into the kingdom of God," would politely refuse:—"I will not become a Christian to-night; I know I ought, but I won't to-night." Then the last step is to despise it. Some of you have already got on the lower round of the ladder. You despise Christ. I see some of you looking at me with scorn and contempt. You hate Christ, you hate Christianity; you hate the best people on earth and the best friends you have got; and if I were to offer you the Bible you would tear it up and put your foot upon it. Oh, despisers! you will soon be in another world. Make haste and repent and turn to God. Now, on which step are you, my friend—neglecting, or refusing, or despising? Bear in mind that a great many are taken off from the first step: they die in neglect. And a great many are taken away refusing. And a great many are on the last step, despising salvation. I wish I could settle this question for you. I wish I could bleed for you. Won't you come? Everything that is pure and holy and lovely is beckoning us to a world of love and peace; everything that is polluted and vile

and hellish and carnal is beckoning us down. I set before you life and death; which will you choose? When Pilate had Christ on his hands, he said, "What shall I do with Him?" and the multitude cried out, "Away with Him! crucify Him!" Young men, is that your language to-night? Do you say, "Away with this Gospel! Away with Christianity! Away with your prayers, your sermons, your Gospel sounds! I do not want Christ?" Or will you be wise and say, "Lord Jesus, I want Thee, I need Thee, I will have Thee?" May God bring you to that decision!

THE CHILD ANGEL.

I will tell you an anecdote now, because the man of whom the story is told may represent many in this audience to-night. A few years ago I was attending a Sabbath-school convention in a little town, where a man to whom I was a stranger took me into his house. It was a warm day and the curtains were down, so that the room was dark. His wife was in bed, and he excused himself because he had some matters to attend to. I was left alone. It was so dark that I could not read, and I walked up and down the room till I felt lonely. Presently he came in, and I said, "Have you no children?" I am very fond of children, and I thought if he had any I could play with them. He said no; he had one, but God had taken her from him; she was in heaven, and he said he was glad of it. I said, "Glad that your only child is dead?" "Yes," he said. "How is that?" I asked. "Was she deformed, or was anything wrong with her?" "No," said he, "she was as perfect as could be;" and he got up and brought me one of those old fashioned daguerreotypes—a portrait of a beautiful girl, with golden curls falling down her neck, more like an angel than a child. I asked how old she was. "Seven." "What do you mean by saying you are glad she is in heaven?" "Well," said he, "I worshiped that child, that child was in all my plans, I was making money for my child, and every Sunday I spent hours with her; she was the idol of my heart, but I did not know it. One day I found my child sick. I did not think it was dangerous, but in a few days she died, and I accused God of being unjust in sparing the families of others and taking away my child, and I refused to be reconciled. I would have torn God from His throne if I could. For three days and nights I

neither ate, nor drank, nor slept. I was almost mad. On the third day I buried her, and when I came home, as I walked up and down the room, I thought I heard the voice of my little one; but then I thought, 'No, that voice is hushed forever.' Then I thought I heard her little feet coming towards me, but then I said, 'No, I shall never hear those little feet again.' At last I threw myself on my bed, and began to weep. Nature gave way, and I fell asleep. I had a dream. I suppose it was a dream; but it has always seemed to me more like a vision. I thought I was crossing a waste, barren field, and I came to a river that looked so cold and dark and dreary that I drew back from it; but, looking across, I saw the most beautiful land my eyes had ever rested upon; and as I gazed I thought that death and sickness and disease could never enter there. Then I saw a company on the other side, and among them my own darling child. She came to the bank of the river, and waving her little angel hand, said, 'Father, come right this way; it is so beautiful here;' and she beckoned me to the world of light. I then went to the water's edge, and thought I would plunge in, but it was too deep for me—I could not swim. I thought I would give anything to cross. I tried to find a boat, but there was no ferryman. I looked for a bridge, but there was none; and while I was wandering up and down the little angel voice came across the stream, 'Come right this way, father; it is beautiful here!' All at once I heard a voice as if it came from heaven, saying, 'I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life. No man cometh unto the Father but by Me.' The voice awoke me from sleep. I thought it was my God calling me, and that if I would ever see my child again I must come to God through Jesus Christ. That night I knelt beside my bed and gave myself to God. Now I no longer look upon my child as sleeping in her grave, but I see her with the eye of faith in that beautiful land, and every night when I lie down I hear her sweet voice saying, 'Come right this way, father,' and every morning I hear her repeating the same words. Now my wife is converted. I am superintendent of the Sabbath-school, and eight children have been converted, and I am trying to get as many converted as I can to go with me to that beautiful land." Undoubtedly I am speaking to some father to-night with a lost one in that world. If that child

could speak to you, would it not say, "Come right this way, father?" And many a young man is here who has a sainted mother or sister in heaven. If she could now speak from the battlements of heaven, would not the words be, "Come right this way, my brother," "Come right this way, my son"? Oh, thank God that we have all got an elder Brother across the stream. The Son of God stands on the banks to-night, calling to every one, "Come this way, my child." Young man, won't you rise and go to your Father to-night? May God call you home, wanderer! May every backslider return and press into the kingdom. I beg of you as a friend, do not leave this hall to-night until you have sought the kingdom of God. Make up your mind this night and this hour that you will press into the kingdom.

VI.

THE NEW BIRTH.

"Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."—JOHN iii. 3.

MUCH less inherit it. He can't even get a glimpse of the kingdom of God except he be born again. I believe that we have the most important subject before us to-night that will ever come before us in this world. I don't believe there is any truth in the whole Bible so important as the truth brought out in the third chapter of the Gospel of John.

It is the A B C of God's alphabet. If a man is unsound on regeneration, he is unsound on everything. That is really the foundation stone; and he must get the foundation right. If he don't, what is the good of trying to build a house? Now, He says plainly, "Except a man be born again." And although regeneration, or the new birth, is taught so plain in the third chapter of John, I don't believe there is any truth in the whole Bible that the church and the world are so mixed up on, and in such great darkness about, as this great truth in the third chapter of John. There are a great many that are, as it were, like the man that saw men as trees walking. Many Christians do not seem to be just in a mind about this new birth.

BORN A CHRISTIAN.

Only this afternoon, as I was in the inquiry-room, a person came in, and I said,

"Are you a Christian?" "Why," she says, "of course I am." "Well," I said, "how long have you been one?" "Oh, sir, I was born one." "Oh! indeed, then I am very glad to take you by the hand; I congratulate you; you are the first woman I ever met who was born a Christian; you are more fortunate than others; they are born children of Adam." She hesitated a little, and then tried to make out that, because she was born in England, she was a Christian. There are a great many who have the idea that, because they are born in England or a Christian country, they have been born of the Spirit. Now, in this third chapter of John, the new birth is brought out so plain, that if any one will read it carefully and prayerfully, I think their eyes will soon be opened. That which is born of the flesh is flesh; it remains flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit, and that remains spirit. So, when a man is born of God, he has God's nature. When a man is born of his parents, he receives their nature, and they received the nature of their parents, and you can trace it back to Eden. We have received the nature of the first Adam, but when a man is born of God, or born from above, or born of the Spirit—that is the way the Holy Ghost puts it in that third verse—he receives God's nature, and then it is he leaves the life of the flesh for the life of the Spirit.

SATAN GOING TO CHURCH.

Before I go on I want to say one thing: and that is, what this new birth, or being born of the Spirit, is not. A great many think they have been born again because they go to church. A great many say, "Oh, yes, I am a Christian; I go to church every Sabbath." Let me say here that there is no one that goes to church so regularly in all London as Satan. He is always there before the minister, and he is the last one out of the church. There is not a church in London, or a chapel, but that he is a regular attendant of it. The idea that he is only down in the slums and lanes and alleys of London is a false idea. The idea that he is only in public-houses—I will confess I think he is there, and that he is doing his work very well—but to think that he is only there is a false idea. He is wherever the Word is preached; it is his business to be there, and catch away the seed. He is here to-night. Some of you may go to sleep, but he won't. Some of you may not listen to the sermon, but

he will. He will be watching, and when the seed is just entering into some heart he will go and catch it away. May God rebuke Satan to-night, and may the Word of God fall deep into the hearts of many. May many be called to-night.

A CHRISTIAN BECAUSE BAPTIZED.

Another class say, "Oh, yes, I am a Christian, because I was baptized." Now, I want to say here that baptism is one thing, and being born again is another. Because a person is baptized, you would not say that that is new birth. Would you call that being born from above? You cannot baptize a man into the kingdom of God. Now, bear that in mind. If I could save men by baptizing them, you would not catch me preaching. I would get water and baptize them; that would be the quickest way. It would be no use to be praying and pleading for men to flee from the wrath of God. But, you can never get them into the kingdom of God by baptism. Baptism is all right in its place. I am not here crying down church ordinances; I am talking about the new birth, and there are a great many, I believe, being deceived on this one point, that because they have been baptized at some time of their life they have become Christians. But that is not new birth; that is not being born from above and of the Spirit. Do not let Satan deceive you, my friends, on that point, for it is a very important truth; and we want to have every one here to-night to understand, and I hope the Spirit of God will make plain the difference between baptism and conversion, or regeneration, or being born of the Spirit, or being born again.

JOINING THE CHURCH.

There is another class that say, "Oh, yes, I became a Christian when I joined the church—the day when I united with the church." That ain't being born again. What is that to do with the new birth, being united with the church on earth? There are a great many united with the church who are on their way to death and ruin. A great many have no hope of eternal life who are members of the church. One of the twelve Christ chose to follow Him turned out a hypocrite and a traitor; he was not loyal to Christ at heart. My friends, don't just build your hope of heaven upon some profession of your faith;

but bear in mind it is the being born of God. Now just let me stop a minute, and you just think, and ask yourselves that question, "Have I been born again?" It is the most solemn question that will ever come before you down here—"Have I been born from above? Have I been born of the Spirit?" It ain't making some new resolutions. You have made enough of them. That ain't the new birth. I never met any one who had not made some good resolutions in their life. It ain't trying to do good. A great many say, "I try to do the best I can and I think it will come out all right." What is that to do with the new birth and the new creation? It don't say to him that tries to do the best he can, but to him that believeth or that is born of the Spirit; and "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God."

INSTANTANEOUS CONVERSION.

Now, I believe this birth is instantaneous. I have met a great many people who cannot tell the day or the hour of their conversion; but there must have been a time when they passed from death unto life—when they were born of the Spirit.

There must have been a time when their names were written in the Book of Life. They may not be conscious of the day, or the hour, or the week, or the month, or the year; but, my friends, I beg of you to be sure that they have been born of the Spirit. Don't be deceived upon this one truth, because Christ Himself says, "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God."

As I said before, when I was born of my parents I received their nature, I received the nature of the flesh; and I cannot serve God in the flesh. "God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." And before a man can worship God he must be born of God; he must be born of the Spirit. Then with this new birth, with this new life he can serve God. Then the yoke is easy; then the burden is light. A man may as well try to fly to the moon as to serve God before he has been born of the Spirit. It is utterly impossible. The natural man is at enmity against God; his natural heart is at war with God; it always has been, and it always will be. And not only that, but you cannot make it better. Somebody said that God never mends. God creates anew; therefore don't be trying to patch up that old Adam nature. God says, "It

shall never come into My presence." Therefore God has just set it aside. But He tells us how we are to come into His presence, and how we are to get into His kingdom. This is worthy to be borne in mind. You cannot educate men into it. That is what the world is trying to do. But he that climbeth up by some other way than the Lord's way the same is a thief and a robber. You had better be born into it in God's way.

FOREIGNERS HAVE NO RIGHT TO COMPLAIN.

We have a law in America that no man shall be President of the United States that has not been born on American soil. We have a great many Englishmen come to America; but I have never heard one complain about that law. We have a great many Germans, Scotchmen, Irishmen, and Welshmen, in fact men from all parts of the world, who come to America, and yet I have never heard one complain about that law. They say America has the right to say who shall be President. I come here to your country, and I do not complain because you have a Queen to reign over you. What right have I to complain? Has not England a right to say who shall rule it, and who shall be its Queen? Foreigners have no right to interfere. And I would like to ask you this question, Has not God a right to say who shall come into His kingdom, and how we shall come? Now, my friend, God tells us here we are to come into His kingdom by the new birth. We must be born from above, born of the Spirit, and then we get a nature that goes out towards God. If you take a drunken man, and put him on the very pavement of heaven, he will not be happy there. The drunkard doesn't want heaven. What is he to do there? He has no whiskey to drink there, and he has none of his old companions. What is he to do? He would say, "This is hell to me. I don't want to sit here." A man that cannot spend one Sabbath on earth among God's people, what is he to do with that eternal Sabbath, with those that have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb? A man must have a spiritual nature before he wants to go to heaven. Heaven cannot have any attractions to a man until he is born out of heaven of the Spirit.

A WORD FOR THE MORALISTS.

Now let us go back to this man that

Christ said these words here to. I often rejoice He didn't say this to that woman at the well, nor to that woman Mr. Sankey has been singing about to-night. If He had said to them, people would have said, "Oh, that poor woman needs to be converted; but I am a moralist; I don't need to be converted. Regeneration will do for harlots, thieves, and drunkards, but we moralists do not need it." But who did Christ say it to? He said it to Nicodemus. Who was he? He belonged to the house of bishops. He would have been a bishop if he had been here. Nicodemus stood very high; he was one of the church dignitaries; he stood as high as any man in Jerusalem, except the high priest himself. He belonged to the seventy rulers of the Jews; he was a doctor of divinity, and taught the law. There is not one word of Scripture against him; he was a man that stood out before the whole nation as of pure and spotless character. What does Christ say to him? "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." I can see a scowl on his forehead. He says, "What do you mean by being born again—born from above, born of the Spirit? Now I am old, can I a second time enter my mother's womb, and be born again?" Jesus saith, "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water, and of the Spirit, he cannot see the kingdom of God." He didn't take back what He had said, but he just repeated it—"Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." I can just imagine Nicodemus was like tens of thousands of men in London to-day. The moment you talk to them about regeneration or conversion, there is a scowl on their forehead. They say, "I don't understand it." Of course, the natural man don't understand spiritual things. It is a matter of revelation. I hope God will reveal Himself to many a soul here to-night. A great many men try to investigate and find out God. Suppose you spend a little of your time in asking God to reveal Himself to you.

A TALK IN THE SMOKING-ROOM.

I heard, some time ago, of some commercial travelers who went to hear a man preach. They came back to the hotel, and were sitting in the smoking-room, talking, and they said the minister did not appeal to their reason, and they would not believe anything they could not reason out. There was an old man sitting there listening, and

he said to them, "You say you won't believe anything you can't reason out?" "No, we won't." The old man said, "As I was coming on the train, yesterday, I noticed some sheep and cattle and swine and geese, all eating grass. Now, can you tell me by what process that same grass was turned into feathers, hair, bristles, and wool?" "Well, no, we can't just tell you that." "Do you believe it is a fact?" "Oh, yes, it is a fact." "I thought you said you would not believe anything you could not reason out?" "Well, we can't help believing that; that is a fact we see before our eyes." "Well," said the old man, "I can't help but believe in regeneration, and a man being converted, although I cannot explain how God converted him." I have no doubt, if a man spoke about this to me 21 years ago, I should have said it was all Greek, and that I did not understand what the man was talking about. There may be a good many in this hall to-night wondering what that American is talking about. Born again; born of the Spirit! I do not understand it. But I understand it now (and I can call hundreds of witnesses here)—why? Because I have been born of the Spirit.

THE GREAT TEACHER'S ILLUSTRATION.

Now, the illustration which Christ used to Nicodemus was the wind. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and no man knoweth whence it cometh nor whither it goeth." Now, you cannot see the spirit of God work in this audience; but I hope and pray He may be working now in the hearts of many, convincing them of sin! Do you believe more than ever that you are a sinner? Well, that is the work of the Holy Ghost. The devil never told you you are a sinner; he tries to make you believe you are good enough. If you believe to-night that you have sinned against God, that is the work of the Holy Ghost. He is here to-night at work. We cannot see Him, but there are a great many who know He is here. Suppose I should say I don't believe in the wind, and that it must be all imagination. I have lived thirty-seven years, and have never seen the wind. No one ever saw the wind. It is all imagination; it is folly for men to talk about the wind. I can just imagine that boy there saying, "Why, I know more than that man; I know there is wind, for it blew my hat off this very day into the mud; and I have often felt it blowing in

my face." My friends, you have never felt the wind more than I have felt the Spirit of God. You have never seen the effects of the wind more than I have seen the effects of the Spirit of God, and of the workings of the Holy Ghost, and there are hundreds of witnesses here to-night who would testify the same thing.

AN APPEAL TO THE DRUNKARD.

It may be that I am talking now to some poor drunkard here. When he comes into his house, his children listen, and hear by the footfall that their father is coming home drunk, and the little things run away and hide from him as if he was some horrid demon. His wife begins to tremble. Many a time has that great, strong arm been brought down on her weak, defenceless body. Many a day has she carried about marks from that man's violence. He ought to be her protector, support, and stay; but he has become her tormenter. His home is like hell upon earth; there is no joy there. There may be one such here to-night who hears the good news that he can be born again, and receive a nature from heaven, and receive the Spirit of God. God can give him power to hurl the infernal cup from him. God will give him grace to trample Satan under his feet, and the drunkard will then become a sober man. Go to that house three months hence, and you will find it neat and clean. As you draw near that home you hear singing; not the song of the drunkard; that is gone; all things have become new. He has been born of God, and is singing one of the songs of Zion:

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

Or perhaps he is singing that good old hymn that his mother taught him when he was a little boy:

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains."

He has become a child of God, an heir of heaven. His children are climbing up his knee, and he has his arms round their neck. That dark home is now changed into a little Bethel on earth. God dwells there now. Yes, God has done all that, and that is regeneration. May God convert the drunkard! I hope many a drunkard will be converted to-night.

Christians, lift up your hearts for the poor drunkards of London. If they try to lead a better life, One mighty to save, Christ the Lord, will give them the victory; for, strong as drink may be, His grace is stronger. May the Christians make haste and tell the glad news to the drunkards of London!

THE WORTH OF GOOD RESOLVES.

Then some of you may have been saying, "I wish Mr. Moody would tell us how we are to become Christians; for he says that we cannot be Christians by trying to do good and by making new resolutions." Many a time you have been at a meeting like this, and have resolved to turn over a new leaf, and you may now form another good resolution. If you do, you will break it. I would not give that for all your resolutions. What are you going to do? If it is a new birth you are to have, you cannot create life. Can you bring life to a dead fly? All the wise men in London cannot do it. God alone is the author of life; and if you have new birth, it must be God's work. When the Jubilee Singers were in the north of England my family went to see them, and my little boy asked why they didn't wash the black off their faces. I told him it was because they were born black. The Ethiopian cannot change his skin, nor the leopard his spots. You cannot save yourself. There is a man dying—can you put new life into him? Or can you raise up a dead body by saying, "Young man, arise"? That is the work of God. Your souls are dead in trespasses and sin. May the Lord Jesus Christ speak life. God said, "Let there be light;" and there was light. And if He says, "Let there be life, there will be life.

THE BEGGAR AND THE PRINCE OF WALES.

I imagine some of you will say, "I haven't anything to do." Well, you haven't. Salvation has been worked out for you by another. Many go all round the world in search of honor or possessions. Salvation is worth thousands of times more; but you don't get it that way. God has but one price for salvation. Do you want to know what it is? It is without money and without price. Rowland Hill said that most auctioneers found they had hard work to get the people up to their price, but that he had hard work to get people down to his. "The wages of

sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life." Who will have it to-night? I say to you, young man, will you have that gift to-night? Suppose I was going over London Bridge, and saw a poor, miserable beggar, bare-footed, coatless, hatless, with no rags hardly to cover his nakedness, and right behind him, only a few yards, was the Prince of Wales with a bag of gold, and the poor beggar was running away from him as if he was running away from a demon, and the Prince of Wales was hallooing, "Oh, beggar, here is a bag of gold!" Why, we should say the beggar had gone mad, to be running away from the Prince of Wales with the bag of gold. Sinner, that is your condition. The Prince of Heaven wants to give you eternal life, and you are running away from Him. "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life." Then you say, "If I have nothing to do, what is going to become of me? If it is not by working in earnest, how am I to be saved?"

THE CHEAP AND SIMPLE REMEDY.

It is God's work entirely how you are to be saved. I will tell you; Scripture will tell you—that is better. Take the illustration Christ used to Nicodemus; you could not have a better. He took him to the remedy:—"As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life." Now there is the remedy. How am I to be saved? By looking for life, eternal life; just by looking. It's very cheap, isn't it? Very simple, isn't it? Little girl, just look away to the Lamb of God to-night and be saved. What says the great wilderness preacher? "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world." You might say the whole plan of salvation is in two words—Giving; Receiving: God gives; I receive.

MR. MOODY AS AN ARMY CHAPLAIN.

I remember, after one of our terrible battles—I was in the army, tending soldiers—and I had just laid down one night, past midnight, to get a little rest, when a man came and told me that a wounded soldier wanted to see me. I went to the dying man; he called me chaplain, but I was not. He said, "Chaplain, I wish you to help me to die." I said, "I would help you to die if I could. I would take you

on my shoulders and carry you into the kingdom of God if I could; but I cannot. I can tell you of One that can." And I told him of Christ being willing to save him; and how Christ left heaven and came into the world to seek and to save that which was lost. I just quoted promise after promise, but all was dark, and it almost seemed as if the shades of eternal death were gathering around his soul. I could not leave him, and at last I thought of this third chapter of John, and I said to him, "Look here, I am going to read to you now a conversation that Christ had with a man that went to Him when he was in your state of mind, and inquired what he was to do to be saved." I just read that conversation to the dying man, and he laid there with his eyes rivetted upon me, and every word seemed to be going home to his heart, which was open to receive the truth. When I came along down to the verse where it says, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life," the dying man cried, "Stop, sir. Is that there?" "Yes, it is all here." Then he said, "Won't you please read it to me again?" I read it the second time. "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life." The dying man brought his hands together, and he said, "Bless God for that. Won't you please read it to me again?" I hope you will pardon me for reading it the third time, but I want the Spirit of God to impress it on your hearts to-night. "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life." I read the next verses; "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. For God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved."

THE DYING SOLDIER.

I read through the whole chapter, but long before the end of it he had closed his eyes. He seemed to lose all interest in the rest of the chapter, and when I got through it his arms were folded on his breast, he had a sweet smile on his face; remorse

and despair had fled away. His lips were quivering, and I leaned over him, and heard him faintly whisper from his dying lips, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have eternal life." He opened his eyes, and fixed his calm, deathly look on me, and he said, "Oh, chaplain, that is enough; that is all I want." And in a few hours he pillowed his dying head upon the truth of those two verses, and rode away on one of the Saviour's chariots, and took his seat in the kingdom of God. Oh, sinner, you can be saved to-night if you will. Look and live. May God help every lost soul here to-night to look on the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world.

VII.

A SERMON ON ONE WORD.

I SHALL take for my text to-night the one word, "Gospel." I do not think there is a word in the English language that is so little understood in this Christian land of England as this very word "Gospel." We have heard it from our earliest childhood up. There is not a day, and with many of us not an hour during the day, but that we hear the word "Gospel." And yet I say a partaker of the Gospel is a long time before he really knows the meaning of the word. It means "good tidings." I think it would do us good sometimes to get a dictionary and hunt up the meaning of some of the words we use so often; some of those Bible words, such as "Gospel" and "Christ." I think it would change our ideas. I think this would be a very joyful meeting to-night if every one really believed that the Gospel is good news. Why, you let a man or a boy bring a dispatch into this audience and hand it to any one here, and if that brings good news you can see it immediately in the man's face; his face lights up when he opens the dispatch. You can see he really believes it. And if it is really good news, if it brings him the tidings of a long-lost boy got or coming home, why, if his wife is sitting next to him, he passes the dispatch to her; he wants her to have knowledge of it. He does not wait for her to ask for it; he does not wait till they get home. So when I preach, those who really believe the Gospel, if I am near

enough to look into their eye, I see their face lights up and looks remarkably sharp; but those who do not believe it put on a long face, and look as if you had brought them a death warrant, or invited them to attend a funeral. If you go to hear some dull and stupid sermon or lecture, that is not the Gospel.

THE ANGELIC REVIVALISTS.

The Gospel is good tidings of great joy. No better news ever came out of heaven than the Gospel. No better news ever fell upon the ears of the family of man than that Gospel. Hark! hear those shepherds talking to one another after the angels had gone away. They believed the message, and they were full of joy. You can see them on the way now to Bethlehem. They said, "Let us go and see what has taken place." And what was the message that the angels brought to those shepherds? "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour." Now, if those shepherds had been like a good many people at the present time, they would have said, "We do not believe it is good news. Do not believe it. It is all excitement. Those angels want to get up a revival. Those angels are trying to excite us. Don't you believe them." That is what Satan is saying now. "Don't you believe the Gospel is good news." Because he knows the moment a man believes good news, he just receives it. I never saw a man in all my life that did not like good news. I never saw a man in all my travels that did not like good news. There is not any one here to-night but what likes good news. And every man and woman that is under the power of the devil does not believe the Gospel is good news. The moment you are out from under his power and influence then you believe it. May God bring you out to-night, that the Gospel may sink deep into your heart.

"GOD'S SPELL."

It is the best news that ever came to this sin-cursed earth. It means "Good spell," or in other words, "God's spell." We are dead in trespasses and sin, and God wants us to be reconciled. It is a Gospel of reconciliation, and God is shouting from the heights of glory, "Oh, ye men, I am reconciled, now be ye reconciled." We have

glorious news to tell you—God is reconciled and beseeches His subjects to be reconciled. The great apostle says, "We beseech you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled." The moment a man believes down go his arms of rebellion, and he just believes the Gospel. The unequal controversy is over. A light from Calvary crosses his path, and he can walk in unclouded sun, if he will. It is the privilege of every man and woman in this vast assembly from this hour to walk in unclouded sun if they will. What has brought darkness into the world? Darkness came because man would not believe the Gospel that Christ is the light of the world. Now I want to tell you why I like the Gospel. It is because it has been the very best news I have ever heard. That is just the reason I like to preach it. Because it has done me so much good. I do not think a man can preach the Gospel until he believes it himself. A man must know it down deep in his own heart before he can tell it out; and then he tells it out very poorly.

POOR AMBASSADORS.

We are very poor ambassadors and messengers; but never mind the messenger, take hold of the message—that is what you want. If a boy brought me good news to-night, I would not care about the look of the boy; I would not care whether he was black or white, learned or unlearned. The message is what would do me good. A great many look at the messenger instead of the message. Never mind the messenger. My friends, get hold of the message to-night. The Gospel is what saves, and what I want now is that you just believe the Gospel.

Paul says in this 15th chapter of the 1st Corinthians what the Gospel is. He says, "I declare unto you the Gospel." And the first thing he states in the declaration to these Corinthians is this:—"Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures." That was the old-fashioned Gospel. I hope we never will get away from it. I don't want anything but that old, old story. Some people have itching ears for something new. Bear in mind there is no new Gospel. Christ died for our sins. If He did not, how are we going to get rid of them? Would you insult the Almighty by offering the fruits of this frail body to atone for sin? If Christ did not die for our sins, what is going to become of our souls? And then he goes on to tell

that Christ was buried, and that Christ rose again.

DEATH AND THE REDEEMER.

That is what he is trying to bring out in the 15th chapter of the 1st book of Corinthians. He burst asunder the bands of death. Death could not hold Him. I can imagine when they laid Him there in Joseph's sepulchre, if our eyes could have been there, we should have seen Death sitting over that sepulchre, saying, "I have Him; He is my victim. He said He was the resurrection and the life. Now I have hold of Him in my cold embrace. Look at Him. There He is; He has had to pay tribute to me. Some thought He was never going to die. Some thought I would not get Him. But He is mine." But look again! The glorious morning comes, and the Son of man bursts asunder the bands of death, and came out of the sepulchre. We do not worship a dead God, but a Saviour who still lives. Yes, He rose from the grave; and then they saw Him ascend. That is what Paul calls Gospel. Not only Christ's death and burial, but they saw Him ascend into heaven. He went up and took His seat at the right hand of God, and He will come back again. The Gospel consists of five things—Christ's death, burial, resurrection, ascension; and "I will come again," says He. Thanks be to God, He is coming back by-and-by. He will come and take the kingdom; He will sway His sceptre from the rivers to the ends of the earth by-and-by. A little while and He shall rule and reign. Let us lift up our heads and rejoice that the time of our redemption draweth near.

CHRIST'S DEATH THE GOSPEL.

Let us get back to the simple Gospel—Christ died for our sins. We must know Christ at Calvary first, as our Substitute, as our Redeemer; and the moment we accept of Him as our Saviour and our Redeemer, then it is that we become partakers of the Gospel. The moment I believe on the Lord Jesus Christ as my Substitute, as my Saviour, that moment I get light and peace. To-night I know some people say, "Oh, it is not Christ's death; it is Christ's life. Do not be preaching so much about the death of Christ; preach about His life." My friends, that never will save any one. Paul says, "I declare unto you the Gospel. Christ died"—not Christ

lived—"Christ died for our sins, who His own self bare our sins in His own body, on the tree." Now, when I accept of Christ as my Saviour, as my Substitute, then I am justified from all things which I could not be by the law of Moses.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES.

As I was going to say a few minutes ago, the reason I like the Gospel is that it has taken out of my path the worst enemies I ever had. My mind rolls back to twenty years ago, before I was converted, and I think very often how dark it used to seem at times as I thought of the future. There was death—what a terrible enemy it seemed! I was brought up in a little village in New England. It was the custom there when a person was buried to toll out the age of the man at his funeral. I used to count the strokes of the bell. Death never entered that village and tore away one of the inhabitants, but I always used to count the tolling of the bell. Sometimes it would be away up to seventy, or between seventy and eighty—beyond the life allotted to man, when man seemed living on borrowed time when cut off. Sometimes it would be clear down in the teens, and childhood, and death would take away one of my own age. It used to make a solemn impression on me. I used to be a great coward. When it comes to death some men say, "I do not fear it." I feared it, and felt terribly afraid, when I thought of the cold hand of death feeling for the cords of life; and being launched out to eternity, to go to an unknown world. I used to have terrible thoughts of God; but they are all gone now. Death has lost its sting. And as I go on through the world I can shout now, when the bell is tolling, "Oh, death, where is thy sting?" And I hear a voice come rolling down from Calvary, "Buried in the bosom of the Son of God." He just robbed death of its sting. He just took the sting of death into His own bosom. And if you take a wasp, and just take the sting out of that wasp, you will not be afraid of it any more than you would of a little fly. The sting has been taken out. And you need not be afraid if you are in Christ. Christ died for your sin. The penalty, the wages of sin is death. Christ received the wages on Calvary, and therefore there is no condemnation. All that death can get now is this old Adam. I do not care how quickly I get rid of it. I will get a better body, a

resurrected body, a glorified body, a body much better than this. Yes, my friends, "To die," says the apostle, "is gain."

THE FEAR OF DEATH.

If a man is in Christ, let death come. "Suppose death should come stealing up into this pulpit, and should lay his cold, icy hand upon my heart, and it should cease to throb; I should rise to another world, and should be present with the King. I should be absent from the body, but present with the Lord. That is not bad news. There is no use in trying to conceal it, death is an enemy to a man's rest. What a glorious thought to think that when you die you will sink into the arms of Jesus, and that He will carry you away to yon world of light! A little while longer here, a few more tears, and then you can gain an unbroken rest in yon world of light. The Gospel turns that enemy into a friend, and you even shout for death. Well, then, I used to go and look into the cold, silent grave, and I used to think of that terrible hour when I would have to be laid down in the grave, and this body would be eaten up with the worm. But now the grave has lost its terror and gloom; I can go and look down into the grave and shout over it, and cry out, "Oh, grave, where is thy victory?" And I hear a shout coming up from the grave; it is the shout of the Conqueror, of Him who has been down and measured the depth of it, of my Lord and Saviour: "Because I live, you shall live also." Yes, the grave has lost its victory. The grave has no terror to the man in Christ Jesus. The Gospel takes that enemy out of the way.

SIN PUT AWAY.

And then there was the terrible name of sin. I thought all my sins would be blazed out before the great white throne; that every sin committed in childhood and in secret, and every secret thought, and every evil desire would be just blazed out before the assembled universe; that everything done in the dark would be brought to light. But thanks be to God, the Gospel tells me my sins are all put away in Christ. Out of love to my soul, He has taken all my sins, and cast them behind His back. That is a safe place to have sin, behind God's back. God never turns back; He always marches onward. He will never see your sins if they are behind His back. That is one of

His own illustrations. Out of love to my soul, He has taken all my sins upon Him. Not a part. He takes them all out of the way. There is no condemnation to him that is in Christ Jesus. You may just pile up your sins till they rise up like a dark mountain, and then multiply them by ten thousand for those you cannot think of; and after you have tried to enumerate all the sins you have ever committed, just let me bring one verse in, and then that mountain will melt away: "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." The blood covers the sin.

WHAT GOD CANNOT DO.

In Ireland, some time ago, a teacher asked a little boy if there was anything that God could not do; and the little fellow said, "Yes; He cannot see my sins through the blood of Christ." That is just what He cannot do. The blood covers them.

Is it not good news to get rid of your sin? You come here a sinner, and if you believe the Gospel your sins are taken away. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." You shall be justified from all things; which you could not by the law of Moses. By believing, or by receiving the Gospel, Christ becomes yours. Only think, young man; say, think of it. You just are invited to accept of the Gospel. You are invited to make an exchange; to get rid of all your sins, and to take Christ in the place of them. Is not that wonderful? What a foolish young man you will be not to make the bargain. The Lord says, "I will take your sins, and give you Myself in the place of them." But a great many say, "No"; and just hug the sin to their bosom. May God help you to come up, sinner, to-night, and receive the Lord Jesus Christ as your way, your truth, and your life!

THE FEAR OF JUDGMENT.

There is another name which used to haunt me a great deal—the great Judgment Day. I used to think that was a terrible day when I should be summoned before God, and could not tell till then whether I should have a seat on His right hand or on His left. Until I stood before the great white throne of judgment I could not tell whether I should hear the voice of God saying, "Depart from Me, ye cursed," or whether God would say, "Enter thou into the joy of the Lord." But the Gospel tells

me that question is already settled: "There is now no condemnation to him that is in Christ Jesus." Listen to this verse: "Verily, verily;" and when you see that word "Verily, verily" in Scripture, you may know there is something very important coming. It means, "Mind what I tell you," or "truly, truly." "Truly, truly I say unto you, he that heareth My Word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath"—h-a-t-h, hath; lay hold of that little word hath to-night—"hath eternal life, and shall not come into condemnation;" that means into judgment—"but is passed from death unto life." Well, now, I am not coming into judgment for sin. The question has been settled, because Christ was judged for me, and died in my stead, and I go free. Is not that good news?

A PRAYER FOR MR. MOODY.

Why, I heard of a man praying the other day that I might lay hold of eternal life. I could not have said Amen to that. I laid hold of eternal life nineteen years ago, when I was converted. What is the gift of God, if it is not eternal life? And that is what God wants to give to everyone in this hall to-night, and it is the greatest gift that can be bestowed on anyone down here in this dark world. If an angel just came straight from the throne of God onto this platform, and proclaimed to this vast assembly that God had sent him here to offer to this audience any one thing they might ask, that each one should have his own petition granted—what would be the cry in this audience? There would be but one cry coming up from you, and the shout would make heaven ring: "Eternal life! eternal life!" Everything would float away into the dim past. There is not anything a man values more than his life. Let a man worth a million sterling be on a wrecked vessel, and if he could just save his life for six months by giving that million, he would give it in an instant. There is life without end. The gift of God is eternal life; and is it not one of the greatest marvels that men have to stand and plead, and pray men to take this gift? May God help you to take it now. Do not listen to Satan any longer. Reach out the hand of faith and take it now. Young man, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Trust Him to save you now, and then there will be no condemnation. Death will have lost his sting, the grave and its victory will be safe out of

the way, and the judgment will be passed for you.

A JUDGMENT OF MERCY.

"Oh," but do you say, "what do you make out of that passage in Corinthians which says, 'Every man must give an account of the deeds done in his body'?" But that is a judgment of mercy, it is not a judgment of sin; that period is past to the believer. Oh, my friends, to-night I beg of you, do not go out of this hall unsaved. Believe the Gospel to-night. Lay hold of eternal life while God is offering it to you. Be reconciled to-night. Take your stand hard by the cross, and you are saved for time and eternity. I am told that at Rome, if you go up a few steps on your hands and knees, that is nine years out of purgatory. If you take one step now you are out of purgatory for time and eternity. You used to have two steps into glory—out of self into Christ, out of Christ into glory. But there is a shorter way now with only one step—out of self into glory, and you are saved. May God help you to take the step now! Flee, my friends, to-night to Calvary, and get under the shadow of the cross.

THE FIRE ON THE PRAIRIE.

Out in our western country in the autumn, when men go hunting, and there has not been for months any rain, sometimes the prairie grass catches fire, and there comes up a very strong wind, and the flames just roll along twenty feet high over that western desert, and go at the rate of thirty or forty miles an hour, consuming man and beast. When the frontiersmen see it coming, what do they do? They know they cannot run as fast as the fire can run. Not the fleetest horse can escape from that fire. They just take a match and light the grass around them and let the flames sweep, and then they get into the burnt district and stand safe. They hear the flames roar as they come along; they see death coming towards them; but they do not fear, they do not tremble, because the fire has peaced over the place where they are, and there is no danger. There is nothing for the fire to burn. There is one mountain peak that the wrath of God has swept over; that is Mount Calvary, and that fire spent its fury upon the bosom of the Son of God. Take your stand here by the cross, and you will be safe for time

and eternity. Escape for your life, young man and young lady; flee to yon mountain, and you are saved this very minute. Oh, may God bring you to Calvary to-night, under the shadow of the cross to-night! Then let death and the grave come! You will shout, "Glory to God in the highest!" We will laugh at death and glory in the grave, and just know this: that we are safe, sheltered by the precious blood of the Lamb. There is no condemnation to him that is in Christ Jesus. God wants to pardon every one here to-night. God is coming down and beseeching you to take the pardon. Every man and woman here has broken the law, and he that has broken the least of the laws is guilty of all. I am sure I am not talking to one man or woman in this audience to-night who can say they have not broken the law.

A WORD THE DEVIL FEARS.

You have all sinned and come short of the glory of God, but God comes and says, "I will pardon you. Come, now, and let us reason together." "Now" is one of the words of the Bible the devil is afraid of. He says, "Do not be in a hurry; there is plenty of time; do not be good now." He knows the influence of that word "now." "To-morrow" is the devil's word. The Lord's word is "now." God says, "Come, now, and let us reason together. Though your sins are as scarlet, they shall be white as snow. Though they be red as crimson, I will make them as wool." Scarlet and crimson are two fast colors; you would not get the color out without destroying the garment. God says, "Though your sins are as scarlet and crimson, I will make them as wool and snow. I will do it." That is the way God reasons. He puts the pardon in the face of the sinner the first thing. That is a queer way of reasoning, but God's thoughts are not our thoughts; and so, my friends, to-night, if you want to be saved, the Lord says He will pardon you.

THE GOVERNOR IN THE CONDEMNED CELL.

A few years ago, when Pennsylvania had a Christian Governor, there was a young man down in one of the counties who was arrested for murder. He was brought before the Court, tried, found guilty, and sentenced to death. His friends thought there would be no trouble in getting a reprieve or pardon. Because the Governor

was a Christian man they thought he would not sign the death warrant. But he signed it. They called on the Governor and begged of him to pardon the young man. But the Governor said, "No; the law must take its course, and the man must die." I think the mother of the young man called on the Governor and plead with him; but the Governor stood firm and said, "No; the man must die." A few days before the man was executed, the Governor took the train to the county where the man was imprisoned. He went to the sheriff of the county and said to him, "I wish you to take me to that man's cell, and leave me alone with him a little while; and do not tell him who I am till I am gone." The Governor went to the prison and talked to the young man about his soul, and told him that although he was condemned by man to be executed, God would have mercy upon him and save him, if he would accept pardon from God. He preached Christ, and told him how Christ came to seek and to save sinners; and, having explained as he best knew how the plan of salvation, he got down and prayed, and after praying he shook hands with him and bade him farewell. Some time after the sheriff passed by the condemned man's cell, and he called him to the door of the cell, and said, "Who was that man that talked and prayed with me so kindly?" The sheriff said, "That was Governor Pollock." The man turned deadly pale, and he threw up both his hands and said, "Was that Governor Pollock? was that kind-hearted man the Governor? Oh, sheriff, why did you not tell me? If I had known that was the Governor I would have fell at his feet and asked for pardon; I would have plead for pardon and for my life. Oh, sir, the Governor has been here, and I did not know it." Sinner, I have got good news to tell you. There is One greater than the Governor here to-night, and He wants to pardon every one. He does not want you to go out from here to-night condemned. He wants to bring you from under condemnation; to pardon every soul here. Will you have the pardon, or will you despise the gift of God? Will you despise the mercy of God and His offer of mercy? Oh, this night, while God is beseeching you to be reconciled, let me join with your praying mother, with your praying father, with your godly minister, with your Sabbath-school teacher, and all your praying friends; let me join my voice with theirs to plead with you to-night to be re-

conciled. Make up your mind now, while I am speaking, that you will not cross your threshold until you are reconciled, and there will be joy in heaven to-night over your decision. Oh, may God bring hundreds to a decision to-night. May Christians keep praying for this one thing. Let there be a united prayer to God now, that thousands may be reconciled to God to-night, and spend eternity in yon world of light.

An Englishman told me some time ago

A LITTLE STORY OF RECONCILIATION,

which illustrates this truth. We want to preach the Gospel of reconciliation; the good news that God is reconciled. God does not say He can do, but He has done it. You must accept what He has done. The story is this:—There was an Englishman who had an only son; and only sons are often petted, and humored, and ruined. This boy became very headstrong, and very often he and his father had trouble. One day they had a quarrel, and the father was very angry, and so was the son; and the father said he wished the boy would leave home and never come back. The boy said he would go, and would not come into his father's house again till he sent for him. The father said he would never send for him. Well, away went the boy. But when a father gives up a boy, a mother does not. You mothers will understand that, but the fathers may not. You know there is no love on earth so strong as a mother's love. A great many things may separate a man and his wife; a great many things may separate a father from a son; but there is nothing in the wide world that can ever separate a true mother from her child. To be sure, there are some mothers that have drunk so much liquor, that they have drunk up all their affection. But I am talking about a true mother; and she would not cast off her boy.

THE MOTHER AND THE MURDERER.

We had a case in our country of a young man who had committed murder. His father would have nothing to do with him, but his mother went down into his cell every day. When the trial came on, the papers tried to write him down, and seemed determined that the boy should be put to death. Because he was the son of a wealthy man, they thought the judges and the courts would have mercy upon him; and there was a hissing, as it were, going

up from all America against that young man.

But that mother was not ashamed to be seen in the courts with him. She took her seat as near him as she could. She would have taken the boy's place, and laid down her life to have saved her boy. Look at a mother watching her sick child; she would take the disease out of the child into her own bosom if she could. When the boy was found guilty, no one seemed to feel the blow as that mother. A mother would, perhaps, not go to see that worthless boy executed; but if she could get that body she would cover it with kisses; she would go to the grave and cover it with flowers; she would cherish the memory of that boy as long as she lives. Why, a mother's love is stronger than death; death cannot tear down a mother's love. But, my friends, a mother's love is not anything to be compared with God's love. You never saw a mother that loved her child as God loves you sinners. God loves you thousands of times more than your mother. God loves you more than you love yourselves. He has His heart set upon you, and wants to save and bless you.

Well, the mother of the boy who had quarrelled with his father began to write and plead to the boy to write to his father first, and his father would forgive him; but the boy said, "I will never go home till father asks me." She plead to the father, but the father said, "No, I will never ask him."

THE MOTHER'S DYING WISH.

At last the mother came down to her sick bed, broken-hearted, and when she was given up by the physicians to die, the husband, anxious to gratify her last wish, wanted to know if there was not anything he could do for her before she died. The mother gave him a look; he well knew what it meant. Then she said, "Yes, there is one thing you can do. You can send for my boy. That is the only wish on earth you can gratify. If you do not pity him and love him when I am dead and gone, who will?" "Well," said the father, "I will send word to him that you want to see him." "No," she says, "you know he will not come for me. If ever I see him you must send for him." At last the father went to his office and wrote a dispatch in his own name, asking the boy to come home. As soon as he got the invitation from his father he started off to

see his dying mother. When he opened the door to go in he found his mother dying and his father by the bedside. The father heard the door open, and saw the boy, but instead of going to meet him he went to another part of the room, and refused to speak to him. His mother seized his hand—how she had longed to press it! She kissed him, and then said, "Now, my son, just speak to your father. You speak first, and it will all be over." But the boy said, "No, mother, I will not speak to him until he speaks to me." She took her husband's hand in one hand and the boy's in the other, and spent her dying moments and strength in trying to bring about a reconciliation. Just as she was expiring, she could not speak, so she put the hand of the wayward boy into the hand of the father, and passed away. The boy looked at the mother, and the father at the wife, and at last the father's heart broke, and he opened his arms, and took that boy to his bosom, and by that body they were reconciled. Sinner, that is only a faint type, a poor illustration, because God is not angry with you. God gives you Christ, and I bring you to-night to the dead body of Christ. I ask you to look at the wounds in His hands and feet, and the wound in His side. My friends, gaze upon His five wounds. And I ask you, "Will you not be reconciled?" When He left heaven, He went clear down to the manger that He might get hold of the vilest sinner, and put the hand of the wayward prodigal into that of the Father, and He died that you and I might be reconciled. If you take my advice you will not go out of this hall to-night until you are reconciled. "Be ye reconciled." Oh, this Gospel of reconciliation! My friends, come home to-night. Your father wants you to come home to-night. Say as the prodigal did of old, "I will arise and go to my father," and there will be joy in heaven.

VIII.

THE MASTER'S PARTING COMMISSION.

"And He said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned,"—MARK xvi. 15, 16.

Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature. I wish you just to mark that text. It does not say, "Go

ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to the elect;" it does not say, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to the rich," or to the learned, or to the unlearned; but "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." And I am one of those men that believe that God means what He says; that when God says, "Go and preach to every creature," He means that every man shall be invited to the Gospel feast, and that none need to be excluded, or that none need to stay away. And if a man does not come it will be because he is not willing to accept of the invitation. As Christ says, "Ye will not come unto Me that ye might have Me." It is not because men cannot come; it is because they will not come.

SATAN HINDERING.

There are a few boys who want to go out, disturbing the meeting, but if the friends will just be kind enough to give me their attention we will go back to the text. The devil does not want you to hear the text. That is just what gives life, the Word of God. The text is worth more than the sermon. Hear the proclamation, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." That is plain language, is it not? It is so plain, that there is not any one here need misunderstand it; and, as I said before, Christ means what He says. He sends out His messengers to proclaim the glad tidings. Gethsemane is behind, the empty grave is behind; Calvary, in all its horrors, is now past; He is on His way back home to take His seat at the right hand of the Father. His little church is gathered round Him—a little handful of men; and He breathes upon them the Holy Ghost; and now this is His parting commission, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." I thank God for that text; I thank God that the commission is for us to proclaim it to every creature, and that every person in this wide, wide world is invited to the Gospel feast.

THE PROMISE FOR ALL.

Every one of God's proclamations are connected with that word "whosoever." I think it was Richard Baxter said he thanked God for that "whosoever." He would a good deal rather have that word "whosoever" than Richard

Baxter; for if it was Richard Baxter, he should have thought it was some other Richard Baxter who had lived and died before him; but "whosoever" he knew meant him. I heard of a woman once that thought there was no promise in the Bible for her; she thought the promises were for some one else, not for her. There are a good many of these people in the world. They think it is too good to be true that they can be saved for nothing. This woman one time got a letter, and when she opened it she found it was not for her at all; it was sent to another woman, or it was meant for another woman that had her name; and she had her eyes opened to the fact that if she should find some promise in the Bible directed to her, she would not know whether it meant her or some one else that bore her name. But you know the word "whosoever" means every one in this house; that boy down there, that grey-haired man, and that young man right in the blush of youth. "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." It does not leave out one. Go and proclaim the glad tidings to every man.

PARDON FOR THE PRISONERS: AN OHIO STORY.

I was in Ohio a few years ago, and was invited to preach in the State prison. Eleven hundred convicts were brought into the chapel, and all sat in front of me. After I had got through the preaching, the chaplain said to me: "Moody, I want to tell you of a scene which occurred in this room. A few years ago, our commissioners went to the Governor of the State, and got him to promise that he would pardon five men for good behavior. The Governor consented, with this understanding—that the record was to be kept in secret, and that at the end of six months the five men highest on the roll should receive a pardon, regardless of who or what they were; if they were there for life they should receive a pardon. At the end of six months the prisoners were all brought into the same chapel where I had been preaching; and the commissioners came up, and the president of the commissioners stood upon the platform, and put his hand in his pocket, and brought out some papers, and said, 'I hold in my hand pardons for five men.'" And the chaplain told me he never witnessed anything on earth like it. Every man was as still as death; many were

deadly pale, and the suspense was something awful. The commissioner went on to tell them how they had got the pardon; but the chaplain said to the commissioner, "Before you make your speech, read out the names. This suspense is awful." So he read out the first name, "Reuben Johnson will come and get his pardon;" and he held it out, but no one came forward. He said to the Governor, "Are all the prisoners here?" The Governor told him they were all there. Then he said again, "Reuben Johnson will come and get his pardon. It is signed and sealed by the Governor. He is a free man." The chaplain told me he looked right down where Reuben was, and he was looking all round to see the fortunate man who had got his pardon. Finally the chaplain caught his eye, and he said, "Reuben, you are the man." Reuben turned round and looked behind him to see where Reuben was. The chaplain said the second time, "Reuben, you are the man," and the second time he looked round, thinking it must be some other Reuben. Now, men do not believe the Gospel is for them. They think it is too good, and pass it over their shoulders to the next man. But *you* are the man tonight. This boy, this grey-haired man, this reporter, and every creature are all invited. Well, the chaplain could see where Reuben was, and he had to say three times, "Reuben, come and get your pardon." At last the old man got up and came along down the hall, trembling from head to foot, and when he got the pardon he looked at it and went back to his seat and buried his face in his hands, and the prisoners heard him weep to think he was a free man. When the prisoners got into the ranks to go back to the cells Reuben got into the ranks too, and the chaplain had to call to him, "Reuben, get out of the ranks; you are a free man, you are no longer a prisoner." And Reuben stepped out of the ranks. That is the way men make out pardons. They make out pardons for good character or good behavior. But God makes out pardons for men that have not got any character, and who have been very, very bad. He has got a pardon for every sinner in London if he will take it. I do not care who he is or what he is like. He may be the greatest libertine that ever walked the streets of London, or the greatest blackguard that ever lived, or the greatest drunkard, or thief, or vagabond; but I come to-night with glad tid-

ings, and preach the Gospel to every creature, "and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Every man is invited.

A GLASGOW LADY ANSWERED.

A lady came to me in Glasgow, and said, "Mr. Moody, you are always saying, 'Take, take, take.' Is there any place in the Bible where it says, 'Take,' or is it only a word you use? I have been looking for it in the Bible, but cannot find it." I said, "It is almost the last word in the Bible. 'And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him *take* the water of life freely.'" God says, "Let him take." Who can stop him if God says "Take?" All the devils in hell cannot stop a poor soul from taking if God says "Take." All the powers on earth cannot hinder him. That little boy can come, and all the powers infernal and all the powers in the world cannot hinder him. God says to-night you may take the water of life freely. It is offered free to every one. Every one can be saved if they will.

ANECDOTE OF DR. WILLIAM ARNOT.

When the Rev. Mr. Arnot, that is now in Edinburgh, was pastor of a church in Glasgow, he heard of a woman that he knew being in trouble. She could not pay her debts and she could not pay her rent; so he went round to her house, thinking he would help her. He knocked at the door, and listened, and thought he heard some one inside; so he knocked again, but no one came. He knocked the third time very loud and listened, but did not hear any one; all was still. After waiting some time, he made a great noise, and at last left the house. Some few days after, he met the woman in the street, and he said to her, "I was round at your house the other day. I heard you were in trouble, and could not pay your rent, and I went to help you." The woman said, "Was that you? I was in the house all the time, but I thought it was the landlord come for the rent, and as I had not got the money, I kept the door locked." That woman represents a sinner. A sinner thinks God is coming to demand something. Instead of that, God comes to give and to bless. Christ comes to pay the debt. Christ comes to pay the rent. You all owe

God a debt you cannot pay; and the Gospel is that Christ comes and offers to pay it for you. You had better pull back the bolt and let Him in to-night.

A DUBLIN DOOR AND THE SINNER'S HEART.

When we were in Dublin, I went out one morning to an early meeting, and I found the servants had not opened the front door. So I pulled back a bolt, but I could not get the door open. Then I turned a key, but the door would not open. Then I found there was another bolt at the top, then I found there was another bolt at the bottom. Still the door would not open. Then I found there was a bar, and then I found a night-lock. I found there were five or six different fastenings. I am afraid that door represents every sinner's heart. The door of his heart is double-locked, double-bolted, and double-barred. Oh, my friends, pull back the bolts to-night, and let the King of glory in! He wants to bless you; He wants to pay the debt; He wants to cancel the debt; He wants you to be reconciled; He wants you to be saved. He does not wish the death of any, but that all may turn unto Him and live. What said the angels to those shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem? "Behold, I bring unto you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour." Now, I contend that men can hear no better news than that—that a Saviour has been given, and that God wants to save men; not that men shall be lost, not that men shall perish, but that a Saviour has been given to save us from our sins. Christ did not come into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved. Look at Him going back to Nazareth; what did He do when He turned into the synagogue one Sabbath? He opened the book at the place where it is written, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon Me; because He hath anointed Me to preach the Gospel to the poor; He hath sent Me to heal the broken-hearted." My friends, think of the broken hearts in London; and Christ says He is come to heal the broken-hearted. "He hath sent Me to heal the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captive." Think, you poor drunkards in London, slaves to the infernal cup, slaves to strong drink. I bring you good news to-night. The Son of God can set your

soul free, and can make you free men. He says: "He hath sent Me to proclaim liberty to the captive, sight to the blind, liberty to them that are bruised, and to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord." Is not that good news? Christ was anointed for that purpose. God sent Him to proclaim the glad tidings. I would to God that every man in this vast assembly would believe the Gospel and be saved! Oh, that you would just receive the Lord Jesus as your way, your truth, and your life. All you have to do is just to take Him.

ALL THE SINNER HAS TO DO.

This afternoon in the inquiry-room there were a great many that came up to inquire what they must do to be saved. A young lady among the number said to me, "Mr. Moody, I want to be saved. I wish you would tell me how." The tears trickled down her cheeks, and she said, "You do not know how I want to be saved!" I said, "My friend, you would know how to take a gift, would not you? If I offered you my Bible, you would know how to take it, would not you?" "Yes, sir," she said, "I should." "Salvation is a gift, and just as you would take a present, you take God's present. And God's present to you is His Son from heaven. You just receive Him." She said, "Mr. Moody, is that all I have got to do?" I said, "Yes, that is all you can do. You receive Him first." "But," said she, "have not I to ask for Him?" I said, "You need not do it. What is the use of asking for what God is offering?" Suppose I say to this boy here, "Look here, I want to give you my Bible," and the boy says, "I wish you would make me a present of the Bible. Will you give it me?" And I say, "Take it, take it," and he keeps asking for it. Now, God is behind every sinner offering salvation. You have nothing to do but to take it. Who will take salvation as a gift to-night?

HELPING HIMSELF IN THE ORCHARD.

I was out on the Pacific coast in California, two or three years ago, and I was the guest of a man that had a large vineyard and a large orchard. One day he said to me, "Moody, while you are my guest, I want you to make yourself perfectly happy, and if there is anything in the orchard or in the vineyard you would like, help yourself."

Well, when I wanted an orange, I did not go to an orange-tree and pray the oranges to fall into my pocket, but I walked up to a tree, reached out my hand, and took the oranges. He said, "Take," and I took. God says "Take," and you do it. God says, "There is my Son." "The wages of sin is death; the gift of God is eternal life." Who will take it now?

A DEVICE OF SATAN.

Satan is down in the audience working while I am preaching. Satan says, "If you take it, you will have to give up too much. Do not you let that man get a power over you to-night. Do not believe that man. If you become a Christian, you have got to give up so much." Let me say—mark the words—God does not come here and ask any man to give up anything. The first thing God wants you to do is to take; and after you have taken the new life, and got a new nature, old things pass away, and all things become new. I tried to stop swearing before I was converted, and the more I tried the worse I became. But one night, when Jesus met me, I just received Him, and I have had no desire to swear since. It stopped itself—I got something better. The things I once loved I now hate; and the things I once hated I now love. There was a perfect change, a revolution in my life, when God revealed Himself to me; and since then His yoke is easy and His burden is light. God does not come down and say, "Young man, give up this and that;" but he says, "There is my Son; take Him." There is the gift, and I tell you that there is not anything that God can give us that is worth more than the gift of eternal life. If you were allowed to choose yourself, you would ask for eternal life. You would rather have that gift than any other; and that is the gift that God wants to bestow upon you. God says, "Here it is all in my Son. If you receive Him here, he will 'receive' you yonder. If you reject Him here He will reject you yonder." He came unto His own, the Jews, and they would not have Him. "His own received Him not; but as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name." Now, the moment you receive Christ, you get power to serve Him; the moment you receive the Lord Jesus, you get power to live for Him.

DOMESTIC ANECDOTE.

My wife had a schoolmate that had a little boy about four years old, and this beautiful little boy was one day cutting a piece of string with a penknife, and the knife went into his eye and put it out. My wife was therefore very careful about the children not using a knife. But if you tell a child he shall not have a thing, that is the very thing he wants. A good many people say they would like to have had Adam's chance. If they had they would have gone down like Adam. If you put a thousand children into this building with a great number of toys, and put one little thing in a room and shut it up, and if you said to the children, "I shall be gone a few hours; do not go near that room," that is the very first place they would go to. They would want to see what was in there. If you tell a child he shall not have a thing, that is the very thing he wants. My wife went out one day, and my little boy, two years old, got hold of a pair of scissors. My little girl knew he ought not to have them, and she went to him and tried to get them away; but the little fellow held on to the scissors, and would not give them up. She was afraid of sticking them into his eyes, so she ran off to another room, and got an orange, and came running in, and held it up, and said, "Willie, do not you want the orange?" and the little fellow dropped the scissors, and went for the orange. If you will allow me the illustration, God comes here, and says, "Here is my Son, take Him." He saves the sinner; and the moment we get Him, these things we love so much are gone; they float away into the dim past. Christ is worth more than all the world; and God comes and says, "Here is my Son, take Him, and believe on Him." And the moment you receive Him, you get power over the flesh, the world, and the devil; and you do not get the power until you receive life from Christ, until you believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. May God help you to believe now, and to receive the Gospel to-night! "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." May every man and every woman in this room to-night believe the Gospel and be saved!

THE RICH EVANGELIST AND THE PEOPLE'S DEBTS.

I will give you another illustration, for illustrations are better than dry sermons.

I heard of an Englishman that was converted some time ago, and when the Lord converted him, he had a great desire to see every man converted; and I would not give much for that man's conversion who did not have that desire. This man Christ had such a hold upon, that he wanted to go out and publish the good tidings. So he went into one town, and gave notice that he would preach in such a place. It got noised round that the man was rich, so a great many went to see him out of curiosity. He had a great audience the first night, but, as he was not a very eloquent man, the people did not get interested. Men looked at the messenger instead of the message; but never mind the messenger. The next night hardly any one was there. Then he got out great placards, and placarded the town, and he stated that if any man in that town owed any debt, if they would come round to his office between nine and twelve o'clock on a certain day, he would pay the debt. Of course that went through the town like wild-fire. One said to the other, "John, do you believe that?" "No, I am not going to believe that any stranger is going to pay our debts." Not any one believed it, although there were a good many, no doubt, that would have liked to get their debts paid. Well, the day came, and at nine o'clock the man was there. At ten o'clock none had come. At eleven o'clock a man was seen walking up and down, looking over his shoulder, and finally he stuck his head in the door and said, "Is it true that you will pay any man's debt?" "Yes; do you owe any debt?" "Yes." "Have you brought the necessary papers?" The placard had told them what to do. "Yes." So the man drew a cheque and paid the other's debt, and he kept him and talked with him till twelve o'clock; and before twelve o'clock two other men came and got their debts paid. At twelve o'clock that man let them out, and the people outside said to them, "He paid your debts, did not he?" "Yes, he did," they answered. But the people laughed and made fun of them, and would not believe it till they pulled out the cheque, and said, "There it is. He has paid all the debt." And then the people said, "What fools we were we did not go in and get our debts paid!" But they could not; it was too late; the door was closed; the time was up. And then the man as before preached the Gospel, and great crowds

went to hear him; and he said, "Now, my friends, that is what God wants to do, but you will not let Him do it. Christ came to pay our debts, and that is the Gospel." I could not have a better illustration of the Gospel than that. Every man owes God a debt he cannot pay. Would you insult the Almighty by offering the fruits of this frail body to atone for sin? Isaiah says, "He was wounded for our transgressions; He was bruised for our iniquity; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed." Paul says, "I declare unto you the Gospel; Christ died for our sins, according to the Scriptures." My friends, will you believe the Gospel to-night, and be saved?

CHRIST'S COMMISSION TO PETER.

I can imagine when Christ said to the little band around Him, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel," Peter said, "Lord, do you really mean that we are to go back to Jerusalem and preach the Gospel to those men that murdered you?" "Yes," said Christ to Peter; "go, hunt up that man that spit in My face, and tell him he shall have a seat in My kingdom if he will accept of salvation as a gift. Yes, Peter, go, hunt up that man that made that cruel crown of thorns and placed it on My brow, and tell him I will have a crown ready for him when he comes into My kingdom, and no thorns in it. I will give him a crown of life. Hunt up that man that took a reed and brought it down over the cruel thorns, driving them into My brow, and tell him I will put a sceptre in his hand, and he shall rule over the nations of the earth if he will accept salvation. Hunt up that man that spit in my face, and tell him I forgive him freely, and will have a crown ready for him if he will accept of salvation. Peter, go hunt up that man that drove the spear into my side, and tell him there is a nearer way to my heart than that. Tell him I forgive him freely, and that he can be saved if he will accept of salvation as a gift. Hunt up the men that drove the nails into My hands and feet, and tell them I forgive them freely, and tell them they shall have a seat in My kingdom if they will accept of it. Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." Oh, may God help you to hear the Gospel to-night and to be saved! Christ died for our sins. Think of the sins represented by this vast body

of men. But, thanks be to God, they can all be laid on His Son to-night if you will lay them on Him. He came to take away the sin of the world. Look yonder! see what it says! "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." Look yonder! "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world." May God help you to lift your eye to the Lamb of God to-night! Look, sinner, now! "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world;" and if you go out of this world unsaved, it will be your fault. If you go out from here to-night without Christ as your Saviour, it will be your fault: you will do it at the peril of your soul. May God help you to look now and live.

IX.

POPULAR PRESENT-DAY EXCUSES.

TO-NIGHT I am going to call your attention to the same subject as last night, when we took up some of the popular excuses of the present day. We had time only to speak of a few, and to-night we want to follow up the same subject. Our friend has been singing about heaven, the home of the soul, and I read to you a few verses in Revelations about that upper and better world. And now to-night I want every one in this audience to believe that they really have an invitation to that world of light. It is God that is inviting every soul within this assembly to that feast. It is not an invitation of mine, it is not a text that I have manufactured, it is not an invitation that is got up by man, but it comes from the living God Himself to every soul here. Every person here is invited to the feast, and now the question comes, "What are you going to do with the invitation?"

THE YOUNG MAN FROM BRADFORD.

I was made glad to-day to hear of a young man that came to this meeting last night. He came up from Bradford, and as he came into this hall, he said, "If Christ can be found here, I am determined to have Him;" and the moment there was an opportunity given to go into the inquiry-room, that young man went in, and after a friend had talked with him some time, to all human appearance he accepted Christ, and went on his way rejoicing. I hope there will be many such here to-night, who have said to themselves, "If Christ can be

found here to-night, by the grace of God, I'll find Him." If there are any such, let me say to you, "My friends, I bring an invitation to each one of you to be present at the marriage supper of God's beloved Son."

And now, are you going to join with the three men that we were speaking of last night, and say, "I pray thee, have me excused?" Are you going to make excuse?

THE SCEPTICS AND INFIDELS OF LONDON.

I want to come to some of the excuses that we meet with every night in the inquiry-room, and the excuse I have met in London, more perhaps than any other—for I have found more sceptics and more infidels the few days I have been in London than in any place I was ever in; young men coming into the inquiry-room full of infidelity, darkness, and doubt, and one of the greatest objections they have; one of the excuses that they are hiding behind, is the Bible. They are giving that as the reason why they do not accept the invitation to be at the marriage supper of the Lamb. Now, I want to say I never met a sceptic or infidel who had read the Bible through. I heard a man say the other day to another man, "Have you read such a book?" "Yes." "Well, what is your opinion of it?" "Well, I only read it through once; I would not like to give my opinion without reading it more carefully." But men can give their opinion about God's Book without reading it. They read a chapter here and there, and say, "Oh, the Book is so dark and mysterious;" and because they cannot understand it by reading a few chapters, they condemn the whole of it. The Word of God tells us plainly that the natural man cannot understand spiritual things. It is a spiritual book, and speaks of spiritual things, and a man must be born of the Spirit before he can understand the Bible. What seems very dark and mysterious to you now will all be light and clear when ye are born of the Spirit.

THE MYSTERIES OF THE BIBLE.

I can remember some portions of Scripture that were very dark and mysterious to me when I was converted, but now they are very clear. I can remember things that ten years ago were very dark and mysterious, but as I have gone on I understand them better, and the more we know of God, and the more we study the Word, the

plainer it will become; but the idea of an unconverted man is to take up the Bible and condemn it before he has been born of the Spirit. Why, when a man is born of the Spirit then he will understand the Word of God, and not before. You say, "If that is so, how am I to understand how to be saved?" I will tell you. When God puts salvation before a sinner He puts it so plain that a man that runs can read, and a wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein. There are a great many things in the Book which are dark and mysterious, but when it comes to the plan of salvation God has put it so plain that that little girl ten years old can understand it if she will. You understand what it is to come. "Come unto Me, all ye that labor." You know what it is to take a gift. "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not. But as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God." "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life." That is taking a gift. You know what it is to believe in a man; well, "believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." You know what it is to put trust and confidence in a man; now, put your trust and confidence in the living God, and you are saved. You are saved by casting yourself unreservedly upon the Lord Jesus Christ. When God puts salvation before a man He puts it so plain and simple that if he is willing to come as a little child he can come.

THE CHILD AT SCHOOL.

Supposing I should send my little boy, five years old, to school to-morrow morning, and when he came home I should say, "Can you read, write, spell? Do you understand all about arithmetic, geometry, algebra?" The little fellow would look at me, and say, "Why, what do you talk in that way for? I have been trying all day to learn the A B C." Supposing I replied, "If you have not finished your education you need not go to the school any more;" why, what would you say? You would say, "Moody has gone mad." Well, there is about as much sense in that as in the way that infidels talk about the Bible. They take it up, read a chapter, and say, "Oh, it is so dark and mysterious we cannot understand it." This blessed Book is given to be a lamp to our feet and a light to our path, to guide the way to those eternal mansions. It never was given to

keep men out of the kingdom of God. That is the devil's work, trying to make you believe the Word of God is not true. I tell you the only way we can overcome the enemy of our soul is by the written Word of God, and the devil knows that, and so he comes up and says, "It is full of lies, it is dark and mysterious, it contradicts itself; don't you believe it." He knows the moment a man goes to the Word of God and believes it, he gets liberty to his soul, and he gets beyond Satan's reach; he gets a weapon in his hand with which to conquer the devil; he overcomes the enemy of his salvation. The devil does not want you to find that out, and whispers this lie, and you believe it rather than the Word of God. Young man, your mother is right, the Bible is true, and you had better take that.

WHAT ENGLAND OWES TO THE BIBLE.

Why, these infidels that want to take away the Bible from us, what are they going to give us in its place? What has made England but the Word of God? I heard a most eloquent man in America a few years ago say, "You look back in history a few years and you see England and France moving along abreast in the march of nations. France closed the Bible and would not give it to its people. England opened the Bible, and what is the result? Why, the English language is spoken round the world, and the sun never sets upon the Queen's dominions." And look and see how the English language has gone round the world. See what the Bible has done for England, and look and see what has become of France. Poor France closed its Bible, and it has gone down, and every nation that puts down the Bible has to go down, and every nation that exalts the Bible and lifts it up, God lifts it up and blesses them. Oh, my friends, let us cling close to the Bible. What are you going to do without it? What are you going to give us in the place of it? Do not give that for an excuse. Keep this in mind: you will never stand up before the bar of God and say the Bible kept you out of the kingdom. It may sound very well here now; you may be satisfied to give that for an excuse down here in the Agricultural Hall to-night; you will not be satisfied to give that in the Courts of Heaven—in fact, you never will get there; you will not stand up in the great judgment day and say the Bible kept you out of the kingdom.

HYPOCRITES IN THE CHURCH.

Then there is another class. Some people say, "I have not any doubt about the Word of God, but the fact is that there are some men in the church that ought not to be there; therefore, I do not purpose to go into the church." I am not asking you to come into the church—not but what I believe in churches; but I am asking you to the marriage supper of the Lamb, and am inviting you to this feast, and we will talk about the church by-and-by. We want you to come to Christ first, then we will talk to you about the church. But you say, here are some hypocrites. So there are, and I can imagine you saying, "Oh, yes, there is a man up here in one of the churches that cheated me out of £5 a few years ago, and you are not going to catch me in the company of hypocrites." Well, my friend, if you want to get out of the company of hypocrites, you had better get out of the world as quick as you can. One of the twelve apostles turned out to be a hypocrite, and there is no doubt there will be hypocrites in the church to the end of time. But "what is that to thee?" says Christ to Peter; "follow thou Me." We do not ask you to follow hypocrites, we ask you to follow Christ; we do not ask you to believe in hypocrites, we ask you to believe in Christ. Another thing, if you want to get out of the company of hypocrites you had better make haste and come to Christ. There will be no hypocrites at the marriage supper of the Lamb; they will all be in hell, and you will be there with them if you do not make haste and come to Christ. That excuse would sound strange, would it not? We very often hear men give it down here, but it would sound very strange before Jehovah, a man saying, "I know you invited me to be at the marriage supper of your Son, but I did not accept it because I knew there were some hypocrites that professed the Gospel." Man will have no excuse when he comes to stand before God; his mouth will be sealed.

THE PRESSURE OF BUSINESS.

There is another class who say, "I know there are hypocrites, but they don't have any influence over me," and if I could go to the door as you go out to-night, and take you by the hand and say, "My friend, why not accept of the invitation to-night?" you would say, "I pray to be excused to-night,

I have not time. I have got some very pressing business to-morrow morning to attend to, and I have to go home to bed as quick as possible, to get my night's rest. You will have to excuse me;" and the mothers here would say, "I have to go home and put the children to bed, you will have to excuse me;" "very pressing business;" "have no time." Thousands of men in London say they have not time. Thanks be to God, it don't take time, it takes decision. But what have you done with all the time God has given you? Your locks are turning grey, your eye is growing dim, and that temple of your body is coming down—what have you done with all those years? Is it true you have not time? What did you do with the 365 days last year? No time during those 365 days—what have you done with all those hours? Have not you had time to accept of this invitation? Why, men spend 15 or 20 years to get an education that they may go out to earn a living for this frail body, that is soon to be eaten up with worms, or 5 years to learn a trade that they may earn a living; and yet they have not five minutes to seek their souls' salvation! You "have no time." Is it true? You know it is a lie, and if you go out to-night unsaved it will not be because you have not time, but because you won't accept the invitation. God says, "Seek first the kingdom." That is the first thing to do. Let the children sit up a little late to - night, let your business be suspended to-morrow. Supposing you do not get so much money to-morrow and get Christ, is not that worth more than money? Better for a man to be sure of salvation than to have the wealth of the world rolled to his feet. If you take my advice you will

JUST TAKE TIME TO-NIGHT,

and just make up your mind—this night the question of eternity must be settled.

But there is another excuse coming up from some one in the gallery. A man says, "My heart is so hard." Well, that is just the very reason you ought to come. If you had not a hard heart you would not need a Saviour. Can you soften your heart? Can you break your heart? Did not God invite the hard-hearted? Did not Christ come to seek and to save that which was lost? It is just because men's hearts are hard that they need a Saviour, and that is no excuse at all.

God invites you, and you won't stand up and say to the Great King you did not accept the invitation because you had a hard heart. He invites "whosoever," and you can come along with your hard heart.

CHRIST BREAKING THE CHAIN.

In the north there was a minister talking to a man in the inquiry-room. He says, "My heart is so hard, it seems as if it was chained, and I cannot come." "Ah," says the minister, "come along, chain and all;" and he just came to Christ hard-hearted, chain and all, and Christ snapped the fetters, and set him free right there. So come along. If you are bound hand and feet by Satan, that is the work of God to break the fetters; you cannot break them. Thanks be to God, He can snap the fetters and set the captive souls free to-night. I do not care how hard the heart is: the Lord can save to the uttermost, and He bids you come just as you are. Oh, this old excuse—

"I AM SO BAD!"

Paul said he was the "chief" of sinners, and if the chief has gone up on high there is hope for everybody else. The devil makes us believe that we are good enough without salvation if he can; and if he cannot make us believe that, he says, "You are so bad the Lord won't have you;" and so he tries to make people believe because they are so bad Christ won't have anything to do with them. God invites you to come just as you are. I know a great many people want to come, but they are trying to get better and to get ready to come. Now mark you, my friend, the Lord invites you to come just as you are, and if you could make yourself better you would not be any more acceptable to God. Do not put these filthy rags of self-righteousness about you. God will strip every rag from you when you come to Him, and He will clothe you with glorious garments. When our war was going on we would sometimes go to the recruiting office and see a man come in with a silk hat, broadcloth coat, calfskin boots—his suit might be worth £100; and another man would come in whose clothes were not worth a pound; but they both had to strip and put on the uniform of the country. And so when we go into Christ's vineyard we must put on the livery of heaven and be stripped of every rag.

However bad you are, come along just as you are and the Lord will receive you.

THE ARTIST AND THE BEGGAR.

I read some time ago of an artist who wanted to find a man that would represent the prodigal. One day, walking up the streets, he met a poor beggar, and the thought occurred to him, "That man would represent the prodigal." He told him what he wanted, and found the beggar was ready to come to his place of business and sit for his painting if he would pay him for his time. The man appeared on the day appointed, but the artist did not recognize him. He said, "You made an appointment with me." "No," says the artist, "I never saw you before." "You are mistaken; you did see me, and made an appointment with me." "No, it must be some other artist. I have an appointment to meet a beggar here at this hour." "Well," says the beggar, "I am the man." "You the man?" "Yes." "What have you been doing?" "Well, I thought I would get a new suit of clothes before I got painted." "Well," says the artist, "I don't want you;" he would not have him then. And so if you are coming to God, come just as you are. Do not go and put on some garments of yours, and think the Lord will accept you because you have some good thoughts and desires. Come along just as you are. I do not care how bad you are; this Man receiveth sinners and eateth with them, and all you have to do is to prove that you are a sinner, and I will prove to you that you have a Saviour, and the greater the sinner the more need of a Saviour.

PREJUDICE AGAINST SPECIAL SERVICES AND LAY PREACHERS.

Some say, "I would like to become a Christian, but I have a prejudice against these special meetings, and against Americans, and against a layman too. If it was a regular minister, and it was our regular minister, I would accept the invitation." If that is your difficulty, I can help you out of that. You can just get right up, and go out of the hall, and run right over to your minister, and have a talk with him. And if you say you do not want to be converted in a special meeting, there are regular meetings in all the churches throughout London, and your minister would be most glad to see and talk and pray with you. But if

you say, "There is a great awakening here in London," and you do not want to be converted in that way, you can jump into a train, and go to some town where there is no revival. We can find you some place where there is no revival, and some church where there is not much of the revival spirit. If you really want to go, don't give that for an excuse. How wise the devil is! When the church is cold, and everything is dead, men say, "Oh, well, if there was only some life in the church I might become a Christian, if we could only just have a wave from heaven." Then when the wave does come they say, "Oh, no, we are afraid of excitement, and afraid of these special meetings. We are afraid there will be something done that won't be just in accordance with our ideas of propriety." My friend, it is God who is working. Come along just as you are. Do not wait another minute, but accept the invitation and accept it right here to-night.

A WORD THAT SHOULD BE ABOLISHED.

There is another class here who say, "I would like to come, but then I do not feel." That is, I think, the very worst excuse, and the most common excuse we have. I wish sometimes the word could be abolished—feel, feel. You go into the inquiry-room. "Well, Mr. Moody, I do not feel this and that." Why, supposing my friend Mr. Stone should invite me to go to his house to-morrow to dinner, and I say to Mr. Stone, "I would like to go very much, but I don't know as I feel right." "Well," he says, "what do you mean? Do you mean you don't want to go to my house?" "Oh, no, I want to go." That is what men say—"Oh, yes, we want to be saved." "What do you mean, Mr. Moody? Do you mean that you do not know as you will be well to-morrow? Do you think you will be sick?" "Oh, no, I expect to be well to-morrow if I live." "Well, what do you mean by feeling?" "Well, I do not know just how I'll feel. I would like very much to go to your house to dinner to-morrow, but I don't know as I will feel just right." "I don't understand you, Mr. Moody; I am not talking about feeling; I invite you to come to my house to dinner." "Well, I would like to come very much, but the fact is I do not know how I will feel to-morrow." I can imagine my friend Mr. Stone saying, "What has come over Moody? I think the fellow has gone mad. I asked

him to my house to dinner, and he says he would like to come, but he does not know as he will feel right, and he talked about feeling all the time." Of course you would say he has gone mad. That is the way people talk now. You talk to them about coming to the kingdom of God, and they say, "I do not know as I feel just right."

AWAY WITH YOUR FEELINGS.

God is above feeling. Why, can you control your feelings? If I could I would feel good all the time—never catch me feeling bad at anything. I am sure if I could control my feelings I never would have any bad feelings; I would always have good feelings. Bear in mind Satan may change our feelings fifty times a day, but he cannot change the Word of God; and what we want is to build our hopes of heaven upon the Word of God. When a poor sinner is coming up out of the pit, and just ready to get his feet upon the Rock of Ages, the devil sticks out a plank of feeling, and says, "Get on that," and when he puts his feet on that, down he goes again. Take one of these texts—"Verily, I say unto you, he that heareth My word and believeth on Him that sent Me hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life." My friend, that is worth more than all the feelings that you can have in a whole lifetime. I would a thousand times rather stand on that verse than on the best frame and feeling. I took my stand there twenty years ago. The dark waves of hell have come dashing up against me; the waves of persecution have dashed up around me; doubts, fears, and unbelief have assailed me; but I have been able to stand right there. It is a sure footing for eternity. It was true 1,800 years ago, and it is true to-night. That Rock is higher than my feeling. What we want is to get our feet upon the Rock, and then the Lord will put a new song into our mouths.

NOT A MISFORTUNE, BUT A SIN.

There is another class who say they cannot believe. Not long ago, a man said to me, "I cannot believe." I said "Who?" "Well, I cannot believe." I said, "Who?" He stammered and stuttered, and I said, "Who cannot you believe—God?" "Oh, yes, I believe God, I cannot believe myself." "Well, you do not want to believe yourself. Your heart is de-

ceitful above all things, and desperately wicked. Put no confidence in the flesh. Don't believe yourself, make yourself a liar, and God to be true. Believe in God, and say as Job said, "Though He slay me I will trust Him." Some men seem to talk as if it was a great misfortune that they do not believe. Bear in mind it is the damning sin of the world. "When He, the Holy Ghost, is come, He will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment; of sin, because they believe not on Me." That is the sin of the world—"because they believe not on Me." Why, that is the very root of sin, the very tree, and all the fruit. This is the tree that brings forth this bad fruit—it is the tree of unbelief. May God open your eyes to-night to see that God is true, and that you may be led to put your trust in Him now.

A PACK OF LIES.

I wish I had time to go on with these excuses, for they are as numerous as the hairs on our heads. But if I could go on and exhaust them all, the devil would help to make more. You can just take them, tie them up in one bundle, and mark them a pack of lies, the whole of them. Not one of them is true. And let me say, if your excuse is a good one, if you have an excuse that will stand the light of eternity, do not give it up for anything I have said. Hold it firm, take it to the bar of God, and tell it out to Him. But if you have an excuse that won't stand the piercing eye of God, I beg of you as a friend, give it up—let your excuses go. Let them go to the four winds of heaven, and accept of the invitation now. It is a very easy thing for a man to excuse himself into hell, but you cannot excuse yourself out.

And another very solemn thought is, God will excuse you if you want to be excused. He does not want to do it. "As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live. Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die, oh house of Israel?" God wants you to come to His feast. Come just as you are; accept the invitation. Let the shop be closed till you accept this invitation. Let business be suspended till you accept this invitation. Let the oxen stand in the stall till you accept of this invitation. Let everything else be laid aside until the great question of eter-

nity is asked, until you can look up and say, "God is my Father, Jesus Christ is my Saviour, and heaven shall be my future home."

I wish I had time to call your attention to who will be at the marriage supper of the Lamb.

LIFT YOUR EYES HEAVENWARD

to-night, mothers; you have got loved children that have gone on before you, and they will be at the marriage supper of the Lamb, they will sit down with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, in the kingdom of God — will you be missing? Fathers and mothers that have loved ones that have gone on before you, if you could hear them—they are shouting from the battlements of heaven, "Come this way." Young man, you have a sainted mother there, a loved father there: they are beckoning you heavenward to-night. They have been gathering from the time the holy Abel went up—for 6,000 years they have been gathering out of the four corners of the earth. The purest and best of earth are not down here, they are in heaven, and God wants you and I to be there. Blessed is he that shall be at the marriage supper of the Lamb. Oh, by the grace of God I mean to be there. My friends, let us to-night every one accept of the invitation. God invites rich and poor, high and low, learned and unlearned, all alike to come to the feast. Do not make light of the invitation.

THE REPLY TO THE ROYAL INVITATION.

Suppose we should just write out the excuse to the King of Heaven: "While sitting in the Agricultural Hall, March 24, 1875, I received a very pressing invitation from one of your messengers to be present

at the marriage supper of your only-begotten Son. I pray Thee, have me excused." Would you come up and sign that? Would you take your pen and put your name down to that excuse? I can imagine you saying you would let your right hand forget its cunning, and your tongue cleave to the roof of your mouth first. I doubt whether there is a man in this room that could be made to sign this excuse; but what will you do? Many of you will get up and go out of this hall, making light of the preacher, laughing at everything you have heard, paying no attention to the invitation. I beg of you, do not make light of this invitation. It is a loving God that invites you to a loving feast, and God is not to be mocked. Go play with the forked lightning, trifle with any pestilence, any disease, rather than with God. God is not to be trifled with. It is God that invites you. Young lady, what will you do with the invitation to-night? Young man, what will you do with the invitation to-night? Will you accept of it? Oh, may God help you now to say from the very depths of your heart, "By the grace of God I will accept."

Just let me write out another. "To the King of Heaven: While sitting in the Agricultural Hall, March 24, 1875, I received a pressing invitation from one of your servants to be present at the marriage supper of your only-begotten Son. I hasten to reply, By the grace of God I will be present." Who will sign that? Who will set to their seal to-night that God is true? Be wise to-night, and accept of the invitation. Make up your mind you will not go away till the question of eternity is settled. May God bring hundreds to a decision to-night is the prayer of my heart.

NOTE.

[JUST as the preceding pages were going to press, the publishers received the London *Christian World*, for April 27, which contains verbatim reports of Mr. Moody's celebrated addresses on *Heaven* and *The Blood*; not heretofore fully published. The paper also contains the following notice of the work of the Evangelists during their second month in London.]

THE American Evangelists are now nearing the end of their second month in London. During the greater part of April services have been conducted daily in each of the four divisions of the metropolis. Messrs. Moody and Sankey have divided their labors almost equally between the East and the West ends—officiating at Her Majesty's Opera House in the Haymarket at the daily noon prayer-meeting, and also at an afternoon Bible reading, while in the evening they have generally been present at the service in the Bow-road Hall. On two evenings of each week they have returned to the Agricultural Hall in Islington. The first week after their departure from that hall the services there were conducted by Rev. William Taylor, of California; but the attendance instantly dropped from 12,000 to 2,000, and sank to as low as 1,000 before the week was done. In the second week Mr. Taylor was succeeded by the Rev. W. H. M. Aitken (Episcopalian), of Liverpool, who secured much larger congregations, there being occasionally as many as 5,000 and 6,000 present to hear him; and at the Victoria Theatre, on the South side, Mr. Taylor held daily meetings, where his labors would appear to be better appreciated than they were at Islington. The prayer-meeting at the Opera House has not been so well attended, on the whole, as that at Exeter Hall; but the Bible readings have attracted great congregations, these including many members of fashionable society, led by Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, who was present on Thursday, April 15. In an article on "The American Revivalists in England," the *New York Independent* says: "We presume that the aristocracy and the literati will scarce hear of the movement that is about them. It is an after generation that builds the monuments of the prophets. Bunyan got no words of honor

from the Duke of Bedford, whose descendant has lately set up his statue." Several months before these words were written, Mr. Moody had sojourned as a guest within the walls of Dunrobin Castle, the northern seat of the Duke of Sutherland; and weeks before he had dined with the Lord Chancellor of England, at Bournemouth. At his first meeting in the Agricultural Hall he was assisted by a peer of the realm, and other noblemen took part in subsequent gatherings, while Lord Cairns, the Earl of Shaftesbury, and many other members of the aristocracy formed part of his audience. The favor with which his labors are regarded by a large section of the nobility has been still more conspicuously displayed since the opening of the services in the Haymarket, and especially since the visit paid by the Princess of Wales. Standing somewhat in the same relation to Mr. Moody that the Countess of Huntingdon did to Whitefield, her Grace the Duchess of Sutherland has been well-nigh a daily attender, accompanied sometimes by her daughter and Lady Constance Leveson-Gower. Twice last week the Duke and Duchess of St. Albans were seen in the royal box, the Prince Teck has also been present, and so have the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, the Countess of Gainsborough, Lady Dudley, Lord and Lady Rendlesham (the latter a daughter of the late popular Earl of Eglington), and many more of the "upper ten thousand." To crown all, it is alleged, not only that Lord Dudley interested himself in securing the Opera House for the American Evangelists, but that his lordship was encouraged to do this by no less a personage than the Heir Apparent. Dr. Donald Fraser and Mr. Newman Hall have preached to excellent congregations at the Opera House; but when Mr. Moody's place at the Bow-road Hall was taken by the Rev. Mr. Howie, a

Free Church minister from Glasgow, and a powerful preacher, the congregations instantly melted away. The young men's nightly meeting at St. Mary's Hall, Islington, was conducted until the end of last week by Mr. Henry Drummond, a nephew of the founder of the Stirling Tract Enterprise; and a pleasant feature of the work at the East-end has been the giving of a comfortable meal on the Sundays to many hundreds of poor people, brought together by young men visitors, assisted by some devoted ladies from Glasgow.

X.

A SERMON ABOUT HEAVEN.

I HAVE for my subject to-night, heaven. I was going to a meeting some time ago, and a friend said to me on my way, "What is your subject?" I told him I thought I should talk about heaven. I noticed a scowl on his forehead, and said, "What makes you look in that way?" He said he was in hopes I was going to give them something practical, that there would be time enough to talk about heaven when we got there. But there is a passage in Timothy which says that "all Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine," and if God did not want us to talk about and think about heaven He would not have so much written about it. And I think if people talked more about heaven they would have more of a desire to go there. When we were compiling this little hymn-book I wanted to put in two or three more hymns about heaven. My friend said, "I think you have too many about heaven." I don't know, I may be wrong, but I cannot help but like those hymns wonderfully. "That beautiful land on high,"—I have heard it the last ten or twelve years very often, and I have not got tired of it yet. I love to hear those sweet hymns about heaven, for it seems to me we cannot hear too much about heaven. If you were going to America to live and spend the rest of your days, and it was given out I was going to talk about America here to-night, I can imagine how anxious you would be to listen to all I said about that country, about its climate, and about its inhabitants. You could not hear too much about a country which you were going to, to live a few years even, because our life here is but a vapor compared with that life beyond this. Well now, if we are going to spend eternity in

heaven, can we hear too much about it? I think not.

THE INFIDEL'S QUERY.

I remember soon after I was converted an infidel got hold of me and wanted to know why it was I always addressed my prayer upwards. He said God was everywhere, He was no more above me in heaven, as I called it, than He was here; He was the God of nature. And so I find infidels and sceptics, they reason away hell, they reason away heaven, and they would even reason away God. Now I will admit that God is here, the same as we say the sun has been shining in London to-day, but it is 95,000,000 of miles away, and so God may be here to-night, but at the same time God is a Person. God has a dwelling-place, and it is right that we should address our prayers upward. I think it is in the 26th of Deuteronomy we read, "Look down from Thy holy habitation from heaven, and bless Thy people Israel and the land which Thou has given us, as thou swarest unto our fathers, a land that floweth with milk and honey." And in Genesis we read that God "went up" from talking with Abraham. In the 3d of John we read Christ said He "came down from heaven." And then we find that when He was here on earth, in one place it is said He looked up towards heaven; in that wonderful prayer in the 17th of John He "lifted up His eyes to heaven," it is said. So we find we have some authority for addressing our prayers upwards; heaven is located above.

THE HOME OF GOD.

Then we find that it is the dwelling-place of God. Would you turn to 1 Kings viii. 30: "And hearken Thou to the supplication of Thy servant and of Thy people Israel when they shall pray toward this place; and hear Thou in heaven, Thy dwelling-place, and when Thou hearest, forgive." Heaven is the "dwelling-place" of God. God has a home, God has a throne, God has a dwelling-place—"hear Thou in heaven, Thy dwelling-place." Now, how far away heaven is I do not know; I have not been able to find out. There is one thing that I do know, it is not so far away but God can hear us when we pray. God can hear every prayer that goes up from this sin-cursed earth. We are not so far from Him but that He can see our tears and hear the

faintest whisper when we lift our heart to Him in prayer. In Daniel we read that Gabriel was caused to fly swiftly and come to Daniel. I do not know how long it took him to come, but as near as I can find out it took him about four minutes. If we could find out how fast he flew we might find out how far heaven is. It does not take long for these angels of light to come to our rescue and help if we need them. In 2 Chronicles vii. 14, we read, "If My people, which are called by My name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek My face, and turn from their wicked ways, then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land." That is God's own word, "I will hear from heaven," and then when Christ's disciples came to Him and said, "Lord, teach us how to pray as John taught His disciples," He taught them to pray thus: "Our Father who art in heaven,"—not down here. That is His dwelling-place. God has a throne, and God has a dwelling-place, and let us make heaven real. I believe heaven is a city quite as real as London is. What we want is to make heaven real, and hell real, and God real, and Christ real, and then live as if we believed these things to be real.

THE CURTAIN LIFTED.

Now, we have it established that God is in heaven, that that is His dwelling-place, that He has a throne there. Then would you just turn to the 7th of Acts, for we want to find out who is there and what company we are going to be in when we get there—the 55th verse: "But he being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God." When a man is full of the Holy Ghost heaven does not seem far away; he can see by the eye of faith clearly into the city, and can see Christ standing at the right hand of God. Stephen was full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, and the curtain was lifted and he looked in, and there he saw his blessed Lord and Saviour, whom he loved, standing at the right hand of God. Heaven was real to Stephen, Christ was real, He was a real living person, and he saw Him there. And I think that is what is going to make heaven so attractive to us—Christ will be there.

THE VISION OF THE KING.

One Christian asked another what he

expected to do when he got to heaven, and he said he expected to take one good long look of about 500 years at Christ, and then he would want to see Paul and Peter and John and the rest of the disciples. Well, it seems to me one glimpse of Christ will pay us for all that we are called upon to endure here—to see the King in His beauty, to be in the presence of the King. And then the sweet thought is we shall be like Him when we see Him, and we shall see Him in His beauty, we shall see Him high and exalted. When He was down here it was the time of His humiliation, cast out from the world, spit upon and rejected; but God hath exalted Him and put Him at the right hand of power, and there He is, and there, my friends, we shall see Him by-and-by. A few more tears, a few more shadows, and then God shall say, "Come up hither, and into the presence of the King we shall come. It may be I am talking to some one to-night that will see the King before the sun shall rise to-morrow morning—some one in this audience may be summoned away and be there with the Lord Jesus. Yes, it won't be the pearly gates that will be so attractive, it won't be the jasper walls, it won't be the streets paved with transparent gold,—that is not what is going to make heaven so attractive; but it is the thought that Jesus, who loved us, and gave Himself for us, will be there, and we shall see Him, we shall look upon Him. Oh, that will make heaven glorious, to think that we shall see Him ourselves, that we shall behold Him and gaze upon Him, and hear that loved voice. Ah, methinks I would rather hear that voice, and look into those lovely eyes, and gaze upon that face than to see all the world. Yes, that is what God calls us to, that we may be in the presence of His beloved Son.

STORY OF A MOTHERLESS CHILD.

I was reading, some time ago, of a little child whose mother was sick, and the child was not old enough to understand about the sickness of the mother. It was taken away, and when the mother died, they thought they would rather have the child remember its mother as she was when she was well, and so they did not take her back till after the mother was buried. They then brought the child home and she ran into the drawing-room to meet her mother, and her mother was not there. The little thing was disappointed, and ran

into all the rooms, but could not find her mother. She began to cry, and asked them to send her back; she did not want to stay; home had lost its attraction because mother was not there. What is going to make heaven so delightful? It won't be the pearly gates; it won't be the jasper walls; but it will be that we shall see the King in His beauty, and shall behold Him, and not only Him, but those that have gone on before us.

THE ANGELS OUR COMPANIONS.

Then look to the 10th verse of the 18th of Matthew. We have God the Father and Christ the Son; they will be with us and we shall be with them. Then we read in this verse, "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of My Father which is in heaven." So we will have the angels for our companions, we will have the society of angels when we get in that world of light. You may say, "Oh, that is visionary to talk about guardian angels." But you know when Peter was out of prison the damsel who went to the door came back and said it could not be him, it was his angel. Why, I believe the early Christians believed it, and then the Scriptures teach that the angels encamp round about them that love God. I would not be surprised to find that there are more angels in this hall than there are human beings. God has given His angels charge over us to keep us. Look at that servant of Elisha on the mountain; when his servant was alarmed and Elisha prayed God to open his eyes, he found the mountain was filled with angels and chariots and horsemen. They were down from the Eternal City just to shield that one servant of the living God. Oh, my friends, let us cheer up and remember God thinks so much of us that He sends angels down to guard us, but in that world we will be companions of theirs, we will see them face to face, we will talk with them then. We cannot be brought into fellowship with them now, but then we shall be taken into the presence of these very angels.

When Gabriel came down to tell Zacharias what was going to take place he said, "I am Gabriel, who stands in the presence of God." Yes, there are angels in the presence of God, and we will have them for our society.

THE REUNION OF THE REDEEMED.

Just turn to John xii. 26:—"If any man serve Me let him follow Me, and where I am there shall also My servant be; if any man serve Me, him will My Father honor." The servant and the master shall be together. "If any man serve Me, that servant shall be with Me," He says. A great many people come to me and want to know if I really think their friends that have died in the Lord are with the Lord. Some have an idea that they are separated from the Lord. Now, there are a few passages of Scripture that I think give us strong reason to believe that our departed friends that have died with Christ are safe with Him, and so we have not only God the Father, Christ the Son, and angels, but the redeemed saints are there. Would you just look to the 2d Corinthians v. 1, where Paul says, "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Then in the 8th verse:—"We are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord." Yes, if this earthly house were dissolved, we have a building not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Then he says, "Absent from the body, present with the Lord." I believe Paul thought when he left the body he should see the King in His beauty, that he would behold the Lord Himself. Then turn to Philippians i. 23, "For I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better." I think these 1,800 years that Paul has been gone from the earth he has been with Christ. Christ would not be separated from him. Then we find other passages—we have not time to dwell upon them, but it seems to me we have strong reason to believe that those friends that have died safe in Christ are with Him to-night. Then would you turn to Revelations vii, 9, "After this I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes and palms in their hands, and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God, which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb." There they are, redeemed saints, redeemed out of every kindred, every nation under heaven, around the throne, singing the song of Moses and

the Lamb. Yes, they sing much sweeter than you can sing on earth. And if we are redeemed, and our garments are washed in the blood of the Lamb, we shall join in that chorus, by-and-by, and sing much sweeter than we can here upon earth; we shall shout, Glory to the Lamb that redeemed us with His precious blood! So now we have redeemed saints there.

THE SEVENTY REVIVALISTS.

There is another thought I want to bring out, and that is, it is the privilege of every child of God in this vast assembly to know that their names are written in the Book of Life, and believe we can have that assurance that our names have gone on before us, and are registered in heaven. Christ sent out His disciples, seventy of them, and told them to go into the towns and villages, and preach the kingdom of God, and tell the glad tidings to the inhabitants; and when these men came back they had had wonderful success. Why, they said that the very devils were subject to them. All they had to do was to command the devils to leave men, and the devils fled before them. They were all elated with their wonderful success; revivals had followed everywhere they had been; they were revival preachers; they were evangelists going into the towns and preaching. I have not any doubt but that there was a good deal of prejudice against them, but they went on preaching the glad tidings, and when they came back, Christ says, "Well, now, do not rejoice at that; I will tell you what to rejoice over. Rejoice that your names are written in heaven." And I would like to ask every one in this audience to-night this question, Is your name there? Can you rejoice to-night that your name is written in heaven, that your name is in the Book of Life? Says Christ to His disciples, "Rejoice that your names are written in heaven."

NAMES IN THE BOOK OF LIFE.

Not long ago there was a man complaining about my talking about names written in the Book of Life, he did not believe in it. It took some time to look the subject up, and I was amazed to find so much in Scripture about names being written in the Book of Life. In the 12th of Daniel we read, "And at that time shall Michael stand up, the great prince which standeth for the children of thy people: and there

shall be a time of trouble such as never was since there was a nation, even to the same time, and at that time Thy people shall be delivered, every one that shall be found written in the Book; and if our names are written in the Book of Life God will care for us, God will protect us." Not one whose name is written in the Lamb's Book of Life shall perish. If Christ did not want us to know that our names were written there, do you think He would have told His disciples to rejoice that their names were already there? My friend, I believe it is the most important question that can come before us in this world. It is a thousand times better that we have our names written in God's Book than in all the books in the world—a thousand times better that our name shines out upon God's Book of Life, and is written there, than it is to be written in any church record in London. It is a great deal better that we make sure that our name is written in the Book of Life than that it is written in your ledgers with great sums attached to your names. It is a thousand times better to be sure that our name has been written in heaven than to have the wealth of the world.

TELEGRAPH FOR A ROOM.

Two years ago a friend of mine that was in London was going back to America. She went to Liverpool with a party of American friends, and they were talking about what hotel they would stop at, and decided to go to the North-Western. The hotel was full, and as they were starting to find another, they said to my friend, "Are not you going with us?" My friend said, "No, I am going to stay here." "Oh, no," they said, "you cannot stay here." But my friend said, "I am going to stay." "How is it?" "I have got a room." "Where did you get it?" "Why, I sent my name on ahead." She had telegraphed a few days before and secured a room. And that is just what the children of God are doing now; they are sending their names on ahead and getting them down in the Book of Life. They are not waiting for the dying minute. My friend,

SEND YOUR NAME ON AHEAD

to-night, and if you really want it there God will put it there. Yes, every one whose names are written in the Book of Life shall not perish, but shall be saved.

Turn to Philippians iv. 3 : "And I entreat thee also, true yokefellow, help those women which labored with me in the Gospel, with Clement also, and with other my fellow-laborers, whose names are in the Book of Life." There is Paul writing to those "whose names are in the Book of Life." Now, suppose I should ask every one in this audience to rise that have reason to believe that their names are in the Book of Life, would you rise? Supposing a letter should come to you addressed in the way Paul addressed this letter to those women whose names are in the Book of Life, could you say that was for you? Oh, it is the privilege of every child of God to have his name there, and to know that it is there. I find so many people

LIVING IN DOUBTING CASTLE.

Why, it is salvation by doubts nowadays instead of by faith; there are so few that dare to say, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, I know in whom I have believed." We find most Christians nowadays shivering and trembling from head to foot; they do not know whether they are saved or not. Yes, Christ never would have told His disciples to have rejoiced unless they had known that their names were there. Turn to Hebrews xii. 23 for a minute: "To the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all and to the spirits of just men made perfect." A man sometimes asks another man what church he belongs to. Why, I belong to the general assembly and the church of the first-born, which are written in heaven. It is a good thing to belong to that church, because your name will be written in the Book of Life. You will be sure to get into heaven if you belong to that church. You may belong to a great many churches on earth, and not get in. Be sure that you belong to the general assembly of the first-born, and that your names are written in heaven. Make sure of this one thing if you are not sure of anything else. It is better that you fail in health or in business, it is better that you go to some asylum, it is better for you to go to heaven from some poor-house or from some mad-house than to go to hell in a gilded chariot. Make sure that your name is written in heaven; then you have something worth rejoicing over.

THE DREAD ALTERNATIVE.

There is something said in Revelations about the names being written in the book, the 20th chapter and 15th verse: "And whosoever was not found written in the Book of Life was cast into the lake of fire." Young man, is your name in the Book of Life? If it is not, and you should be cut down by death to-night, where would your soul be to-morrow? Only think of it. Say, mother, is your name written in the Book of Life? Are you sure it is there? Just listen to these words again, "And whosoever was not found written in the Book of Life was cast into the lake of fire." May God send home the truth to -night, and may every one in this audience be sure that your name is written in the Book of Life. Let business be suspended, let everything wait till you have made sure of your soul's salvation. Do not let a scoffing, laughing, mocking world cheat you out of heaven. Do not let anything stand between you and this one great question. Look to the 21st chapter and the 27th verse: "And there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination or maketh a lie; but they which are written in the Lamb's Book of Life." Almost the last words in Scripture are about this Book of Life—they whose names are written in the Lamb's Book of Life. Now, my friend, would you just ask your self the question, and may God press it home upon you, and may it sink deep into every heart here, "Is my name written in the Book of Life?" It seems to me the great work is to be sure that our names are there; then we are ready to go and work for others; we are not ready until we know that our names are in the Book of Life. And then these mothers and these fathers, why, what a work we have to do to get our children's names in that Book! It seems to me every parent ought to be more anxious to have the names of their children written in that Book than to have them written high in some school, than that they should stand highest in their class, —a thousand times better that they should stand well in heaven, and that their names should be written in the Book of Life. And not only that, but I believe these little children can have their names written there, and we as parents can know that our children have their names there,

if we work for it, if we pray for it, and that is our aim. Let us be

FAITHFUL WITH OUR CHILDREN

while they are young. I see some children here to-night; I do not know why they should not become Christians now. I do not know why their parents should not labor for their salvation. I believe there is a good deal of infidelity got into the Church of God at the present time. I do not believe we, as parents, realize how young these children can become true disciples of Christ; if we did we would labor more for the salvation of little children.

A MISSIONARY'S TOUCHING STORY.

I was urging this one time in a meeting in America, and an old man got up at the close and said, "I want to endorse every word that has been said. I believe in the conversion of little children. Sixteen years ago I was in a heathen country laboring as a missionary, and my wife died and left me with three little motherless children. On the Sabbath after her death my eldest girl, ten years old, came to me and said, 'Papa, shall I take the children into the bedroom and pray with them as mother used to?'" That is the power of example; the mother was dead, and gone, and little Nellie, ten years old, wanted to follow in her footsteps. The father said yes, she might if she liked, and she led them off to the chamber to pray. He said when they came out he noticed that they had all been weeping, and asked what they had been weeping about. "Well, father," said the little girl, "I prayed just as mother taught me to pray, and then"—naming her little brother—"he prayed the prayer that mother taught him to pray; but little Susie, she was too young, mother had not taught her a prayer, and so she made a prayer of her own, and I could not help but weep to hear her pray." "Why," said the father, "what did she say?" "Why, she put up her little hands, and closed her eyes, and said, 'O God, you have come and taken away my dear mamma, and I have no mamma to pray for me now—won't you please make me good just as my dear mamma was, for Jesus' sake, Amen;'" and, said the old missionary, God heard that prayer. That little child before she was four years old gave evidence of being a child of God, and for sixteen years she was in that heathen country leading little children to the Lamb of God that taketh

away the sin of the world. Mother, do you believe your child can come too early? Do you believe your child can have his name written in the Book of Life too early? Oh, may God help us to labor for it, to call our children into the ark! May God give us our children, and may their names be written in the Book of Life!

THE DYING SOLDIER AND THE ROLL-CALL.

A soldier lay on his dying couch during our last war, and they heard him say "Here!" They asked him what he wanted, and he put up his hand and said, "Hush! they are calling the roll of heaven, and I am answering to my name," and presently he whispered, "Here!" and he was gone. That great roll is being called. My friends, your name may come to-night—mine may come. Is your name in the Book of Life? If it is we will go up from earth with a shout of victory upon our lips; it will be no sad summons. But to die without God, without hope, without our names written in the Book of Life, oh, how sad, how dark, how terrible! May God help you to-night, each and every one that are without God and without hope, to press into the kingdom is the prayer of my heart.

XI.

THE BLOOD.

THE subject I wish to call your attention to this afternoon is "The Blood." In the first place would you turn to Genesis iii. 21?—"Unto Adam also, and to his wife, did the Lord God make coats of skins, and clothed them." In this verse we get the first glimpse of blood. Certainly the Lord could not have clothed Adam and Eve with the skins of beasts unless He had shed blood. There we have the innocent suffering for the guilty—the doctrine of substitution in the Garden of Eden. God dealt with Adam in government before He dealt in judgment. Death came by sin. Adam had sinned, and now the Lord comes down to make the way of escape. God came to him as a loving friend, and not to hurl him from the earth. Adam could have said to Eve, "If the Lord has driven us out of the Garden of Eden, He loves us." God put a lamp of promise into his hand before He drove him out, for He said, "The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head." Did you ever think what a terrible state of

things it would be if man was allowed to live for ever in his lost, ruined state? It was out of love to Adam that God drove him out of Eden, that he should not live for ever. God put the cherubim there; and now Christ has taken the sword out of his hand, and opened wide the gate, so that we can come in and eat. Adam might have been in Eden ten thousand years, and then be led astray by Satan; but now our lives are hid with Christ. Man is safer with the second Adam out of Eden than with the first Adam in Eden. Would you turn to Genesis iv. 4?—"And Abel, he also brought of the fatlings of his flock, and of the fat thereof. And the Lord had respect unto Abel and to his offering." These two boys were brought up outside of Eden, and had the same parents. Undoubtedly on the morning of creation God marked out the way a man might come to Him; and Abel walked in God's way, and Cain in his own. Perhaps Cain said he could not bear the sight of blood, and he took that which God had cursed and laid it upon the altar. And there are a good many

CAINITES IN THE CHURCH

to-day; and some have got into the pulpit, and they preach that it is not the doctrine of the blood, and that we can get to heaven without the blood. From the time Adam went out of Eden there have been Abelites and Cainites. The Abelites came by the way of the blood—the way God has marked out for them. The Cainites came of their own way. They want to get out of the doctrine of the blood. Some preach they don't believe in the blood, and they say it does not atone for sin. It is better to take God's word than man's opinion; therefore, turn to Genesis viii. 20—"And Noah builded an altar unto the Lord; and took of every clean beast, and of every clean fowl, and offered burnt offerings on the altar." We have thus passed over the first two thousand years, and have come to the second dispensation. The thought I want to call your attention to is this. The first things Noah did when he got out of the ark was to build an altar and slay the animals, thus putting blood between him and his sin. The second dispensation is founded upon blood, and it is most important that these animals were taken through the flood expressly for this purpose. We find Noah walking by that highway, and all the men of God have been walking that way, for it is the blood that atones for sin.

ABRAHAM SAW CHRIST.

Would you turn to Genesis xii. 13?—"And Abraham lifted up his eyes and looked; and, behold! behind him a ram caught in a thicket by his horns; and Abraham went and took the ram and offered him up for a burnt offering in the stead of his son." We find here another type. The ram was typical; he was offered up in the place of Abraham's son. God loved Abraham so much that He spared his son; but God loved us so much that He did not spare His Son, but freely gave Him up for us all. Here we find that mountain-peak sprinkled with blood. Abraham was willing to do all the Lord had told him, for he took the knife, and was ready to give all to God. Then it was that God gave him the secret of heaven, and told him what he was to do. He saw Christ and was glad. Jehovah opened the curtain of time, and Abraham saw Christ coming up. He saw his sins on Christ and was glad—he saw His day and was glad. All Abraham's seed lost their sins as much by Christ as we. For 4,000 years they were looking to the promise of his coming. They were not looking to the cross, but to the Messiah, and it was through Him all the nations of the earth were to be blessed. The difference is that we look back to Calvary, and they looked forward. Then again in Exodus xii. 13 we read—"And the blood shall be to you for a token upon the houses where you are; and when I see the blood I will pass over you, and the plague shall not be upon you to destroy you, when I smite the land of Egypt." I can imagine some of the lords and dukes and great men, as they rode through and saw the poor Egyptians sprinkling their dwellings, saying they never saw such foolishness, for they were spoiling their places. The blood was to be put upon the door-posts and lintels, and not upon the floor, for that is what many are doing now,

TREADING UPON THE BLOOD.

Wherever blood was upon the door-post death passed over, and that kept death out. It was not what they were. He did not say, "When I see your prayers, your good deeds, I will pass over you;" but "When I see the blood I will pass over you. A little child that night behind the blood in Goshen was as safe as Moses. People say, "If I was as good as that man who has been preaching for fifty years, or that

mother in Israel who has long labored for Christ." But if you are behind the blood of the Lamb, you are as safe for heaven as any man living on earth. It ain't when I see how holy you are—how you go to church every Sabbath—how you say your prayers—how you pay your debts—but when I see the blood. Some one has said that the little fly in Noah's ark was as safe as the elephant. It was the ark that saved the fly and the elephant, and it is the blood that saves the weakest and the strongest. When death came that night with his sword, he entered the palace of the prince, and went into the houses of the great and mighty, and they all had to pay tribute to death, for the first-born in Egypt was smitten down that night. The only thing that kept death out was death itself. The only way that death can be met is by death. I have sinned, and must die, or get some one to die for me. Some people say it isn't the death of Christ, but His life. Suppose some one had said, I will have a live lamb; I will tie my little white lamb against the door. Death would have passed over that lamb, and into the house. The blood shall be a token, and the great question is, Have you got the token? If death should come after any one of us to-night, are we sheltered behind the blood? that is the point. It is the blood that atones. Not my good resolutions, or prayers, or position in society, or what I have done, but what has been done by another. God looks for the token.

HAVE YOU GOT THE TOKEN?

Some one has made use of this illustration. You go down to a railway station to start for Liverpool, and you get your ticket at the office, but the man doesn't care who you are. When I went down to Liverpool the other day, a man called, "Tickets." I have an idea the man could not tell whether I was a white man or a black man. All he looked for was the ticket, the token. If I hadn't got the token, he would have put me out; but, because I had the token, he passed me. God says, When I see the token—the blood—I will pass over you. If I am behind the blood, I am safe, and if I trample it under my feet, I must perish. These Egyptians made light of the Hebrews sprinkling their door-posts. The blood of Christ is worth more to us than all the world. It is that and that alone that can atone for sin.

STRONG AND SICKLY CHRISTIANS.

In the eleventh verse of the same chapter we read: "And thus shall ye eat it; with your loins girded, your shoes on your feet, and your staff in your hand; and ye shall eat it in haste; it is the Lord's Passover." Why you have not got more power is because you don't feed on the Lamb; and this is why there are so many weak Christians. The Lamb not only atones for our sins, but we are to feed upon the Lamb. We have got a wilderness journey before us, as the children of Israel had. After we are saved we are to feed upon Christ; He is the true bread from heaven. If I don't feed this soul with the true bread from heaven, I am sickly, and have not power to go and work for Christ. And that is the reason, I believe, why so few in the Church have power. Some people think if they have got one glimpse of Christ that is enough. You in England think much of your dinner, and why should not God's children think a good deal of their spiritual food? We should no more think of laying in spiritual food to last for ten years than we should bodily food. A good many people are living on stale manna. A man in Ireland said to his boy, "I want you to eat two breakfasts. Do you know why?" The boy said he understood one was for his body and the other for his soul. All Christians should take two breakfasts. Everything dated back to the passover night—to the time the blood was put upon the door-posts. All the time you are serving the world it goes for nought. If you have not come to Calvary you are losing time. Everything you do on the other side of the cross counts for nought; the first thing is to know we are saved, and then we commence our pilgrimage to heaven. We don't start, as some people suppose, from the cradle to heaven. We start from the cross. We have got a fallen nature that is taking us hellward. We must be born of the Spirit, and

SHELTERED BY THE BLOOD,

and then we become pilgrims for heaven. Turn to Exodus xxix. 16—"and thou shalt slay the lamb, and thou shalt take his blood and sprinkle it round about the altar." Even Aaron could not come to God until he sprinkled blood round about the altar. From the time Adam fell there has been no other way a man can approach God but by the blood. You cannot have an audience

of God until you come by the way of the blood. So it has been for 6,000 years. It has never been otherwise, and never will be. Leviticus viii. 23—"And he slew it; and Moses took of the blood of it and put it upon the tip of Aaron's right ear, and upon the thumb of his right hand, and upon the great toe of his right foot." I had used to read a passage like this, and say it seemed absurd. I think I understand it now. The blood upon the ear, that a man can hear the voice of God. A man must be sheltered behind the blood before he can hear God's voice. The blood upon the hand, that a man may work for God. You cannot work for God until you are sheltered behind the blood, and until you are sheltered it all stands for naught. You may build churches, endow colleges, pay ministers and missionaries salaries, but it all goes for naught until you are sheltered behind the blood. Don't let any one deceive you on this point. Don't let Satan deceive you by telling you that you can get to heaven by some other way. They asked Christ, "What must we do that we may do the works of God?" Perhaps these men had got their pockets full of money, and were ready and willing to build churches. Christ told them that the work of God was that they believed. You cannot do anything to please God until you believe. As an illustration, suppose I should say to my little girl, "Emma, go and get me a glass of water;" and she was to say, "I don't want to do it, papa." She goes into another room and some one gives her a cluster of grapes, which she decides to give to her papa. Do you think these grapes would be acceptable if she did not want to get the water? I should say, "I do not want the grapes until you have brought the water. She goes out of the room again, and some one gives her an orange. If she brought the orange to me, do you think I should want it? Ten thousand times no, and that child cannot do anything to please me until I get the water. You cannot please God until you believe on His Son.

THE CHURCH NEEDS TO BE ON FIRE.

I wish the Church was on fire, and I wish all Christians were on fire. Don't let us set dead men to work. I don't believe in unconverted Sabbath-school teachers and unconverted men working in the Church, and I hope the line will ere long be drawn. God has given an unspeakable gift—the Son of His bosom—and if we reject that

Son and won't follow Him, do you think anything we can do will please God? The blood upon the hand is that a man may work for God, and on the foot that a man may walk with God. When Adam fell he fell out of communion with God. Before he fell, he walked with God, but the moment he fell out of communion with Him, and from that time to this He has been trying to get men back into communion. God is full of truth and justice. His justice must be met, and after that has been met He is satisfied. God never walked with men until He put them behind the blood at Goshen. What could stand before them then? They passed through the Red Sea, and God said to Joshua, "Take this country, and no man shall be able to stand before you all the days of your life." Look at Joshua walking round Jericho, and as he does so a man stands before him with a sword in his hand. Joshua steps up to him and says, "Art thou for us, or against us?" He was to lead them on to victory, but God was testing Joshua's faith. When God gave them Saul as their king, they raised the cry, "God save the king!" and this cry has been raised ever since. They then, so to speak, voted God out when they had got a king. In the days of Joshua there were whole regiments of giants, but one stripling from the Lord's hosts defeated the giant of Gath. If God is with us, the giants will be like grasshoppers; but if God is not with us, it will be different. I would rather have ten men separated from the world, than ten thousand nominal Christians who go to the prayer-meeting to-night and the hall to-morrow. The Church and the world are mixed up into one. Now turn to Leviticus xvii. 11—"For the life of the flesh is in the blood; and I have given it to you upon the altar to make an atonement for your souls, for it is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul." There may be some who are saying, Why does God demand blood? Some one said to me, "I detest your God, He demands blood; I don't believe in such a God, for my God is merciful to all." I want to say, my God is full of mercy, but don't be so blind as to believe that God is not just, and that He has not got a government. Suppose Queen Victoria didn't like any man to be deprived of his liberty, and she threw all her prisons open, and was so merciful that she could not bear any one to suffer for guilt, how long would she hold the sceptre? how long would she rule this empire? Not

twenty-four hours. Those very men who cry out about God being merciful would say, "We don't want such a Queen."

A REVOLT IN HEAVEN.

God is merciful, but He isn't going to take an unredeemed sinner into heaven. If He did, the redeemed would plant the banner of rebellion round the throne, and there would be a revolt. This verse tells why God demands blood. Atonement means at-one at-one-ment. God demands blood because He said to Adam, "On the day thou sinnest thou must die." Sin came into the world and brought death into the world. God's words must be kept. I must either die or get somebody to die for me, and in the fulness of time Christ comes forward to die for the sinner. He was without sin, but if He had committed one sin He would have had to die for His own sin. The life of the flesh is in the blood, and it is not blood He demands really, it is life, and life has been forfeited. We have sinned, and death must come, or justice must take its course. Glory to God in the highest to think He sent His Son, born of a woman, to take our nature and die in our stead, tasting death for every man. You take this blood out of this body of mine, and life is gone.

GOD DEMANDS BLOOD.

He demands life. Man has sinned, therefore life must be forfeited, and I must die or find somebody to die for me. My friends, I have only just touched this subject. If you read your Bibles carefully you will find the scarlet thread running through the Bible. It commenced in Eden and flows on to Revelation. I cannot find anything to tell me the way to heaven but by the blood. That book (holding up the Bible) wouldn't be worth carrying home if you take the scarlet thread out of it, and it don't teach anything else, for the blood commences in Genesis and goes on to Revelation. That is what this Book is written for. It tells its own story, and if a man should come and preach another gospel don't you believe him. If an angel should come and preach anything else don't believe it. And if you are in a church, either Dissenting or Established, and the minister doesn't preach the blood, you get out of it as Lot did out of Sodom. Don't trifle with this subject of the blood. In your dying hour you would give more to be sheltered behind this blood than for all

the world. Christ died for us, and all I have to do is to accept Him. Christ said, "You take My life and I will take your sins." Don't you want to make this bargain? Death shall never have his hand on Christ again. Christ says, My life is yours. I will have it. Won't you? Isn't it the height of madness for any one of you to go out of this place and not accept it? Christ laid down His life that you and I might live, and now out of gratitude ought we not to serve Him? Some people think it is noble to lift up their voice against Christ, but it is a cowardly act.

THE MOTHER'S LOVE.

In the time of the Californian gold fever a man went to the diggings, and left his wife to follow him some time afterwards. While on her voyage with her little boy the vessel caught fire, and as there was a powder magazine on board the captain knew when the flames reached it the ship would be blown up. The fire could not be got under, so they took to the life-boats, but there was not room for all. As the last boat pushed off the mother and boy stood on the deck. One of the sailors said there was room for another. What did the mother do?—she gave up her boy. She kissed him, and told him if he lived to see his father to tell him she died to save her boy. Do you think when that boy grew up he could fail to love that mother who died to save him? My friends, this is a faint type of what Christ has done for you and me. He died for our sins. He left heaven for that purpose. Will you go away saying, I see no beauty in Him? May God break every heart here to-day! and may we become loyal to Him! You will need Him when you come to cross the swelling of Jordan. You will need Him when you go up to the bar of God. For death to come and find without Christ, and God, and hope,—may God forbid!

THE FIRST PREACHERS OF THE BLOOD.

I want to follow up the subject of yesterday, and those of you who were present then will remember I was speaking of "The Blood" especially in the Old Testament. This afternoon I will take up the subject from the New Testament. When I was in Dublin I gave a lecture on "The Blood," and a lady wrote me and said, if the blood was so important, why was it the early preachers, the apostles, and Christ Himself never referred to it?

I hadn't time to write to the lady, but I wish she was present to-day, for I will prove that the early Christians preached nothing else. Would you turn to Acts ii. 22-36. It was Christ and Him crucified the apostles preached, and nothing else. It was this preaching God blessed, and which brought so many in one day to the cross of Christ. [To further prove this, Mr. Moody quoted Acts iv. 10, Acts v. 29, Acts vii. 52, Acts viii. 32, Acts xvii. 2, 18, 31; Hebrews ix. 22; Matthew xxvi. 28, Revelations i. 5.] If a man makes light of the blood, how is he going to be washed in it? If he makes light of the blood, how is he going to get rid of his sins? and how is he going to stand before that pure God unless his sins are washed away? A great many people think God never loves them until they get rid of their sins, and because they are so vile they cannot come to God—"unto Him that loved us and washed us." He loves us in our sins, saves us from our sins, and washes us and clothes us with His own garment, and then we are able to have communion with Him. Satan says God will not love you because you are not pure. But let us keep to Scripture—"unto Him that loved us and washed us." Like the good Samaritan who went to the poor man who fell among thieves, so Christ comes to the sinner where he is. You cannot make yourselves clean, therefore stay where you are. Let Christ wash you, for our good intentions and prayers cannot atone for sin.

THE NEW AND LIVING WAY.

Heb. x. 19, 20—"Having, therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way which He hath consecrated for us, through the veil, that is to say, His flesh." When Christ expired on the cross the veil of the temple was rent, and as somebody said, not from the bottom to the top, but from the top down. Thanks be to God, we don't need any one to plead for us, for we can come right into His presence, for we are all priests now. I want to say to you who are running to this man and that man to plead for you, go right to the Master yourselves. Let us come by this new and living way Christ has made for us by rending the veil. Christ's flesh was nailed to that cross to open the living way. Before only the high priest could go into the holiest of holies, but the moment Christ

expired He made us all priests. Some one may remark, "It says confess your sins one to another;" but if I have sinned against a man I must confess to him, and must also confess to God. If I have caused man to stumble I must go and remove that stumbling-block out of the way. The only man, it is said, who confessed his sins to man was Judas, and he hung himself. Peter confessed to God, and God forgave him. Numbers xxviii. 4—"The one lamb shall thou offer in the morning, and the other lamb shall thou offer in the even." That was done continually, and the priest could never take his seat in the holiest of holies because his work was never done. Now turn to Hebrews x. 12—"But this man, after he had offered one sacrifice for sins, for ever sat down on the right hand of God." The blood of Christ is enough to cover every sin that was committed. All the lambs on the other side of the cross were typical. They were pointing to the true sacrifice, and they were all fulfilled in Him. We don't need to make any more sacrifice. He has made sacrifice Himself, and has made full atonement for every sin. All we have now to do is to trust the sacrifice. God says, I am satisfied with the finished work of Christ, and the moment the sinner is satisfied, God and the sinner are united. The

BLOOD HAS TWO CRIES.

It either cries for my condemnation, which means damnation,—excuse the strong expression,—or for my salvation. If I make light of the blood and trample it under my feet, then it cries out for God's condemnation; but if I am sheltered behind the blood, there is no condemnation for me. God dealt in judgment with Cain, and when Pilate wanted to know what to do with Christ, he washed his hands and said he was innocent. The Jews said, Let His blood be upon us and our children, not to save us, but to condemn us. Would they had said, Let His blood be upon us to save us and protect us. Nearly 1,900 years have rolled away, and the Jews are wanderers on the face of the earth without a king. Their having been scattered all these years, what a proof it is the Word of God is true! May our prayer be to-day, His blood be upon us and our children, not to condemn us, but to save us. Let that be our prayer, that we may know what it is to be sheltered behind the blood of God's dear Son. Colos-

sians i. 20—"And having made peace through the blood of His cross, by Him to reconcile all things unto Himself; by Him, I say, whether they be things in earth or things in heaven." The blood of the cross speaks peace. If I am

SHELTERED BEHIND THE BLOOD

there is peace, and there is no peace until my sin is covered. If you had committed sin against a man you would get no peace until that was forgiven. Men are running after peace, and if it could be bought in the market, many would give hundreds of thousands of pounds to secure it. The blood of Christ speaks peace, and it will bring peace to every guilty conscience and aching heart to-day if you only seek it. John xix. 34—"But one of the soldiers with a spear pierced His side, and forthwith came thereout blood and water." There is a beautiful thought contained in this verse. The spear that went into the side of the Son of God was the crowning point of earth and hell. I don't see how they could have done a more cruel thing than that. You may say that was the crowning act of sin. And the blood came out and covered the spear, and a fountain was thus open in the house of David for sin. The blood touched the Roman spear, and it was not long before He had the Roman Government. The blood ran down from His side, and God will have the world by-and-by. He is the true Sovereign, and He will cast out the prince of darkness, and will sway His sceptre from end to end of the earth. He has redeemed the earth by His blood, and He will have all He has redeemed, bear that in mind.

HAS THE BLOOD TOUCHED YOU?

The blood of Christ makes us one, brings us into the family of God, and enables us to cry, "Abba, Father." During the days of slavery in America, when there was much political strife and strong prejudice against the black men, especially by Irishmen, I heard a preacher say when he came to the cross for salvation he found a poor negro on the right hand and an Irishman on the left hand, and the blood came trickling down upon them and made them one. There may be strife in the world, but every one Christ has redeemed He has made one. We are blood relatives. When I go before an audience there ain't hardly a person I have seen before; but as I begin to talk about the Kingdom their eyes

light up, and I say they are kinsmen, they are blood relatives, and in a short time I become attached to them. A man may go into a town a perfect stranger, but how soon will he find out those who love God, and they will be one. I wish Christians had more of this oneness. I hope the time will soon come when these sectarian walls will be broken down, and people will not want to ask whether you belong to the Established, Wesleyan, or Baptist Churches. Here, mind, we are blood relatives. Thomas thrust his hand into the Master's side, and He was afterwards seen by over 500 at once. The apostles saw Him go back to Heaven, but the blood which flowed on Calvary is there, and I believe

GOD IS GOING TO JUDGE THE WORLD BY THE BLOOD.

—"What did you do with the blood?" If we make light of that blood, and send back an insulting message, saying we don't want the blood of God's dear Son, we shall stand speechless before God's tribunal. What have you done with God's blood? If we make light of that blood what is going to become of our souls? Hebrews x. 28, 29—"He that despised Moses' law died without mercy under two or three witnesses. Of how much sorer punishment, suppose ye, shall he be thought worthy who hath trodden under foot the Son of God, and hath counted the blood of the covenant, wherewith he was sanctified, an unholy thing, and hath done despite unto the Spirit of grace?" To me these are very solemn verses. I don't see how any one can sit here and hear these verses read and not be saved. I don't care what you are or what your life has been, if you have rejected Christ up to the present time. Let me read these verses again. They died without mercy; but how much more sore will be the punishment of those who live in the age with an open Bible which tells how Christ died to redeem us, and make us heirs of heaven. Revelation xii. 11—"And they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony, and they loved not their lives unto the death." I don't believe there is a word in the Bible Satan is fearing more than the word blood. I shall receive a good many letters to-morrow attacking me for what I have said to-day. These letters will say it is heathenish to stand up and preach what would only do for an unenlightened age. May

God forgive anyone who would dare to teach such a thing. If you will read your Bible in the light of Calvary, you will find there is no other way of coming to heaven but by the blood. The devil don't fear 10,000 preachers who preach a bloodless religion. A man who preaches a bloodless religion is doing the devil's work, and I don't care who he is. It is said of old Dr. Alexander, of Princeton Seminary, that as the students left, he would take them by the hand, and say, "Young man, make much of the blood—

MAKE MUCH OF THE BLOOD."

As I have traveled up and down Christendom, I have found out that a minister who gives a clear sound upon this doctrine is successful. A man who covers up the cross, though he may be an intellectual man, and draw large crowds, there will be no life there, and his church will be like a gilded sepulchre. Those men who preach the doctrine of the cross, holding up Christ as the sinner's only hope of heaven, and as the sinner's only Substitute, and make much of the blood, God honors, and souls are always saved in the church where that is preached. I don't like to give advice to these gray-haired ministers, but make much of the blood. May God help us to make much of the blood of His Son. It cost God so much to give us this blood, and shall we try to keep it from the world which is perishing from the want of it? The world can get along without us, but not without Christ. Let us preach Christ in season and out of season. Let us go to the sick and dying, and hold up the Saviour who came to seek and save them, and died to redeem them. It is said of Julian, the apostate in Rome, that when he was trying to stamp out Christianity, he was pierced in the side by an arrow. He pulled the arrow out, and taking a handful of blood as it flowed from the wound, threw it into the air, shouting, "Thou Galileean, Thou hast conquered!" Yes, this Galileean is going to conquer. May God help us to give no uncertain sound on this doctrine. I would rather give up my life than give up this doctrine. Take that away, and what is my hope of heaven? Am I to depend upon my works? Away with it when it comes to the question of salvation. I must get salvation distinct and separate from work, for it is to him that worketh not and believeth. None will

walk the celestial pavement of heaven but those washed in the blood. The first man that went up from this earth was Abel probably. You can see Abel putting his little lamb upon the altar, thus placing blood between him and his sin. Abel sang a song the angels could not join in. There must have been

ONE SOLO SONG IN HEAVEN,

because Abel had no one to join him. But there is a great chorus now, for the redeemed have been going up for 6,000 years, and they sing of Him who is worthy to receive honor because He died to save us from hell and damnation. Revelation vii. 14—"And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Sinner, how are you going to get your robes clean if you don't get them washed in the blood of the Lamb? How are you going to wash them? Can you make them clean? I hope at last we shall get back to the paradise above. There they are singing the sweet song of redemption, and may it be the happy lot of each of us to join them. It may be a few months at the longest before we shall be there, and shout the song of redemption, and sing the sweet song of Moses and the Lamb. If you die without Christ, without hope, and without God, where will you be? Sinner, be wise! don't make light of the blood. An aged minister of the Gospel, when on his dying bed, said, "Bring me the Bible." Putting his finger upon the verse, "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanses us from all sin," he said, "I die in the hope of this verse." It wasn't his fifty years' preaching, but the blood of Christ. When we stand before God's tribunal we shall be as pure as God, because we shall be washed in the blood of the Lamb. During the American war a doctor heard a man saying, "Blood, blood, blood!" The doctor thought this was because he had seen so much blood, and sought to divert his mind. The man smiled, and said, "I wasn't thinking of the blood upon the battle-field, but I was thinking how precious the blood of Christ is to me as I am dying." As he died, his lips quivered, "Blood, blood, blood!" and he was gone. It will be precious when we come to our dying bed—it will be worth more than all the world then.

LOSING THE BRAKE.

A stage-driver away on the Pacific coast—as I was told when I was there about three years ago—while lying on his dying bed, kept moving one of his feet up and down, saying, “I am on the down grade, and cannot reach the brake.” As they told me of it I thought how many were on the down grade and could not reach the brake, and were dying without God and without hope. I plead with you as a fellow traveler; don’t go out of this hall without saying, Heaven is my home and God is my Father. Don’t let the scoffers laugh you into hell; they cannot laugh you out of it. The blood is upon the mercy-seat, and while it is upon the mercy-seat you go into the kingdom. God says, “There is the blood; it is all I have to give.” The blood is there, and God says, “As long as it is there, there is hope for you. I am satisfied with the finished work of My Son and will you be satisfied.”

Don’t go out until you can claim this as yours. Think of that atheist we have been praying for who is dying. I hope he will lay hold of Christ before he dies. How dark and sad it is to go to the bed-side of a dying infidel or atheist, or one who is dying without the light of the resurrection morn. I hope the light will burst in upon him before it is too late. If we trust to Christ, death has lost its sting and the grave its victory. You may have read of that good man in America, Alfred Cookman. While his friends were gathered round his dying couch his face lit up, and with a shout of triumph, he said, “I am sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb!” And this echoes and re-echoes through America to-day, “I am sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb!” May these be our last words, and there will be no trouble then about an entrance into the kingdom of God.

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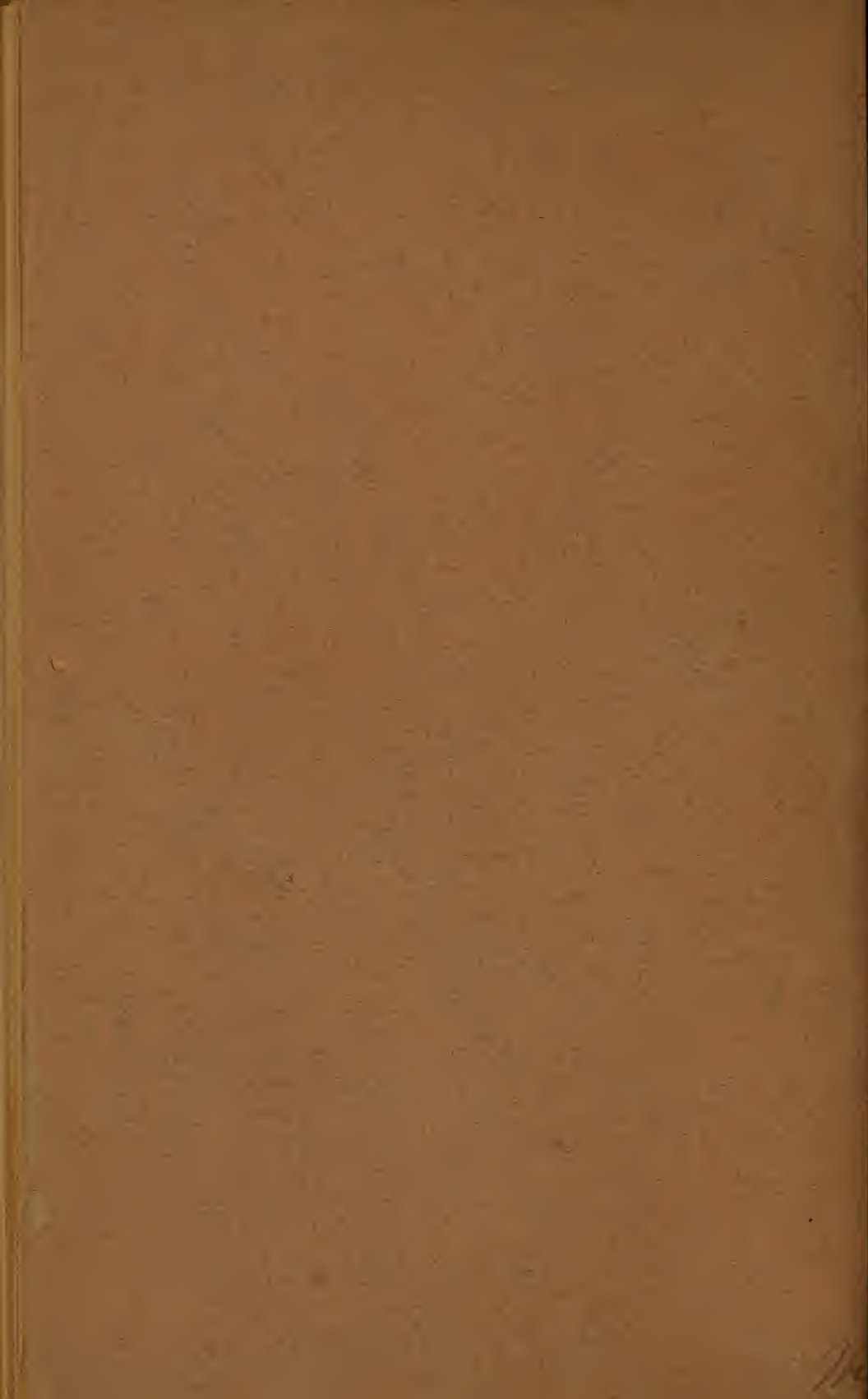
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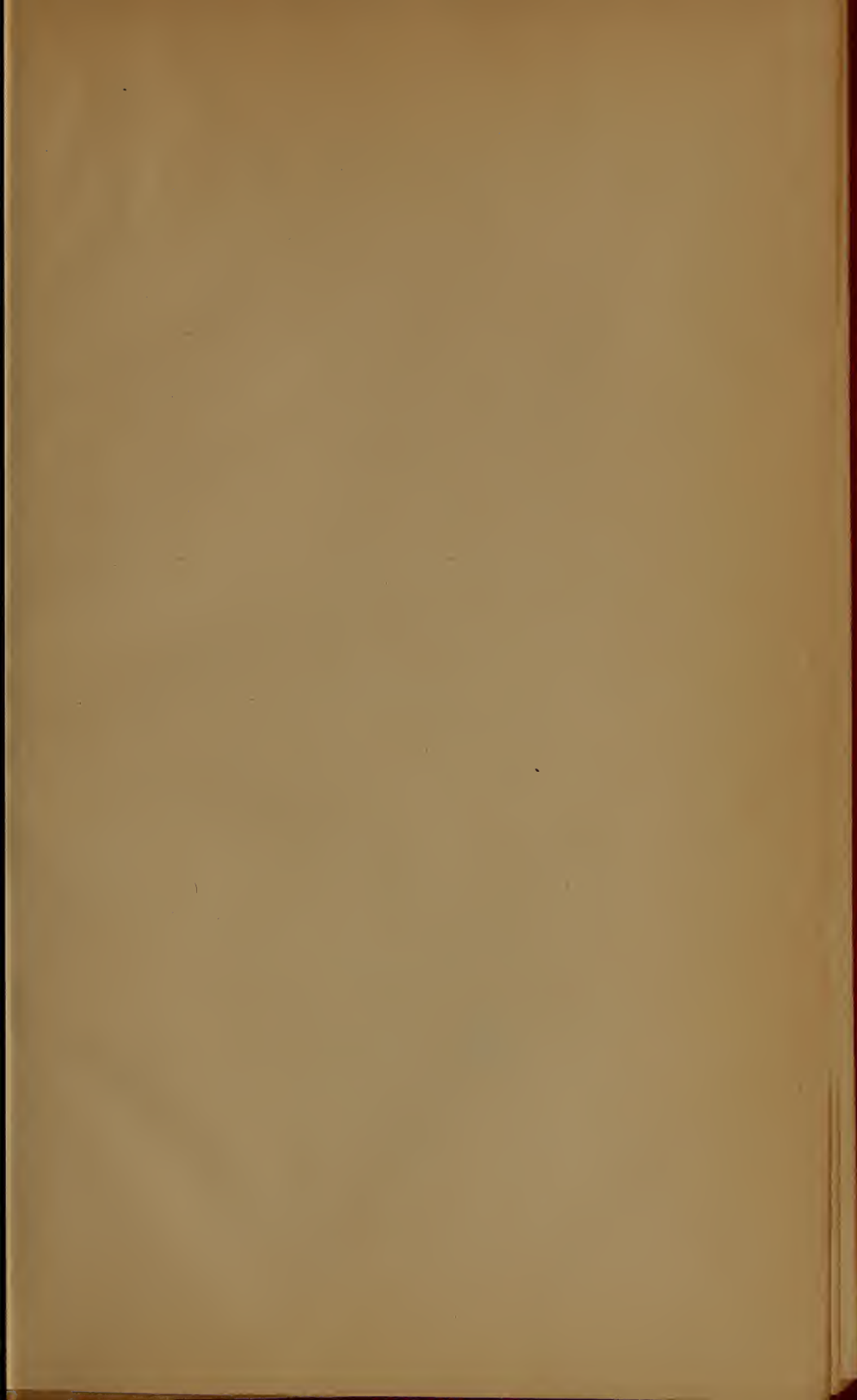
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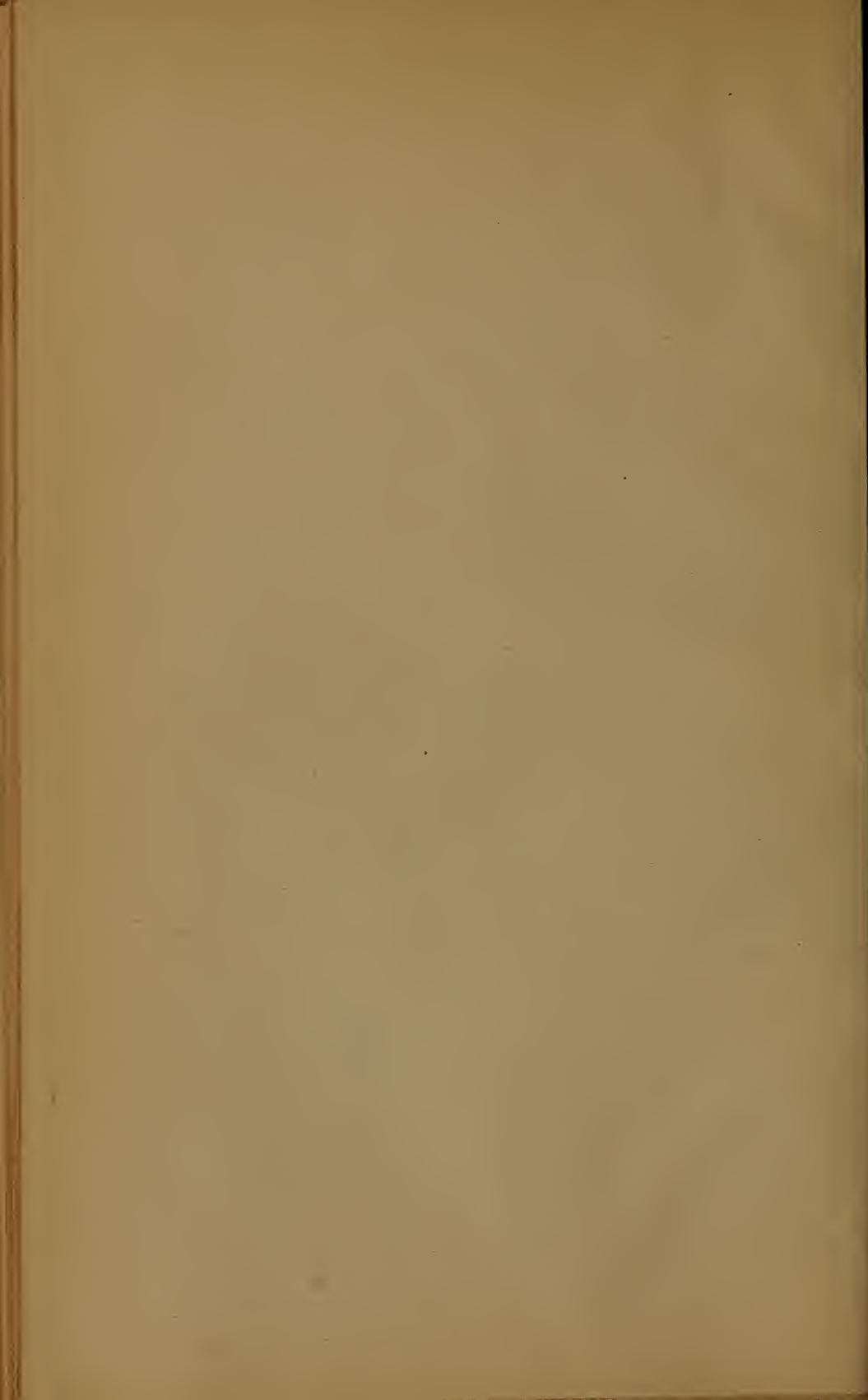
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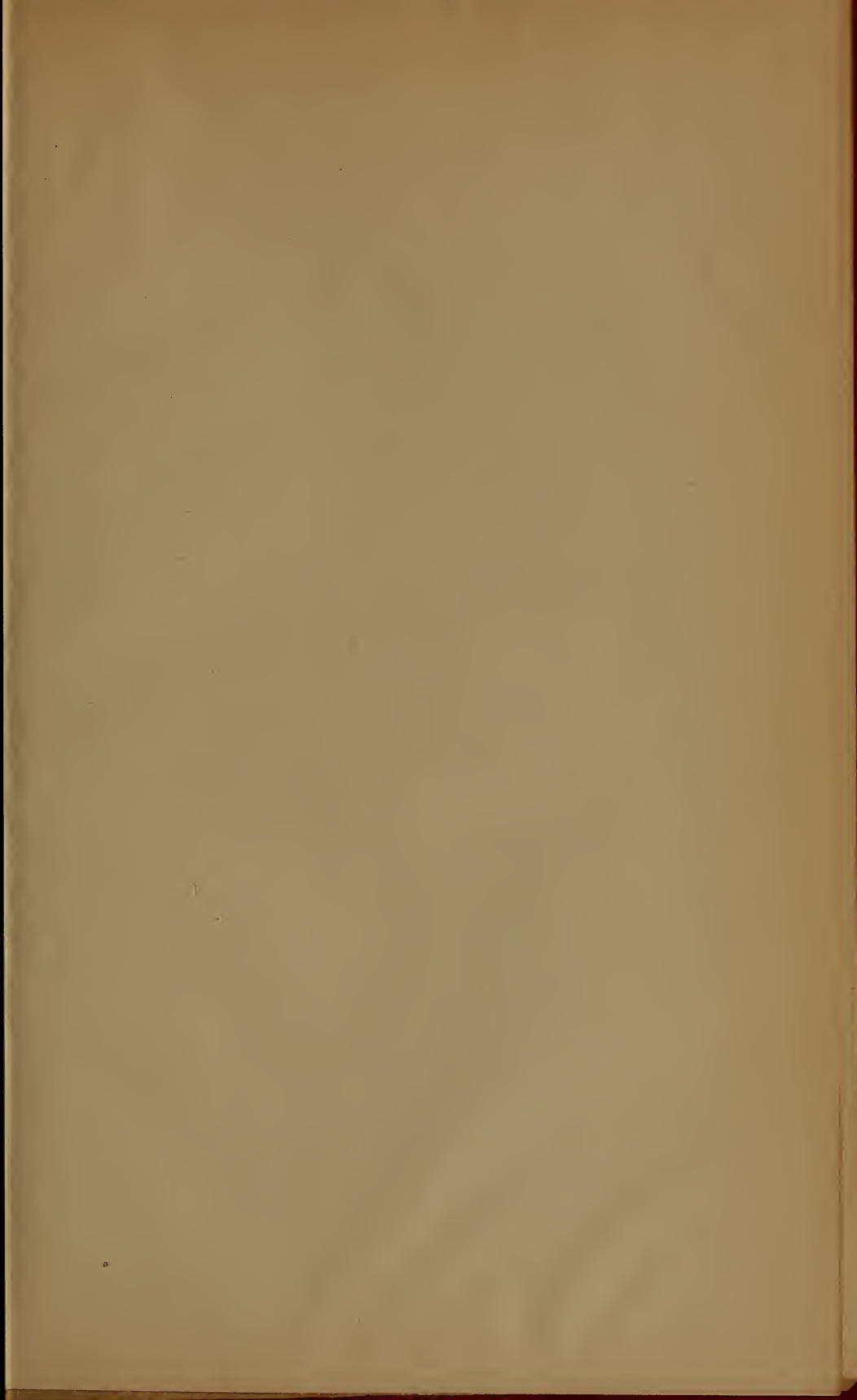
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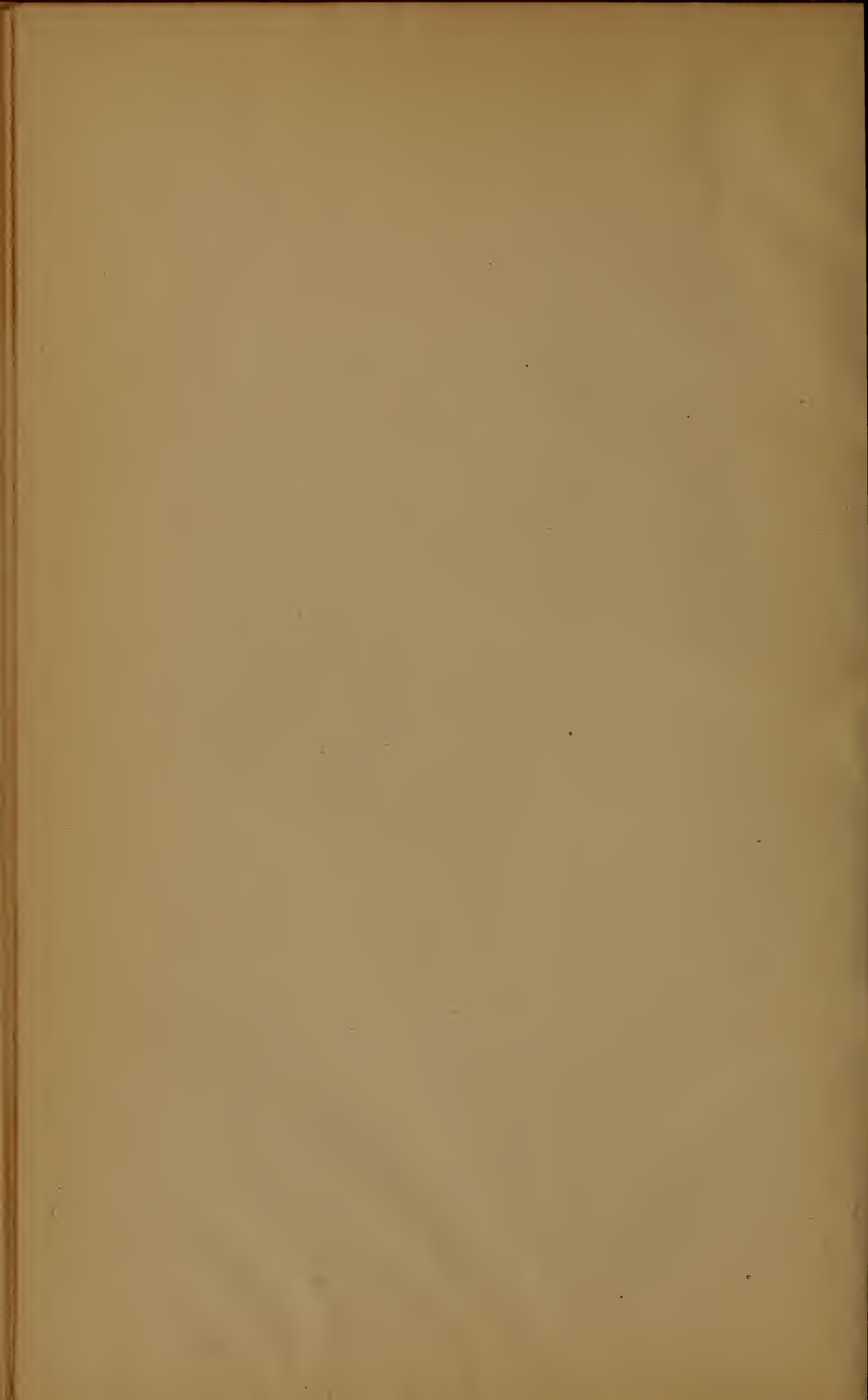


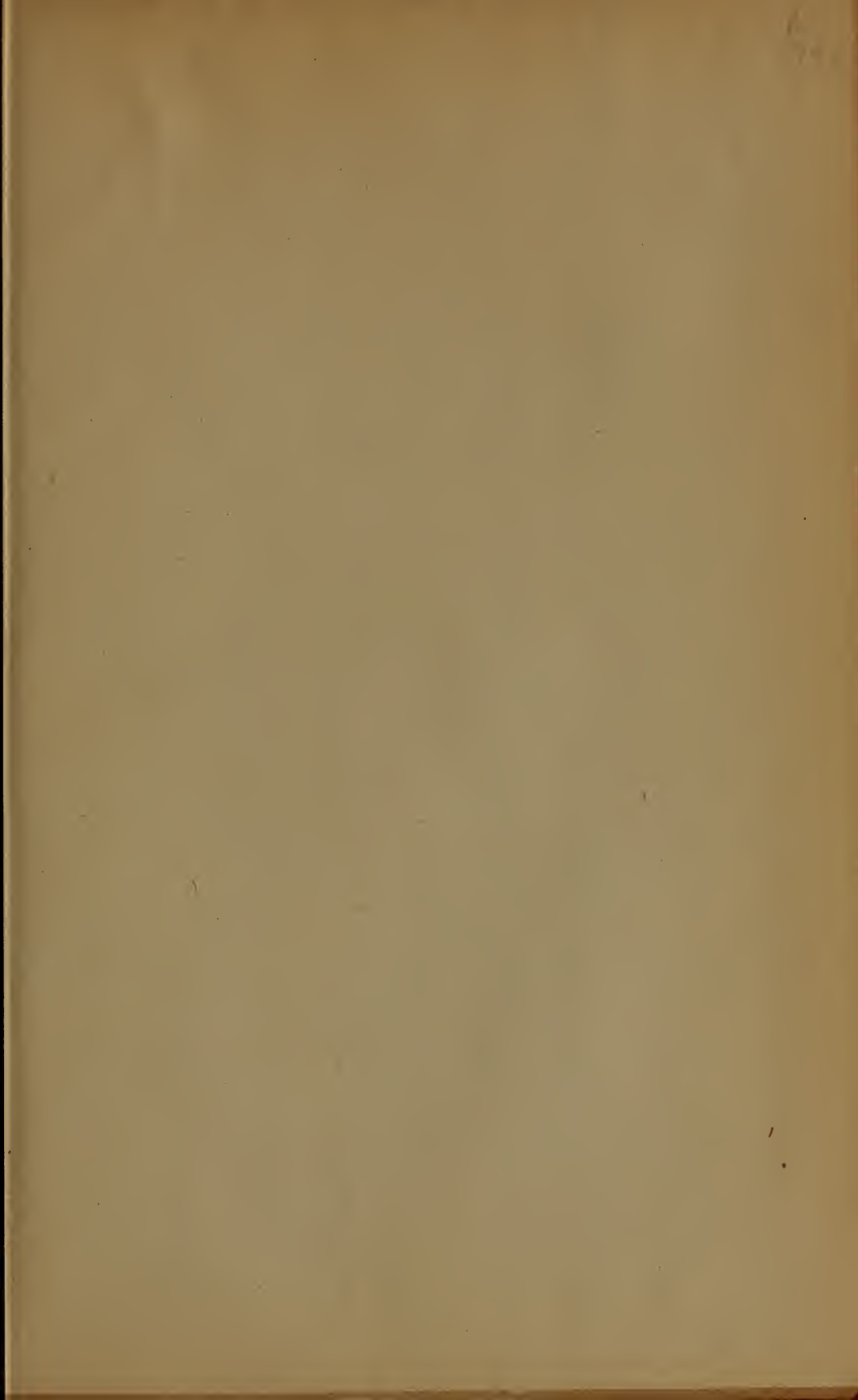








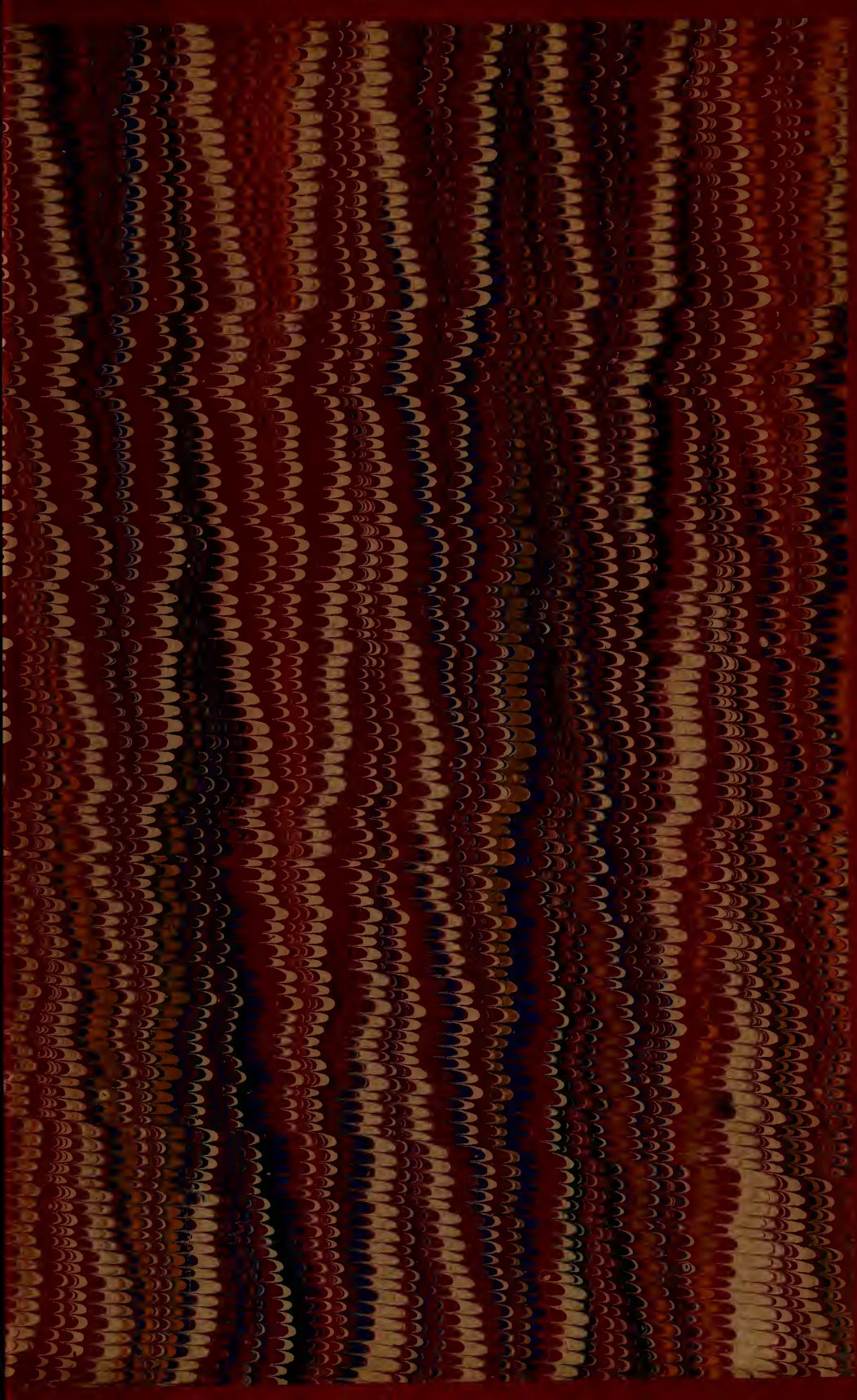




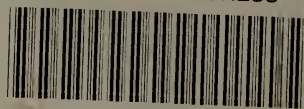
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